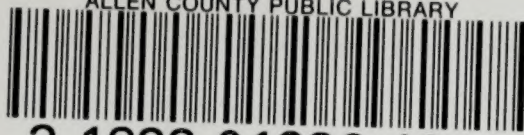


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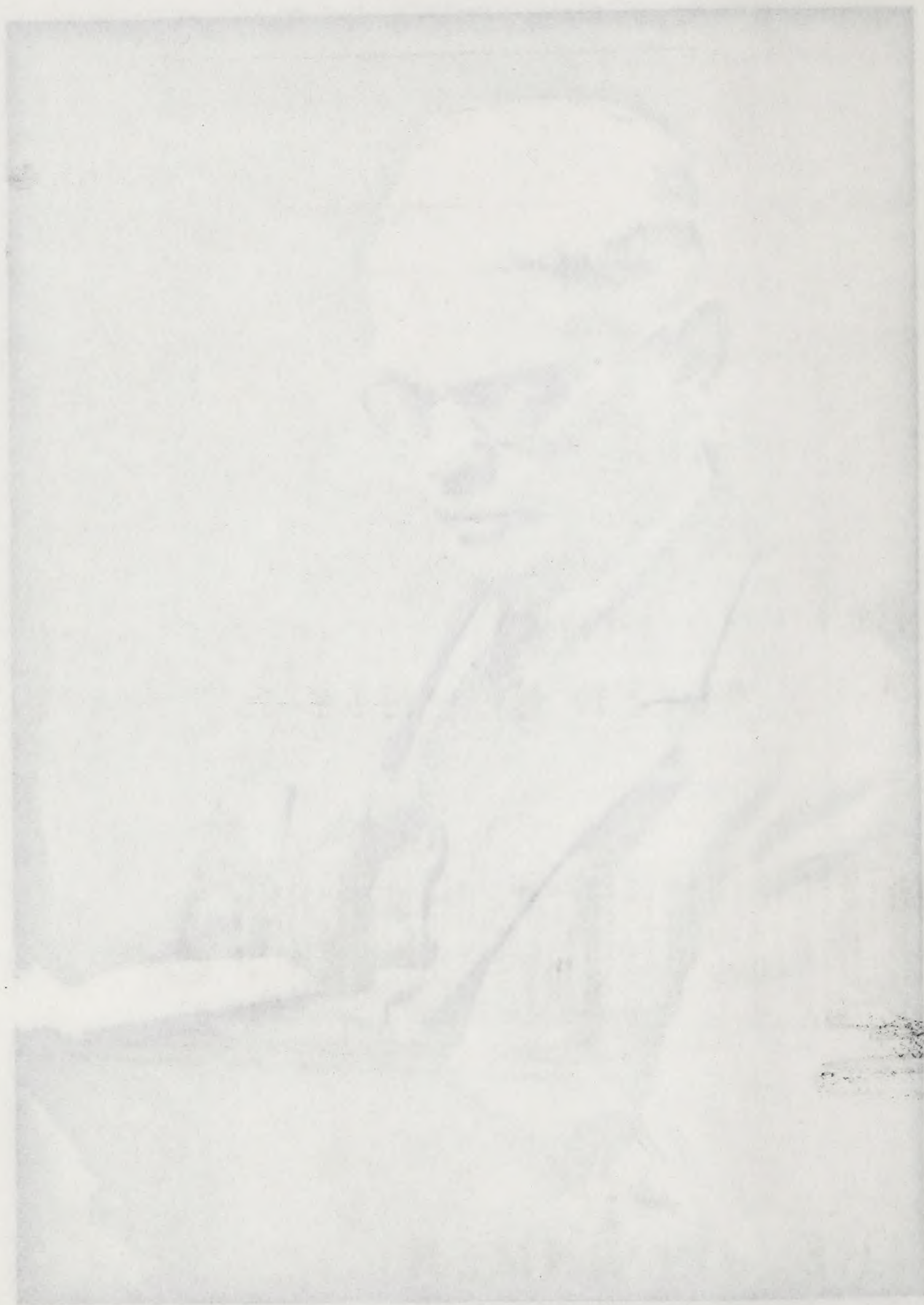
Good Fortune has accompanied me even to an advanced period of life, and this good fortune, when I reflect on it (which is frequently the case), has induced me sometimes to say that if it were left to my choice I should have no objection to go over the same life from its beginning to the end, requesting only the advantage authors have of correcting in a second edition the faults of the first * * * But as this repetition is not to be expected, that which most resembles living one's life over again seems to be to recall all the circumstances of it and record them in writing.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Alfred Cooper



Alfred Cooper



Officer Cooper

MY TRADITIONS

AND

MEMORIES

1859-1938

By ALFRED COOPER

GAZETTE PRINT SHOP
CAPE MAY COURT HOUSE, N. J.

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FOREWORD

Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist, says: "All men write memoirs. Great Commanders, in their old age, refight their battles with pen and ink. Magicians explain their magic. Confidence men from their repentent cells expound their bygone wickedness. Bartenders in the sunset of their lives write manuals on mixing drinks. So let it be with me."* Here are my childhood, boyhood, manhood and old age memories:

I began jotting down the facts and data of my ancestry, merely to satisfy a desire of my daughters to have me put in concrete shape a record of their forebears. I imagined it could all be told in a dozen pages—that is, all that was of sufficient importance to merit recording. But a few days of study convinced me that such a brief paper would leave generations to come without a satisfying knowledge of "who we are" and "where we came from", and I have delved deeper—much deeper—into minor details of the origin and lives of those of our family who have in the past century had their entrances, acted their parts, and made their exits, with that innumerable caravan to "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

So interested have I become in this work, that it is possible—aye, probable—that I have given undue prominence to many things that will have no interest

*Stephen Leacock's "Here Are My Lectures," Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.

to those who come after me. But as my personal memory goes back to the time of the civil war it seems to me that it is a duty I owe to the family to record these events.

Beginning with Joseph Cooper I (my great-great-grandfather) I have listed all of the families, so far as the data is obtainable, which necessarily enter into the origin of my grandchildren. The member of each family who is in the direct line is printed in capital letters for convenience in tracing the genealogy.

My cousin, Emily Cooper, has given me the following copy of a page of family records, that she says were written out by her brother, (my cousin) Frank Cooper, before his death some years ago. It is of course more or less traditional, but doubtless presents correctly a number of facts that should be included in any record of our family. Many of the statements therein were also related to me more than sixty years ago by my uncle, Dr. Colin Campbell Cooper, at his home in Germantown; and, knowing as I do his erudition and excellent memory, I feel pretty sure of the authenticity of his statements. They are as follows:

“One of the earliest paternal ancestors on our father’s side was Joseph Cooper, from Londonderry, Ireland, who fled from his uncle, an attorney, and settled in New Jersey. His son, Joseph (II), married Mary Justice, of Philadelphia, and their son, Joseph Cooper (III), married Ann Veree Burr, and one of their sons was our father, Colin Campbell Cooper.

“The Burrs were among those who at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1684, fled from France. Three Huguenot brothers named Varrier were among the number. One went to Holland, and thence to America, the name becoming Ferree. The second went to the West Indies, and the third first to England and thence to Burlington, New Jersey. In 1690 the latter’s daughter, Mary Veree, married George Harries, of Maryland, and their daughter, Rebecca Harries, married William Burr; whose daughter Ann Veree, married Joseph

Cooper, and among their children were our father, Colin Campbell Cooper, and his brother, George Burr Cooper, the father of Alfred Cooper.

"Our great, great, great, great grandfather was Jacques Verrier De La Trumbalde.

"It is said that Ann Veree Burr, our grandmother, was considered a great belle in Burlington."

Note:—Benjamin Franklin, in his autobiography, speaks of meeting at Burlington, N. J., in 1728, one of its leading citizens, Joseph Cooper, of whom he became very fond. The date leads me to believe that this Joseph Cooper must have been my great-great grandfather, in which case my great grandfather must have been Joseph II instead of Joseph I, as I have always supposed. But I can find no record of who was the father of my great grandfather (who married Mary Justice in 1780). My searches prove that there were four generations of Joseph Coopers, in direct line, and if my surmise as to Franklin's friend is correct then there were five Josephs in the line.

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY OF ALFRED COOPER

Joseph Cooper II (one of the Burlington county Coopers) was born at Mount Holly, New Jersey. He was connected with Saint Mary's P. E. church at Burlington, of which Reverend Colin Campbell was missionary rector from 1738 to his death. On October 10, 1780, at Christ Church in Philadelphia, he was married to Mary Justice, daughter of John and Mary Swan Justice. He was a tailor in Mount Holly until about 1794, when he went to Philadelphia and engaged in mercantile business on North Front Street, in partnership with his wife's brother, George Justice. He was succeeded in that business by his sons, Joseph (II) and Colin. He died March 14th, 1809, at the age of fifty two years.

The following reference to Joseph Cooper (III) is found in volume one of "Colonial Families of Philadelphia" published by Lewis Publishing Company, 1911:

"Joseph Cooper, second son of Joseph and Mary Justice Cooper, born at Mount Holly, New Jersey, 1787, came to Philadelphia with his parents, 1795, and at the death of his father, 1809, succeeded him in the mercantile business, and in partnership with his younger brother, Colin Cooper, became a prominent merchant of the city. He died, however, in the prime of life, June 10, 1829, at the age of forty-two. He married January 12, 1809, Ann Veree, born in New Jersey, January 14, 1789, daughter of William and Rebecca Harris Burr, of a prominent New Jersey family. Keziah Burr, sister of William above mentioned, married Richard Howell, Governor of New Jersey, 1792 to 1801; and her

son, William Burr Howell, who removed to Mississippi in 1812, was the father of Varina Howell, who became the wife of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States of America during the Civil War."

THE COOPER FAMILY—1766-1938

JOSEPH COOPER I, my great-great-grandfather, came from Ireland and settled in Mount Holly. His son JOSEPH COOPER II, my great-grandfather, married Mary Justice at Christ Church, Philadelphia, October 10, 1780, died March 14, 1809. They had:

John Cooper, born in Mount Holly in 1785, died unmarried in Philadelphia, October 19, 1802.

JOSEPH COOPER III, my grandfather, born October, 1787, in Mount Holly, married Ann Veree Burr on January 12, 1809. He died June 10, 1829. She died December 23, 1860, at the age of 73 years.

Colin Cooper, born in Mount Holly, 1789, died March 15, 1845, aged 56 years.

Mary Justice Cooper, born in Mount Holly, 1790, died in Philadelphia 1864 as widow of James Humphreys, without issue.

Thomas Cooper, born in Mount Holly, 1790, died in Philadelphia 1832, having married daughter of John Clement.

Elizabeth Cooper, born in Philadelphia December 22, 1797, married George A. Madeira, died without issue in Philadelphia, August, 1885, aged 88 years. (The table-silver now in use in my home, marked "E.C." was given to me by her before her death.)

JOSEPH COOPER III, (my grandfather) and his wife, Ann Veree Cooper, had issue as follows:

Mary Augustus Cooper, born December 2, 1809, died February 14, 1887, unmarried, aged 77 years.

William Burr Cooper, born September 17, 1811, married Margaretta ———, died September 29, 1848.

Dr. Colin Campbell Cooper, born Philadelphia, September 17, 1816, practiced medicine in Philadelphia many years and was for some time superin-

tendent of Christ Church Hospital; died in Germantown, 1880, aged 64 years.

GEORGE BURR COOPER (my father) born in Philadelphia, September 24, 1818; married April 2, 1857, died May 9, 1890, aged 72 years.

Alfred Cooper, born Philadelphia, July 26, 1821, died, unmarried, May 25, 1858, aged 37 years.

Thomas Franklin Cooper, born in Philadelphia. Married Evaline B. Rogers. They had two daughters, Mabel and Eva Margaret. He died in 1899 and his wife in 1900.

Joseph Cooper IV, born in Philadelphia, 1829. Died unmarried March 28, 1872, at the age of 43 years. He was secretary of the Philadelphia Board of Education when the marble statue of George Washington, by Joseph A. Bailly, was placed in front of Independence Hall and unveiled there July 4, 1869. It was paid for by the public school children of Philadelphia. To protect it from the elements it was moved to City Hall on February 22, 1908, and is now on the second floor of City Hall overlooking the courtyard. The copy of it in bronze was purchased by popular subscription and placed in front of Independence Hall, where it now stands.

GEORGE BURR COOPER (my father), born Philadelphia, September 24, 1818, married Annie Elizabeth Henderson April 2, 1857. Died Millville, May 9, 1890. They had one son:

ALFRED COOPER, born in Kinderhook, N. Y., September 6, 1859, married Fabelle Wallace (nee Smith) September 15, 1891. She died March 7, 1936. Their daughter was

ANNIE ELIZABETH COOPER, born in Cape May Court House, September 1, 1892, married to Arthur Nelson Ferris (born October 8, 1890) Saturday, October 23, 1920, at Cape May Court House, by Rev. John B. Haines and Rev. J. W. Wainwright. They had: Jane Cooper Ferris, born Sloane Hospital (old location,

10th Ave. and 59th St.) New York City, December 8, 1921.

Elizabeth Anne Ferris, born Sloane Hospital (old location, etc.) New York City, on September 19, 1927.

The Dr. Colin Campbell Cooper, referred to last above, married Emily Williams and had issue:

William Burr Cooper, born October 6, 1839; actively connected with Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, died in 1899, unmarried.

John Lambert Cooper, born April 23, 1851. Died March 24, 1881, unmarried.

Anna Maria Cooper, born October 26, 1852, died December 6, 1872, unmarried.

Emily Cooper, born April 22, 1854, is now living in Philadelphia.

Colin Campbell Cooper, born March 8, 1856. On June 9, 1897, married Emma Lampert, a celebrated water color artist who studied art in New York, Paris, Holland, Italy and Venice, and was awarded medals at the Columbian Exposition in 1893; Atlanta, 1895; St. Louis, 1904; Paris, 1900. She died at Pittsford, N. Y., July 20, 1920, and on March 9, 1927, at Kingman, Arizona, Colin married Marie Henriette Josephine Freshee. No children were born of either marriage. Mr. Cooper died in Santa Barbara, California, in March, 1937. His widow died February 4, 1938, in Santa Barbara.

Edward Biddle Cooper, born June 23, 1858, married Eva Cornelien, who died May 4, 1926, leaving one son, Edward William, who married Marie Charlotte, and their son is Edward Richard Cooper.

Samuel Williams Cooper, born March 5, 1860; graduated at University of Pennsylvania Law School; married Homie Weldon. Their one daughter, Margaret H., now resides with them on DeLancey Place, Philadelphia.

Frank Cooper, born December 27, 1863; married Clara Beecher. Died at Somerset, Pa. (without issue) on December 4, 1930.

Alice Cooper, born April 10, 1862; died unmarried, March 23, 1927.

I once asked Uncle Colin if he had ever had his fortune told and he replied: "No, it isn't necessary; my fortune is a good wife and nine children." He was quite a musician, his favorite instrument being the flute, and one of the features of life in his home was a ten-piece orchestra, each member of the family playing a separate instrument.

Of Colin Campbell Cooper (III), the artist, I quote from "The Colonial Families of Philadelphia" as above cited, the following: "Colin Campbell Cooper, third son and fourth child of Dr. Colin Campbell and Emily Williams Cooper, after graduating at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia in 1885, made an extended trip to Europe, touring Belgium, Holland and Brittany. The next year he studied in Paris, and spent a winter in Spain. For awhile he lived in Normandy "painting the twisting streets, the beautiful inner courtyards, the odd buildings of the old towns and the famous Chateaux along the Chir and the Loire." While achieving recognition of the artistic value of his efforts, he was led to believe that a still greater field for the realization of his ambition lay before him in his native country—to present a commonplace structure of stone or bricks, so that the public would realize that in it he had incorporated the grandeur, the beauty, the solemnity which his own genius had interpreted—and no one who has seen his paintings on exhibition and witnessed the appreciative groups there assembled can doubt his complete success. Among his many fine paintings may be mentioned "The Ferries, New York," "Broad Street Canyon," New York; "Broad Street Station in Philadelphia in the Rain;" "The Cathedral of Notre Dame;" "The Beauvais Cathedral;" "St. Paul's Church, New York;" "The Chain Gate, Wells Cathedral", etc. Although best known as a painter of modern buildings, he has shown himself no less capable as a portrait painter. Among the many medals he has

been awarded may be mentioned the Bronze Medal at Atlanta Exposition in 1895; the Gold Medal of the American Art Society, Philadelphia, 1902; the William T. Evans prize at New York, 1903, the Sesman prize, Philadelphia, 1904."

Samuel Williams Cooper (above) is a well known member of the Philadelphia Bar, still in active practice, and in addition to his legal activities, always non-political, he has been a contributor to magazines, reviews, etc., and is the author of the "Confessions of a Society Man," "Three Days," "Think and Thank," and other books. Holding membership in the Lawyer, Penn, Clover and Art Clubs, he was for several years secretary of the last named organization. While he never posed as a humorist, to hear him relate the most commonplace story is to enjoy a hearty laugh. For years he spurned the idea of "chasing a little white ball over the grass" as being beneath the dignity of a full grown man, but at the continued solicitation of his wife, he finally and reluctantly consented to try golf—and in a few months he came to be a veritable enthusiast on the green, and Mrs. Cooper complained that she could never count on him to keep a social engagement, or to be home when meals were served. And his scores are nothing to be ashamed of.

CHAPTER II

GEORGE BURR COOPER

GEORGE BURR COOPER, son of Joseph and Ann Veree Cooper, was educated in the Friends' schools in Philadelphia, majoring in Greek and Latin, and at maturity entered the wholesale house of which his father had been the founder, (a fellow employee being Lewis Mulford, of Millville, who also lived in the Cooper homestead in Philadelphia, of whom more later). Confinement to the store impaired his health, and he was advised by his physician to get out in the open. His father and uncles had acquired large tracts of woodland in Cumberland and Atlantic counties, and George was sent to Port Elizabeth to look after those interests; becoming a boarder in the family of Charles Townsend, living in the house now known as the Windmill Restaurant on the main road from Cape May to Millville. This was in 1845, and at that time "the Port" (as it was known all over South Jersey) had already begun to go backwards—at one time it had been one of the most progressive, wideawake towns in South Jersey, having in 1789 been made a "Port of Discharge" by act of Congress. It derived its name "Elizabeth" from Elizabeth Bodly, who was born in Salem county in 1737, and who came to Cumberland county with her husband, one Clark, living in a log cabin. They were Quakers. Clark died and she married John Bodly. He also died and the widow spent the balance of her long life in developing what had now become known as Port Elizabeth. She died at the age of 78, in 1815. One of the "industries" which grew up at the port, through

Mrs. Bodly's public spirit, was the Academy, which flourished about 1810, with students from other states learning languages, fine arts and sciences, besides the common school branches. The town was also a prominent glass manufacturing center and on February 9th, 1846, Cooper and Charles Townsend bought the Eagle Window Glass Works of John and Joseph Getsinger, the bill of sale for the personal property being filed in the Cumberland County Clerk's Office. This document conveying

"For one dollar and other valuable consideration" 7 barrels of potash, 17 casks of soda, 11 hogsheads of lime, 10 tons of clay, lot of slockery, 31 pots, lot of sand-stones, lot of flattening stones and other utensils used in flattening, all the blowing tools, furnace pots, etc. All the tools in the blacksmith shop and all the iron and steel contained in same, all the utensils in the cutting room; molasses, coffee, butter, lard and pork, fish, crackers, drugs, raisins, segars, tobacco, powder, shot, salt, vinegar, candy, soap, spice and pepper, empty barrels and other articles in the store; 3 horses, 2 heavy wagons, one open wagon, 1 two-horse wagon, harness, hay, farming utensils, 1 wheel-barrow, cut wood in the yard and in the woods, lot of pot-shells, old clay stone, lot of arsenic, block-wood, ground clay, and all other articles belonging to the glasshouse or which are used in any way in the manufacture of glass or in any other way appertaining to the same. Also all the furniture in our houses, consisting of 8 beds and bedsteads, 1 washstand, 1 bureau, carpet in 7 rooms, 4 pair andirons, shovel and tongs, chains, 2 chests, 6 trunks, 8 tables, 2 stands, 2 clocks, 3 stoves, 1 sideboard, 5 looking glasses, crockery ware, knives and forks, 4 waiters, mantle ornaments, lamps, candle-sticks, settee, wash kettle, tubs, guns, rifles, 14 live hogs, 5 milch cows, 8 calves, rye, corn, and other grain, sausage chopper and stuffer, in the house of Joseph Getsinger, and all the household articles in the house of John Getsinger and 8 pigs, 7 cows, 4 heifers, 2 calves, 12 tons fresh hay, 6 tons sage hay, all the lumber cut and in the log on the landing and elsewhere, and all the glass manufactured and in the process of making, and 701 boxes of glass now in the possession of Francis Lee and J. P. Bickley and now on board the vessel. Also 40 bushels of corn, 80 bushels of rye, the rye on 19 acres of land, barometer, etc. And we do covenant with the said George B. Cooper and Charles Townsend that we are the lawful owners of said goods and have all power to sell and dispose of the same."

Cooper & Townsend also acquired title to the real estate belonging to the Eagle Glass Works, which included many properties in the Port and twenty or more tracts of woodland lying in Cumberland and Atlantic counties, all of which have long since passed into other hands.

CHAPTER III

CHRIST CHURCH BURYING GROUND

The remains of most of my early paternal ancestors lie in the center of Christ Church burying ground at Fourth and Arch streets in Philadelphia, where also repose the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and his wife Deborah, buried 147 years ago. My last visit to that historic spot was but a few weeks ago when I stopped there to verify some dates on the family tomb stones. As has always been my custom when there, I stopped and gazed at the Franklin tomb with awe, while meditating on the great man's philosophy of life and the lessons to be learned therefrom. In my mother's treasured scrap-book I find the following story of the grave of "Poor Richard", published in the New York "World" nearly fifty years ago:

"The bare, blank walls of a very old burying-ground are frowned down upon by the towering structures of manufacture and business that surround them in one of the busiest parts of Philadelphia. Inside the burying-ground walls are trees planted by men who died from old age years ago. Birds come and rear their wide-mouthed families in this cool oasis in the great desert of throbbing city streets. One old man, bent and wrinkled, takes an occasional walk over the scarcely discernable, grass-grown paths, and his are the only feet that tread this silent city of the dead.

"That graveyard was made long years ago and the noisy city has grown all about it, crowding it and jostling it, but never encroaching beyond its walls. From sun-up to midnight there is a constant hurrying of wagons and cars and human beings by the necropolis. Yet that grated opening has seldom a visitor, though

CHAPTER II

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

The history of the city of Boston is a subject of great interest to the people of this city. It is a city of many centuries, and its history is full of interest and variety. The city was founded in 1630, and has since that time been a center of commerce and industry. It has been the seat of many important events, and has played a prominent part in the history of the United States. The city is now one of the largest and most important cities in the world, and its history is a subject of great interest to all who are interested in the history of the United States.

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there lies within a few feet of it the dust of a man whose profound wisdom and humanity moved the whole civilized world.

“Over the city there are mills and printing shops and factories and foundries bearing his name, while all over the State and the country, there are towns and townships and counties also bearing his name. Yet there lie his bones down in the heart of this big city, with arteries throbbing with the work and pleasure of men, beneath a thin stone slab, which grows greener and thinner year by year, obscured by the lightest snow of winter, the earliest grasses of summer and the first fall of autumn leaves. A singular end of a marvelous man!

“I looked through the bars. With much craning of my neck and much pressing of my face against the bars I made out this simple, fast-fading inscription in the thin marble slab:

Benjamin and Deborah Franklin

“Benjamin Franklin, after many years spent abroad enlightening men, gaining fresh wisdom and laurels, came home to live in quiet retirement with his son-in-law, Colonel Richard Bache, at the old mansion, which stood in a large park, on Market street, near Fourth, this city. Shortly after that he wrote a friend: ‘I am now in the bosom of my family and find our four little prattlers, who cling about the knees of their grand-papa, afford me great pleasure. I am surrounded by my friends and have a good daughter and son-in-law to take care of me. I have got into my niche, a very good house, which I built twenty-four years ago and out of which I have been kept ever since by employments.’ Franklin had a small printing-press set up on one of the upper floors of the house, with which he amused himself many an hour by his experiments. But so busy a life was not destined to be prolonged in quietness. He had been settled but a short time when his life-light went out on Saturday, April 17, 1790, when he was nearly eighty-five. Three days later, now nearly a hundred years ago, his remains were conveyed to the old Protestant-Episcopal Burying-Ground and placed

beside those of his wife and the thin stone slab laid over them.

"There was mourning throughout this and other lands. Twenty thousand people crowded the streets around the old burying-ground on the day of the funeral, and as the simple cortege passed over the few squares between the house and the grave, bells throughout the city tolled and minute guns boomed mournfully.

"Friends of Liberty' in France erected a mausoleum, but Franklin's unhonored grave rests amid the turmoil and confusion of a great, busy city."

It was father's desire to be buried there with his forebears, but at the time of his death it was thought that interments would ere long be banned, and that the ground would some day be condemned and all bodies (but those of the Franklins) would have to be moved.

OLD CHRIST CHURCH

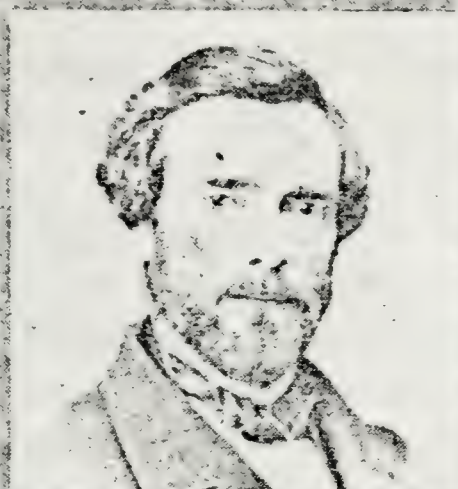
When in Philadelphia, with time to spare, I like to go into Christ Church and sit in the old Cooper pew, near that of Washington, in which so many of my forebears worshipped, and meditate for an hour in the silence of the sacred old edifice, recalling the lines of Edwin Rees Rush, written in 1884, under the caption of "Christ Church":

"Where Washington and Lafayette had been
Seated beneath the consecrated scene;
Where silent time a mellowing hue has shed
Upon the solitary, quiet dead!
Sire and son repose in endless sleep,
Like flowers that shut their leaves at twilight deep.
The stately dame, with her imperious brow
And queenly tread, sleeps there in silence now.
Where soldier rests his plume within the shade
Of cloistered isle, in funeral pomp arrayed;
Where honored statesmen, in their day of prime,
Had knelt the knee before the holy shrine.
And where the bell, within the antique towers,
Had often chimed upon the Sabbath hours."

Beneath the aisles, and under the pavement in the yard at the west of the church lie buried many of the most noted communicants of centuries ago. In 1867,



MRS. GEO. B. COOPER
1859



GEORGE B. COOPER
1858



MRS. GEO. B. COOPER
1870



MRS. GEO. B. COOPER
1888



Joseph Eves Hover completed a cork model (one-quarter inch to the foot) of the church, and one of my most valued treasures is a large photograph of this model, on the back of which is printed a history of the edifice which was erected in 1695, in the reign of William III. The spire was built in 1755. Dr. Franklin was a pew holder from 1730 to 1790, and George Washington worshipped here from 1790 to 1797.

CHAPTER IV

THE HENDERSON FAMILY

The history of the Henderson family (my mother's ancestors) in England and Scotland is very much a matter of conjecture, because in England the records of family marriages, births and deaths are kept in the parish books, and I have been told by my grandfather, James Henderson, that the kirk (church) at Warwick Bridge, Carlisle, was burned and all the family records for a hundred years back were destroyed in the latter part of the "seventeen hundreds." Tradition has it that my great grandfather (Henderson) was an officer in the British Navy, but whatever my grandfather told me as a small boy, about his ancestry, is but a haze in my mind. When speaking of "home" he would say "Warwick Bridge" (he called it "Warick Breedge") in one breath, "home" in the next, at another time he would refer to it as Carlisle. County Warwick is near the centre of England, and Carlisle is away up on the borders of Scotland—just across the Salway Firth from it—and as he married a Scotch woman, (in those days the common people did not travel far from home to find wives) I am forced to the conclusion that the "Warwick Bridge" of which he spoke so often was a small suburb of Carlisle—in this view I am confirmed by the family bible, which gives James Henderson's birthplace as Carlisle. In seeking information as to the location of the "Warwick Bridge" I wrote to my valued old friend, Mr. H. P. Paul, a native of Scotland, now living at Haddonfield, and his reply not only appears to clarify the "Bridge" location, but explains

how it was that all the Hendersons and Johnstons who came from Carlisle were so well versed in the manufacture of cotton goods—they were “fed on it” from the cradle. Following are some extracts from Mr. Paul’s letter:

“I have often been in Carlisle but know nothing of Warwick Bridge. But in the Century Encyclopedia I find a brief mention of ‘Warwick in Cumberland’ and after consulting several maps I find one with a small town or village named Warwick four or five miles (by map scale) East of Carlisle, and on the same river. * * * * Looking at this map it is no far stretch of imagination to locate Warwick Bridge across the river Eden on the road from Warwick to Carlisle * * * * The river has to be crossed to bring the two towns into communication. Cotton weaving and printing were at one time an important industry in Carlisle, and my own recollection of my boyhood days in a weaving community enables me to understand how your forebears proved to be so well versed in the cotton goods business. The individual trading as a manufacturer would have a warehouse in a city which had transportation facilities, and from that point as a center or ‘hub’ he would give out the warp, and yarn necessary for weft, to responsible weavers for whatever class of cloth he wanted. When the web was finished it was returned to the warehouse, checked for length as against the quantity of yarn that had been given out, and the work paid for. There were no weaving factories, as at present; the loom was a part of the household furniture, not forgetting the essential pirn wheel. The wife, beside attending to her family and household duties, had to find time to wind the pirns for her husband and other weavers in the family. Another wheel was that for winding bobbins for warp; this was extra yarn given out by the warehouse whereby an extra penny could be earned. Before the children were very old they were taught to turn this wheel and wind the yarn on the bobbins, which were returned to the ware-

house and paid for. If the children were so fortunate as to have parents who were able AND WILLING to send them to school, that made no difference to the daily task of winding so much yarn before you got out to play. Holidays made no difference; except that Saturdays and holidays found the task doubled. As the children grew up and were able to reach the treadles of the looms they were put to weaving—boys and girls alike. So you see how whole families became manufacturers—the children and the children's children. My grandfather had a four-loom shop with a family of six daughters and three sons, and every one of us had to do our turn on the loom; and many was the sad heart and sore fingers that I had as I did my daily task at the winding wheel. But the advent of new machinery changed all this."

Since corresponding with Mr. Paul, I have written to the Registrar of Vital Statistics in Carlisle, and he confirms the fact that Warwick Bridge is four miles from the City of Carlisle, but he can give me no data as to the early history of the Henderson family because his records only go back to 1837. One thing is sure, the Hendersons and Johnstons were born and grew up in the center of a cotton spinning district.

One of my grandfather's most interesting tales of Carlisle was of the old castle there in which Mary Queen of Scotland was imprisoned before her execution—a tale which to my boyish mind was most impressive. It is said that this old castle still stands.

THE HENDERSONS COME TO AMERICA

While yet a comparatively young man, James Henderson, his wife and three children, came to this country and engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods; taking passage in a sailing vessel which was twelve weeks on the sea. There were many other immigrants on the ship, and of course all did their own cooking. From New York, where they landed, they journeyed by stage-coach to Kinderhook, N. Y., (the

home of Martin Van Buren, the seventh President of the United States).

It was here that my mother was born and reared, and years later, in 1885, she wrote from Clifton Springs, N. Y., as follows:

"It was here that ex-President Martin Van Buren came to rest from his labors, legal and governmental, in days gone by, and he went back to 'Lindenwald' rejuvenated by the waters of Clifton Springs. Well does the writer remember with what firm and stately grace he sat in the saddle, as he took his accustomed ride from 'Lindenwald' to Kinderhook Lake, accompanied by his colored servant with hook, line and bait with which to coax the timid fish of a Summer day. He was the picture of youthful age—sunny December with snowy locks floating in the breeze; face bright and form erect, he truly knew how to grow old gracefully; how much these laughing waters had to do with this, deponent saith not. His son, too, 'Prince John,' came here on more than one occasion, and mingled with the throng."

Several years later the Hendersons moved to Valatie, two miles from Kinderhook, where grandfather became the superintendent of the Wild Cotton Mills. Men experienced in the cotton business were in great demand, and grandfather sent for his wife's brothers, Robert and John Johnston, who came over and located in Cohoes, N. Y., seventeen miles from Kinderhook, on the Erie Canal and Mohawk River. There Robert Johnston found employment in the Harmony Mills; eventually becoming a partner in the business and amassing a large fortune.

I recall that while I was a boy and visiting at Uncle Robert's in Cohoes, about 1867, the Harmony Company was excavating for a new mill, and unearthed the skeleton of a mastodon eleven feet high and seventeen feet from end to end. Scientists say these animals have been extinct for many thousands of years. The skeleton I refer to must now be among the treasures of some

leading museum of Natural History. Mrs. Richard G. L. Ayer, Associate in Mammals in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, tells me she thinks it is in the State Museum at Albany, N. Y.

This same "Uncle Robert" was truly Scotch—he always called me "the Bye," and I was much afraid of him. Generous to a fault, he cared not how much he *gave away* to the needy; but oh, how he hated to *spend*!

The working people of Cohoes were largely French-Canadian and Irish, and many of them when in their cups were very unruly. On one occasion when a mayor was to be elected, the Harmony Mills Company, with thousands of employees, feeling that it was to their interest to control the city government, secured the nomination of Uncle Robert on the Democratic ticket, and his only son, David John Johnston, who was his understudy in the mills, captured the Republican nomination. Of course their contest was a most friendly one, and each hoped the other would win. On election night while they were seated in the father's library, chatting on the prospects of the election, word was brought in that down town their partisans had had a riot and smashed the ballot boxes with axes. I have never forgotten the incident, and all through life it has been exemplified by the bitter wrangling of petty politicians, while their principals are living in peace and harmony at Trenton. I have said that Uncle Robert was "generous" and I recall one occasion, when my mother and I were spending Thanksgiving at Cohoes, that just before dinner was announced, the gardener called Uncle Robert out and told him that some widow down the street, with her seven children, had not eaten for twenty-four hours. The old Scotchman walked right back to the kitchen and ordered the butler to "take that turkey down to Mrs. Murphey!" His daughter, Caroline, remonstrated, and said, "Why father, we will have nothing for dinner." "Tut, tut, Karline; I am ashamed of you," replied the father. And we ate a holiday meal of cold meat.

For upward of half a century my grandfather was connected with the Wild Cotton Mills and was considered one of the most efficient experts in cotton goods in New York State. I think in my long life I have never known so generous a man as he was—entirely too generous for his own good. There never was a time when his pocketbook was not bulging with promissory notes, due bills, etc., representing five, ten, and twenty dollar loans made to the more indigent of the employees of the mill; and yet he considered money spent on himself a sheer waste.

At one time when the Harmony Mills in Cohoes were to be sold (presumably at a very low figure) grandfather sent a man to Cohoes to buy a half-interest for his son, Frank. The man did buy the interest, tho' not for Frank Henderson, but for a man whom we will call "Jones." Years later "Jones" sold his interest in the mills for a million dollars, and invested it all in a silver mine which proved to be worthless. Broken up by his loss, "Jones" lived the balance of his life on the generosity of relatives, and died penniless.

In the days to which I refer no watchmen were employed in manufacturing plants and it was my grandfather's custom every night, the last thing before he went to bed, to go through the mill, which was about two thousand feet from his home, to be sure that there was no fire. The structure was four stories high and, as I remember it, from eight hundred to one thousand feet long. He would enter the door at one end, traverse the entire length of the first floor, take the stairs to the second story, traverse that, and so on to the third and fourth floors, which made a distance of more than three thousand feet, threading his way between cards, looms, mules, (spinning jacks) and other machinery with which the place was filled. Of course he could not take a lantern, because with a light, he might have missed any fire that existed. On one occasion when grandfather was ill, my mother (then sixteen years of age) made the tour of the mill in his stead and I have

heard her say that it was the most ghostly experience of her life—that every piece of machinery loomed up like a spectre.

One of my earliest recollections of life in the little mill village of Valatie was the tolling of the Lutheran church bell when one of the residents—man or woman—passed to the Great Beyond. It was the undertaker's first duty when notified of a death, to have the sexton toll the bell one tap for each year of the deceased's age, and to have omitted this requiem would have been an unpardonable offense. Times have changed, and not always for the better.

In 1880, James Henderson retired from business and came to Millville, New Jersey, where he lived with father and mother until his death on April 11, 1888. Two incidents in his life exhibited the theory which was strong in him: "the surest way to get anything done is to do it yourself." When he was past seventy he noticed one day that the machinery in the mill seemed to be running irregularly (like an automobile engine which is "missing") and without saying anything to the machinist, he went down to the wheel-pit to note the revolutions of the huge water wheel which furnished the power for the mill. The planks on which he walked were slippery and he lost his footing—was only saved from falling into the icy, seething flood by grasping a huge spike which had been driven into the wall of the pit. The noise was so great that his cries for help could not be heard and he hung on by one hand, submerged from his hips down, for approximately twenty minutes, when somebody who was looking for him, seeing the trap door open, peered down into the darkness and discovered him. Rescued from his perilous position, and chilled to the marrow, he was taken home. Pneumonia developed and for days his life was despaired of. After he came to Millville he purchased a little tenement house, and having engaged a man to paint the roof, and the painter failing to arrive on the appointed morning, the eighty-seven

years old man got a ladder and went to work at the job himself. He slipped and fell to the ground, breaking three ribs; again he had pneumonia, from which he died.

HENDERSON GENEALOGY—1800—1938

JAMES HENDERSON, born June 20, 1800, in Carlisle, England, married August 20, 1825, in Carlisle to Ann Johnston (who was born January 20, 1802, in Dalton, England, on the borders of Scotland, and died in Kinderhook, N. Y., May 20, 1862); came to United States in 1831, died in Millville, April 11, 1888. They had:

Francis Henderson, born October 3, 1826, in County Cumberland, England; married June 8, 1846, to Christina Deyo at Muitzeskill, N. Y. (Peter Deyo, born July 20, 1779, married Cornelia Gardinier who was born July 1, 1786. Christina, born December 26, 1826, was their ninth child and was married to Francis Henderson, June 8, 1846. She died in Valatie, N. Y., on May 9, 1873.) He was then married, June 18, 1874, to Mary Marshall Prussian, at Valatie, N. Y.; who died March 26, 1907, at Amsterdam, N. Y.

Sarah Henderson, born November 28, 1828, at Carlisle, England, married to Dr. Daniel Preston Van Vleck (who died of fever on board the Steamship "Arago" off Fortress Monroe, Va., in November, 1862. The remains were taken to Kinderhook for interment, the funeral being the largest since the death of ex-President Martin Van Buren). She died May 19, 1866. Their one son, Preston, was born in Valatie, N. Y., and married Ellie Rowe, of Cohoes, N. Y. He died about 1883 from the effects of a fireworks explosion. Both he and his wife are buried in Albany, N. Y.

Robert Henderson, born January 27, 1830, at Carlisle, England, died September 6, 1832, at Kinderhook, N. Y.

Margaret Henderson, born January 27, 1834, at Kinderhook, N. Y., died September 27, 1855, of scarlet fever, three weeks before she was to have married Dr. Grans, of Albany, N. Y.

ANNIE ELIZABETH HENDERSON (my mother), born January 9, 1836, at Kinderhook, N. Y., married to George B. Cooper, at Glassboro, N. J., in the Episcopal Church, on April 2, 1857; died Dansville, N. Y., January 18, 1900.

Thalia Henderson, born February 2, 1838, at Kinderhook, died December 29, 1860, at Kinderhook.

Mary A. Henderson, born January 15, 1840, at Kinderhook, married to John Hoffman, at Valatie, N. Y., died May 15, 1864, at Valatie, leaving a small infant, Charles Hoffman, who died in Millville, N. J., when about one year old.

Delia J. Henderson, born February 19, 1843, in Kinderhook, died May 19, 1859, aged 16 years.

Francis Henderson and Christina Deyo had:

Corydon Bushnell Henderson, born July 9, 1847, died February 11, 1861, aged 13 years, 7 months and 2 days.

James Henderson, born February 12, 1854, died July 4, 1859, at the age of 5 years, 4 months and 22 days.

Margaret Henderson, born January 26, 1860, and died February 21, 1860, aged 26 days.

Mary Henderson, born March 2, 1861, died May 16, 1867, aged 6 years, 2 months and 14 days.

Jessie Henderson, born August 2, 1864, and married October 17, 1907, to Freeman Thompson Huxley, of Palmyra, N. Y. (who was born January 12, 1859. He died without issue at Amsterdam, N. Y., May 2, 1933). Jessie is still living at Amsterdam, N. Y.

On June 18, 1874, Francis Henderson married his second wife, Mary Marshall Prussian at Valatie, N. Y. She was born in Castleton, N. Y., July 16, 1843, and died

in Amsterdam, N. Y., April 17, 1926, aged 82 years, 10 months and one day. Their one child,

Charles Edward Henderson, was born July 8, 1875, and died, unmarried, on January 17, 1935, at the age of 59 years, 6 months and 9 days.

CHAPTER V

PORT ELIZABETH

In 1854 the people of "the Port" built a new school-house (which now in 1937 is still used for school purposes) and in 1855 there came from Kinderhook, N. Y., a comely young woman, Kate Proseus, to teach the village school. The principal was Professor Hammond, from Connecticut. In the Spring of 1856 Hammond needed another teacher, and asked Miss Proseus to get him someone she could recommend. She at once wrote to her schoolday chum, ANNIE ELIZABETH HENDERSON (who had made an enviable record as a student in the Kinderhook Academy) and although she was but twenty years of age, and had never been far from home, she accepted the position and soon arrived at Port Elizabeth, becoming a boarder in the Quaker home of Charles Townsend, brother of William S. Townsend, of Dennisville. Four months later she wrote to her brother, Francis Henderson, painting a graphic picture of Quaker life in South Jersey, her letter giving evidence of her powers of description—an ability which in later years made her weekly letters to the Cape May County Gazette so noteworthy. (These letters were written from Montreal, Quebec, Saranac Lake, Florida, Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, and other places she visited in quest of health, during her widowhood). The letter above referred to I never saw until a few weeks ago, when it was sent to me by my cousin, Mrs. Jessie Huxley, who found it among the papers of her father. It is as follows:

QUAKER MEETING 80 YEARS AGO

Port Elizabeth, August 20, 1856.

My Dear Brother:

Although I have long neglected to write you yet it was not through forgetfulness nor indifference that I maintained such a protracted silence, but you know that Procrastination, that Thief of Time, is ever on the alert seeking whom he may deceive, and unless watched with a suspicious eye he will gather moment by moment, hour by hour, and day by day of our precious time, until he has swindled us out of our whole life. Each day have I thought of you and each day resolved to write you, but each night would find the letter still unwritten—but this night I trust will be an exception and I think I will sleep more sweetly for it; for my conscience has done its duty in reprimanding me for such unfeeling neglect.

After I had sent the letter saying I would come down here, I heard that you thought I ought not to come so far from home; which unsettled me very much, so that I wavered several days (though I said nothing to that effect) whether to come or not.

Our folks at home raised no objections—had they—or had I been informed of your disapproval before I wrote, it would have made a difference in my decision; but since nobody would decide for me, I came.

I like it here very much, but 300 miles seems a long distance from home—it takes three days for a letter to go or come—if I write and they answer by return mail it takes a whole week to go both ways.

Kate Proseus has gone home, Mr. Hammond has gone to Hartford, and I am boarding with a Quaker family across the street, who are very kind to me and have become very dear.

Last week I went to Quaker Quarterly Meeting with them at Woodstown—about thirty-five miles from here—were gone three days—had a fine view of the country—saw an assemblage of about fifteen hundred Quakers mostly dressed in their costume and all using the plain language.

But I think many of them have as much pride in dressing richly as others do in dressing gay. Most of the clothing was of the most costly material but quaker color, and made plain—old women with their coat-sleeved, straight-bodied, low-necked dresses—their

white muslin handkerchiefs laid in folds about the neck and crossed in front with a drab silk one over it—plain piece of mull for a cap and a straight bonnet with a large plaited crown.

And a display of horses and carriages such as one might expect to see at a fair—two or three hundred of them.

But that is not the best of it—Frank I wish you could have been there—it would have done you good to see the many sweet faces beneath those straight bonnets—the peaceful, resigned expression of their friendly countenances was really soothing to look upon.

When they meet each other there is just a gentle shake of the hand and “How does thee do, friend; is thee well?” said in the most quiet yet friendly manner possible, and at parting a shake of the hand, and “Farewell friend” is all. I think “Society of Friends” is an appropriate name for them; for they never feign anything.

I had often heard of a Quaker meeting, and thought it must be very amusing—but it is very solemn and impressive. A profound stillness pervades the whole, as though it were an assemblage of statuary, instead of living, active beings—“a silent multitude” indeed.

The intense stillness reigned for some time, then a woman arose—took off her bonnet—revealing to view the most holy, sanctified—even heavenly—countenance I ever saw—and commenced in a clear, rich tone to address the Youth. She said she felt more concerned about Youth than she had ever before—and felt that she would not be permitted to depart in peace without admonishing them. There were several women and men that preached, and some such tender and touching appeals fell from their lips mingled with lessons of Scripture that it seemed like inspiration.

They call their silent worship “retiring within”—becoming passive and obedient—submitting our wills to the Will of God, which they think is a necessary prelude of receiving the Grace of God. They think we cannot be obedient and resign our wills without first preserving silence—an unbroken stillness or obedience in the flesh—separating as it were the physical from the spiritual.

As I sat there in that holy quietness, my mind reverted to the past—to a dear one, who is no more with

us, our angel Maggie. I did not wish for her there—I durst not—but I could but feel that it was a scene that she would have blessed—one that would have been congenial with a heart as pure and holy as hers.

I should like very much to see you; wish I was not so far away, and then perhaps I might get a visit from you. But I suppose business does not bring you down in Jersey.

When you write me (for I know you will) tell me all about your loom, for I want to know—would like to see Chriss, Bushnell and Baby, but suppose I must wait until I come home—my love to them.

I did think of coming home this vacation, but thought I had better stay since I had been here but two months then; but if I had known they expected me, would have come.

Remember me kindly to all Uncle's folks, and tell them I would like to hear from them, and say to David John that some time, when he is sitting in the office with his pen in hand and paper before him, to write me a good long letter, or a short one will be very acceptable—and he will never miss the time thus spent and will contribute much to my pleasure. I love to get letters from any of my friends, they are bright spots in my existence—oases in the desert.

I wish to be remembered to Lydia Van Schaack, Mr. Conliffe's family and Mr. Graves and family, and when you see Henry and tell them all I would rejoice to hear from them, for so it is.

Mr. Wills, where I am staying, sends his love, insisting that he likes all my relatives.

Your Affectionate

Sister Libbie

Direct to Port Elizabeth,
Cumberland Co.,
N. Jersey.

MORE ABOUT PORT ELIZABETH

One of the interesting things connected with the writing of history is that the hunting for one fact or date is almost sure to bring out from unexpected sources new facts which either correct errors in the initial statements, or confirm their correctness. Since the printing (in "The Friend" of January 14) of my

mother's letter of August 20, 1856, I have received from Nathan L. Jones, of Atlantic City, a most interesting letter which he received from Walter L. Moore, of Drexel Hill, Pa., which adds some interesting facts to what I already knew about the history of "The Port". The letter is dated 1-22-37, and is as follows:

"Dear Friend:

I have been exceedingly interested in the article appearing in the current number of "The Friend" (1/14/37) bearing caption: "A New Jersey Quarterly Meeting Eighty Years Ago."

"In reading it I have thought I may be in possession of some additional facts that will be of interest to thee and others.

"Sometime in the summer of 1917 I in company with a group of Friends visited Port Elizabeth, and held a meeting of a First-day morning in the Methodist church there. That which led to this visit had to do with the early history of the place and its connection with friends. I was so interested that I wrote an account of the visit and meeting for The Friend, under the caption: "A Quaker Invasion of a Methodist Sanctuary." My article appeared in the issue of the paper 1/3/1918, and I have it before me for reference. I quote: "The history of Friends' connection with Port Elizabeth is both interesting and pathetic. The extensive, broad meadows of the Maurice river, as elsewhere before the introduction of upland grasses, proved inviting to the agricultural settler. In the year 1760 a firm of Philadelphia capitalists, of a name of Coates & Britton, had the region surveyed and opened for settlement. The village of Port Elizabeth was laid out about the year 1790 by Elizabeth Brodely, of Salem County, and was made a port of entry. A Friends' meeting was soon after set up, which came to be known as Maurice River; this in 1805 was established into a Monthly Meeting, as by that time a large number of Friends from Gloucester and Cape May counties had settled in the neighborhood. Among the family names were found those of Buzby, Bradway, Dallas, Eklinton, Jones, and Townsend. In the Ninth Month of the year 1819 a terrible storm accompanied by a huge swell caused the waters of the river to rise to a great height, resulting in the carrying away of miles of tide bank, while a number of

homes were devastated and cattle perished. The result was so disheartening to the settlers that many returned to their former homes. A few Friends however continued to reside in the neighborhood and to maintain the Meeting which was officially discontinued in 1855, though for some years afterwards occasional meetings were held. * * * Several years ago the meeting house was destroyed, though the environing graveyard may still be discerned along the main street of the town."

"It may be stated that at the time of the Separation in the Society of Friends, the meeting at Maurice River went with the Hicksites and was by them maintained until discontinued, as above.

"In regard to the Quarterly Meeting referred to in the letter, it may be stated that it was undoubtedly of the Hicksite body, and was their Salem Quarterly Meeting held at Woodstown. At the time of the Separation the Orthodox group at that place was a mere handful alongside the great body that retained the fine old meeting house, while the Orthodox Friends retired and erected the little wooden box-like structure where the meeting was held until discontinued several years ago. The fine brick house which within is one of the finest houses I know of anywhere, remains as one of the best examples of meeting house architecture belonging to the Colonial period.

"Salem Quarterly Meeting of our Friends I do not believe was ever held at Woodstown, but at Salem, Woodbury, and (earlier) at Greenwich.

"What a commentary on our fallen and disrupted condition! To think of a Quarterly Meeting of 1500 people (as estimated) meeting at Woodstown in 1856.

"Again I thank thee for thy instrumentality in bringing to the notice of the readers of "The Friend" so exceedingly interesting a document. It surely should be safely preserved for its novel historic value.

"Thine with sincere regard,
WALTER L. MOORE."

CHAPTER VI

A LOVE THAT NEVER FADED

It must have been a case of "love at first sight", because in April, 1857, at the Episcopal church in Glassboro, N. J., the hopeless bachelor of thirty-eight, George Burr Cooper, was united in wedlock to the twenty-one-years-old maiden, Annie Elizabeth Henderson. The officiating clergyman was Reverend Herbert Norris. A reception followed at the Thomas Whitney mansion (now a part of the Glassboro Normal School). One wonders if Cupid had not something to do with the young school teacher electing to spend her first Summer vacation in South Jersey, instead of joining her family in far away New York. At any rate it was a happy marriage—a love that never faded.

PARENTS MOVE TO MILLVILLE

Soon after their marriage my father and mother moved to Millville, taking up their residence in a two and a half story house which had been originally erected on the northeast corner of Second and Main streets (where the present public library now occupies the building that was built there by the Millville Bank) but had recently been moved two blocks down Second street to the point where Second street begins to depress to "the hollow" (it was then known by everybody as "the Schetterville Hollow"). I was born September 6, 1859, while my parents occupied this house. In 1874 this house was moved back to Third street, where it now stands, and a new one built. That property was sold to Buzby Owen, after my father's death, and by

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The first of these is the fact that the world is a very different place from what it was a few years ago. The progress of science and industry has made it possible for us to do things which our ancestors could not have dreamed of. The world is now a more united and more civilized place than it was in the days of the ancients. The progress of the human mind has made it possible for us to see things in a new light, and to understand the world as it really is. The progress of the human heart has made it possible for us to love our fellow-men as ourselves, and to seek the good of all instead of the good of a few. The progress of the human spirit has made it possible for us to see the hand of God in all our doings, and to feel that we are part of a great and glorious plan. The progress of the human race has made it possible for us to hope for a better future, and to strive for a more perfect world. The progress of the human mind, heart, and spirit has made it possible for us to see the world as it really is, and to love it as our home. The progress of the human race has made it possible for us to hope for a better future, and to strive for a more perfect world.

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The second of these is the fact that the world is a more united and more civilized place than it was in the days of the ancients. The progress of science and industry has made it possible for us to do things which our ancestors could not have dreamed of. The world is now a more united and more civilized place than it was in the days of the ancients. The progress of the human mind has made it possible for us to see things in a new light, and to understand the world as it really is. The progress of the human heart has made it possible for us to love our fellow-men as ourselves, and to seek the good of all instead of the good of a few. The progress of the human spirit has made it possible for us to see the hand of God in all our doings, and to feel that we are part of a great and glorious plan. The progress of the human race has made it possible for us to hope for a better future, and to strive for a more perfect world. The progress of the human mind, heart, and spirit has made it possible for us to see the world as it really is, and to love it as our home. The progress of the human race has made it possible for us to hope for a better future, and to strive for a more perfect world.

him deeded to Samuel Champion, formerly of Tuckahoe. He "split" the house into a double dwelling and sold it later, I believe, to his son-in-law, Henry Weatherby. The family moved into the new home in the early part of 1876. It was quite large, with very high ceilings, finished in walnut throughout, had black marble mantels in several rooms and cost, exclusive of lot, about nine thousand dollars. Owen bought it for thirty-five hundred dollars about 1895.

In Millville my father engaged in the land, wood, stone, gravel and lumber business, continuing until his death in 1890. While he never studied law, he acquired (or absorbed) in the course of his business an extensive knowledge of the statutes regarding conveyancing, landlords and tenants, agreements and wills, and for years, when there was no lawyer in Millville, he drew many deeds, mortgages, wills and other similar papers; and did considerable surveying. His compass with its "Jacob's staff" (used then instead of the modern tripod) is still in my possession.

Father was an intimate friend of Supreme Court Justice L. Q. C. Elmer, of Bridgeton, and of Honorable John T. Nixon, member of Congress from 1859 to 1863, also of Bridgeton, (author of "Nixon's Forms" and "Nixon's Digest") and when he began conveyancing he was impressed by what to him seemed ridiculous verbiage in the usual form of deed, and prepared a blank about one-quarter as long as the standard form. This he submitted to the above mentioned legal lights, and both agreed that the short form would convey as good a title as the long one; that much of the language of the standard deed was all piffle. However, he never succeeded in getting lawyers to accept his short deed for their clients. Mention of Judge Elmer reminds me of a story Charles K. Landis once told me about him. Landis had occasion to visit the old gentleman and while there overheard a conversation between him and a farmer from Fairton, who had come to beg for more time in paying the interest he owed Judge Elmer on a

mortgage. When the Judge refused to grant further time, the farmer said: "Why, Judge, you've got plenty of security; my farm is worth three times what you got against it." The reply was: "Why, damn it, I didn't lend you that money for *security*—I lent it for *interest*; I had plenty of security when my money was in bank."

In negotiating with Charles K. Landis, the founder of Vineland, for the sale of lands belonging to Joseph Cooper's estate, father also became the agent for many other property owners, and a considerable part of what is now Landis township went to Landis through him.

He was one of the early stockholders of the Millville Bank (now the Millville National Bank), but he always refused to become a Director. An active Whig and admirer of Henry Clay, and later an uncompromising Republican, he took an active part in politics, but was never a candidate for elective office. During the Civil War he was appointed Income Tax Assessor, and always said that the income tax made more liars than any other law that had up to that time been enacted. In 1865-6 he was clerk of the New Jersey House of Assembly—having been elected in a body equally divided between the Democrats and Republicans. Hon. Thomas Beesley was the assemblyman from Cape May county at that time. After weeks of fruitless balloting over the election of Speaker and Clerk, a compromise was made by which the Democrats took the Speaker and the Republicans the Clerk, each receiving a unanimous vote.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND

It was during his service in the Assembly that the Civil War came to an end, and there were several "copperhead fire-eaters" in the House who resented the final triumph of the Union forces to a degree which now seems almost unbelievable. On Sunday, April 2, 1865, Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates, and while the actual surrender of Lee to Grant, at Appomattox, did not occur until one week later (April 9)

the fall of the Confederate capital was the beginning of the end, and throughout the North there was great rejoicing. On Monday morning, April 3, my father and mother and I left Millville to go to Trenton. Arriving in Philadelphia, we found the streets were literally packed with vehicles bedecked with flags, bands were playing, and all business was at a standstill. The entire fire department was out, every engine carrying hundreds of brooms (indicating a "clean sweep"), whistles were blowing, church bells ringing, and it seemed that every possible device for making a noise was being utilized. With a tight grasp of my father's hand as we passed along the crowded sidewalk on the way to Horstman's flag store, I said to my father, "There must be a big fire somewhere!" And although that was seventy years ago and I was less than seven years old, I still remember, as if it were but yesterday, the voice and face of a ragged urchin who had overheard my remark, as he rushed up to us and yelled at the top of his voice, "Taint a fire, taint a fire; Richmond's taken, Richmond's taken; Hooray! Hooray!!" Proceeding to the flag maker's, my father bought two handsome silk flags, about eighteen by thirty inches, mounted on ebony staffs, tipped with silver ferrules, and with silver spears at top. Arriving in Trenton he stopped at a hardware store and had made two sockets which he screwed to the front of his desk, facing the Assembly. Threats were made as to what would happen to those flags, and each time the Clerk was required to carry bills over to the Senate he took the flags from their sockets, rolled them up and carried them under his arm. Those two flags are still in my possession.

DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

As I look back upon the years I can recall no event which made so great an impression upon me as the death of Abraham Lincoln; and although I was less than six years old the memory of it is as vivid today as if it were but a few years since it occurred. The

end of the war and the triumphant re-election of Lincoln to the Presidency had been the occasion of rejoicing throughout the North, and during the week preceding Good Friday, 1865, Millville, like 1000 other towns, had been the scene of torchlight parades, a cessation of business, and wild enthusiasm. Our home had been gaily decorated and illuminated, and on the morning of Saturday, April 15, my mother was standing on a ladder taking down the flags which had been fixed to the gas fixture (she already had one flag in her hand) when Lewis Corson came to the open front-door and called out that "Abe" Lincoln had been shot. My mother went directly upstairs, got a crepe veil from the bureau, shredded it into wide ribbons, mounted the step-ladder and entwined the flags with black streamers. During the late campaign, the country had been flooded with small tintypes of Lincoln's picture, and mother gathered up a lot of these and made crepe rosettes in which she fastened the tintypes. The first one was fastened to my blouse. Living next door to us was a man by the name of Vanaman, a bitter secessionist, who had three boys under ten years old. They saw my badge, and of course, wanted similar ones for themselves, and it was a great satisfaction to mother to inject badges of sorrow into that particular family.

On Sunday, April 23, the body lay in state near the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, special trains being run to the city. Father took me up from Millville, and never will I forget the crowds which filled Chestnut street. Before daylight lines were formed east and west of Independence Hall, and by ten o'clock these lines extended at least three miles, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill river, thousands gathering three or four hours before accomplishing their object—to see the remains.

The interior of the Hall, as well as the exterior, was heavily draped, and around the remains were banks of evergreens and flowers. The funeral train left Philadelphia on Monday morning, stops being at Trenton,

Jersey City, New York, Harrisburg, Buffalo, Cleveland, Indianapolis and Chicago, at each of which points the crowds were permitted to view the remains. On Wednesday, the third of May, the funeral train, after travelling by a circuitous route over seventeen hundred miles, reached Springfield.

In the "Reader's Digest" the other day, I ran across the following paragraph anent the Lincoln burial:

"The funeral of Abraham Lincoln was the most pompous and his burial one of the most casual in American history. The 14 cities in which his body lay in state vied with one another in final tribute. But from 1865 to 1901, his body was moved 17 times, once being hidden—for a period of two years—in the cellar of a monument in the city of Springfield, Ill."

CHAPTER VII

A SCARED UNDERTAKER

After the death of her sister, Mary, my mother brought her baby, Charlie Henderson Hoffman, one year old, to Millville to raise, but he died in a very short time. Father being unable to leave home at the time, mother started for Valatie with the child's body, taking me along. Unwilling to have mother cross New York alone, father hired Dan Snyder, the Millville undertaker, to accompany her to New York and look after the corpse and baggage. At that time passengers for New York had to change cars at Bordentown, and after the train started, mother discovered that Snyder had left her baggage on the platform; it was six months before the baggage was recovered. Arriving at Courtland street ferry, Snyder left us in the waiting-room while he went out to arrange to transport the body across the city to the Hudson River depot. Hours passed and Snyder did not return. He had never been in the city before; when he got out on West street and saw the traffic, Millville looked good to him, and he took the ferry boat back for Jersey City without notice to mother. Hiring a cab which conveyed us and the baby's casket across the city we arrived at the New York Central station after the last local train for Albany had gone; but an express which did not stop at Stuyvesant was to leave in a half hour. Holding me by the hand, mother went to the superintendent's office and with great difficulty persuaded him to stop the express train at her station. He was adamant in his refusal and mother was just as persistent in her re-

quest, and finally he issued the order. It was nearly midnight when the train stopped at Stuyvesant and we were hustled off into more than a foot of snow, while the trainmen set the casket off in the snow. The station was closed and the town asleep, but the agent who lived nearby heard the train stop (something he had never known to occur before) and came over with a lantern. He placed the body in the depot and following his smoky light we plowed our way half a block to the village inn. He rapped on the door and the landlord thrust his head out of the bedroom window to ask what was wanted. Told that we wanted supper and lodging (no food had been eaten for hours) we were admitted, and as we passed the dining room door on the way upstairs and I saw the tables set for breakfast, I exclaimed, "Mama, we are going to have a good supper anyway." But the best the landlord could do was to bring us three or four apples, and mother said afterwards that my remark about the supper almost broke her heart. She always believed that "cleanliness is next to godliness" and before she put me to bed washed my face with a wet towel which froze in her hand while she was using it. The next morning we finished our journey in the stage coach mounted on runners, arriving at Valatie only to find that mother's brother had gone to Millville after the body—probably passed through the ferry house in New York while we were sitting there.

THE GREAT EASTERN

In the latter part of 1865, while in New York City with father, I was taken down to the pier to see the "Great Eastern", the largest ship that had ever been built up to that time. She had just returned from her second trip laying the Atlantic cable and I remember that mounted on the stern was a huge windlass (I am guessing that it must have been twenty-five feet in diameter) on which the cable had been wound and from which it had been paid out as the ship steamed along. I had not thought of this incident for years

until a few weeks ago, while in New York City, I spent the greater part of a day on the world's latest marvel in shipbuilding, "The Queen Mary". The "Great Eastern" was unwieldy, under-powered and an absolute failure for every purpose except that of laying the cable. She later was junked. For comparison the following figures are interesting:

	Great Eastern 1858	Queen Mary 1936
Length	680 ft.	1,018 ft.
Beam	82 ft.	118 ft.
Depth	48 ft.	135 ft.
Tons Register	18,900	80,773
Speed	13 K.	32 K.
Horse-power	*11,000	200,000

*Paddles and screws.

WILD-CAT BANKS

Prior to 1864 there were no National banks, all financial institutions being chartered by the states. There were 1400 State banks in the United States, each issuing its own money. They were of very doubtful solidity, many of them worse than doubtful, and the "money" they issued would not pass current in other states. I have frequently heard my mother tell of the difficulties in travelling from Millville to Albany. Arriving in Philadelphia one had to visit a bank-note broker and exchange Jersey notes for Pennsylvania money, of course paying a commission to the broker. Then in New York another exchange had to be made for New York funds, and another commission paid. A weekly list of the 1400 different kinds of money was circulated, and before you could "pass" a bill the broker had to consult this book to ascertain the values. There was positively no permanence guaranteed, and losses were occurring with annoying frequency when the notes a man had in his pocket went "sour." The

exigencies of the war financing made imperative the establishment of some sort of stable United States currency and led to the establishment of National Banks. Court House had one or two banks; and I think one of them was wrecked by the defalcation of one of its officers.

MILLVILLE BANK ROBBERY

The Lewis Mulford, heretofore mentioned, was a son of Lewis Mulford, of Millville, and a brother of Furman and Isaac Mulford, and a half brother of Lorenzo Mulford, all of Millville. When in his early teens, he was placed with my grandfather in Philadelphia to "learn the dry goods business," and literally grew up in grandfather's house. Until his death he was my father's most intimate associate. He came to Millville in the late fifties and was, I think, connected with the Schetterville (now South Millville) glass works, then operated by a German by the name of Schetter, and now Whitall, Tatum & Co's. "lower glass works". He was the first cashier of the Millville Bank, later the Millville National Bank; and afterward, its president. Father always said that "Lew Mulford could look at an investment through a stone wall, and see more accurately into its strength or weakness than another man could if he looked at it in his hands; he had the financial instinct to the nth degree." For many years father never missed a single Sunday evening, when in the city, in going to Lewis Mulford's home, and on one occasion he and Mulford were about to go from the house over to the bank to look at some papers kept in a tin box in the vault, when a neighbor came in and caused them to delay the trip. Twenty minutes later there was an explosion that shocked the whole city, shattered windows in the Baptist church two doors distant, and all the bank windows. The congregations in the churches poured into the street, just in time to see a big covered wagon speeding up Second street, and it was found that the vault had been burglarized, the plans for silence

having gone amiss. Heavy blankets had been hung over the vault door, but something went wrong with the robbers' plans. There were no watchmen and no time-locks in those days, and that covered wagon had stood in front of the bank from Saturday afternoon, through Sunday, until the hour of the explosion. In escaping, the robbers left all of their tools, explosives, guns, etc., and also a great quantity of cold chicken, ham, bread and other food. It is my impression that the thieves were apprehended a year or more later at a hideaway in the Catskill mountains, but of this I am not sure. From that day to this the Millville National Bank has not been without watchmen, both day and night, and is fully equipped with the latest devices for protection. There is no doubt that but for the interruption of Lew. Mulford's caller, there would have been tragedy to the Mulford and Cooper families. One morning a man came into the bank and asked for Mulford, and when he stepped to the window the visitor said: "Mr. Mulford, I hear you have a bed on which George Washington once slept; do you want to sell it?" "What will you give?" asked Mulford. "One hundred dollars," replied the stranger. "Come on over to the house and get it before you change your mind; I can buy a darned sight more comfortable bed than that is for a hundred dollars." exclaimed Mulford. The banker was in his later years a bitter foe of liquor, and used to relate how he went home to lunch every day and always took a potion of whiskey before his meal. Said he, "I never realized that it was the whiskey rather than the lunch that was drawing me home, until one day I found the bottle empty, and could eat no food; from that day I cut it out, and never drank again."

Lewis Mulford had a son, Herschel, about my age, and upon the annual visits of the circus (they always came via Mays Landing, arriving in Millville about 9 a. m.) Herschel and I with a score or two other lads used to trudge out on the sandy road to meet the caravan, vying with each other to see who would be the

first to see the elephant; sometimes covering as much as three miles before we met the wagons. Then in the afternoon Mr. Mulford would gather up five or six of us and take us to the show, always providing his charges with plenty of peanuts and pink lemonade.

CHAPTER VIII

A LESSON IN POKER

Some years before the rebellion, and up to about 1885, one of the best known establishments here was the carriage factory of Anthony Benezet, grandfather of the present Ralph A. Benezet. One of the earliest apprentices in this shop was Isaac B. Mulford (a brother of Lewis and Furman Mulford, of Millville). He boarded in the little house on Church street which two or three years ago was remodeled by Harry Spalding and is now occupied by his son, George Spalding. After leaving Court House, Mulford rented the hotel at Port Elizabeth, his rent being \$365 a year, or \$1 per day. Years later he told me that it was his habit every night when he closed the bar to drop one dollar in a cigar box so that he was always ready for his landlord's call. One Sunday some of the sporting fellows at the Port inveigled him into a game of poker in the haymow of the hotel barn. In the morning he had not known one card from another, but before night the fellows had taken from him all the money he had including \$300 in the cigar box. He owed some money in Philadelphia, and early on Monday morning he mounted his gig and drove to the city, visiting each one of his creditors to whom he confessed his previous day's gambling. Impressed with the young man's honesty of purpose, his creditors told him to go back home and pay when he could. Afterwards Mulford moved to Millville and lived across the street from our home and while he was the most inveterate card player I ever knew, he would never again gamble for even a

penny, and resolved that he would never play cards after 10 o'clock at night. He often played "Euchre" at our house and when the clock struck ten, regardless of the state of the game, he would throw down his cards and say, "Time's up." Mulford was a fine swimmer and frequently visited Cape May where he would stay in the ocean for hours. On one occasion, after eating a hearty meal, he had spent several hours in the ocean, returning to Millville on the excursion train. I was called out in the middle of the night to go after Dr. Whitaker, who was one of Mulford's card cronies. He came promptly and after examining the patient he said: "Ike, if you have anything that needs to be said you'd better say it quick; you've got cholera and are going to die." Mulford's reply was, "By thunder, Doc, I'd like to have another game of Euchre with you before I pass out." He lived for twenty years after that. "Uncle Ike" was an exceptionally intelligent man but, like his brother Furman, was a very poor speller; and one day, while he kept store at the corner of High and Main streets, one of his clerks called me into the feed room and pointed to a notation on the wall over the scales: "July 15, 1875, wayed 150 lbs. in thin cote. I.B.M."

BUSYBODIES

From my earliest recollection, and up to 1900, most of the old style straight front residences in Philadelphia were equipped with "busybodies"—triple mirrors about 6 by 9 inches each, fixed to a bracket extending out from the second story window. The sitting rooms in the city were almost universally on the second floor and when the doorbell rang the lady of the house had merely to glance out at the mirror, without raising the sash, and could see who was on the step—if it was an unwelcome "guest" she merely ignored the ring. If she was interested in her neighbors' business she could also watch their doorsteps. The latter function is doubtless the origin of the name "Busybody". Their

The first of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has been successful in securing the passage of the Federal Food and Drug Act, which is a landmark in the history of the regulation of the food and drug industry. This act is a comprehensive one, covering the entire field of food and drug regulation, and it is a very important one, as it is the first time that the Federal Government has taken such a comprehensive action in this field. The second of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has been successful in securing the passage of the Federal Food and Drug Act, which is a landmark in the history of the regulation of the food and drug industry. This act is a comprehensive one, covering the entire field of food and drug regulation, and it is a very important one, as it is the first time that the Federal Government has taken such a comprehensive action in this field. The third of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has been successful in securing the passage of the Federal Food and Drug Act, which is a landmark in the history of the regulation of the food and drug industry. This act is a comprehensive one, covering the entire field of food and drug regulation, and it is a very important one, as it is the first time that the Federal Government has taken such a comprehensive action in this field.

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

The American Medical Association is a national organization of physicians and surgeons, and it is the largest and most influential of the medical organizations in the United States. It was founded in 1847, and it has since that time been engaged in a constant struggle for the improvement of the medical profession and the betterment of the health of the people. The American Medical Association has been successful in many of its efforts, and it has been a powerful force in the development of the medical profession in this country. It has been successful in securing the passage of many important laws, and it has been a powerful voice in the reform of the medical profession. The American Medical Association is a national organization of physicians and surgeons, and it is the largest and most influential of the medical organizations in the United States. It was founded in 1847, and it has since that time been engaged in a constant struggle for the improvement of the medical profession and the betterment of the health of the people. The American Medical Association has been successful in many of its efforts, and it has been a powerful force in the development of the medical profession in this country. It has been successful in securing the passage of many important laws, and it has been a powerful voice in the reform of the medical profession.

use declined with the advent of porch-front houses, awnings, etc.

MOODY AND SANKEY

Up to 1871 the present site of the Philadelphia City Hall was occupied by four "squares" each surrounded by a tall iron fence, both Broad and Market streets being unobstructed. In January, 1871, when twelve years old, while visiting my aunt in Philadelphia, I saw a large gang of workmen tearing down the iron fences in preparation for laying the foundations of the public buildings; the cornerstone of which was laid on July 4, 1874, with Benjamin Harris Brewster as the orator. Up to 1874, there stood at the Southwest corner of Thirteenth and Market streets in Philadelphia, extending back nearly to Chestnut street, a one-story freight station entered by five railroad tracks from Market street. This depot was the shipping point for all freight out of Philadelphia (except a minor station at Washington avenue in South Philadelphia). The cars were loaded at this place and hauled by horses and mules (six to ten hitched tandem) to West Philadelphia, where they were made up into freight trains for the North, South and West. The shutting off of Market street rendered this station useless, and the building was vacant until 1875, when it was converted into a crude but spacious auditorium for the use of the famous Moody and Sankey religious services. Their first meeting was held on November 21, 1875, when nearly 12,000 persons were admitted to the building, which could not accommodate a huge overflow. The meetings were continued day and night until January 28, 1876.

At that time Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey were the fashion in the religious world. Moody was then twenty-five years old and had merely a grammar school education. He had been a shoe salesman in New England at the time he was first fired with religious zeal. After the meetings in Philadelphia closed they visited most of the large cities in the United

States and from 1881 to 1884 Moody held meetings in England and Scotland, among his hearers being Queen Victoria and her daughter, many Oxford professors, and Mr. Gladstone. He died December 22, 1899. Sankey carried on the musical part of the meetings and it was he who compiled "Gospel Hymns" Nos. 1 to 6 of which ten million copies were sold prior to 1885, the royalty as stated by Moody's son being \$357,388. In these books appeared "Beulah Land" written by Edgar Page Stites, a local preacher at Cape May City, which song took the country by storm:

"I have reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its pleasures purely mine,
Here shines undimm'd one plentiful day,
For all my night has passed away.

Oh, Beulah Land, Sweet Beulah Land."

Other popular religious songs of the day were "Revive us Again", "Swinging Thru the Gates", "Safe in the Arms of Jesus", "At the Cross", "There's a Fountain", the "Ninety and Nine" and "Where is my Boy Tonight."

The book also included "Rescue the Perishing" written by Fannie Crosby, the blind hymn writer who died in February, 1915, at the age of 94 years. It was claimed that she had written eight thousand hymns.

Many of the older people who still love those old songs find pleasure in listening to "The Gospel Singer", Edward MacHugh, who broadcasts daily over W. J. Z.

WANAMAKER'S "GRAND DEPOT"

John Wanamaker had taken a lively interest in the religious services and at their close made preparations to change the building into a grand "emporium" and the Wanamaker Grand Depot opened May 6, 1876, the Centennial year. Later other stories were added and the present Wanamaker store was built, the front half first, and the Chestnut street end later, business going on as usual during the construction.

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This discovery led to a great influx of people to California, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The second was the discovery of oil in Texas in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The third was the discovery of silver in Nevada in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Nevada, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union.

The fourth was the discovery of copper in Arizona in 1851. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Arizona, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The fifth was the discovery of iron in Michigan in 1845. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Michigan, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union.

The sixth was the discovery of coal in Pennsylvania in 1842. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Pennsylvania, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The seventh was the discovery of lead in Missouri in 1845. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Missouri, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union.

The eighth was the discovery of tin in Georgia in 1845. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Georgia, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The ninth was the discovery of zinc in Texas in 1845. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The tenth was the discovery of silver in Colorado in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Colorado, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union.

The eleventh was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This discovery led to a great influx of people to California, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The twelfth was the discovery of oil in Texas in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union. The thirteenth was the discovery of silver in Nevada in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Nevada, and the state became one of the most populous in the Union.

THE CHARLEY ROSS CASE

One of the never-to-be-forgotten crimes that stirred the nation when I was a boy, was the abduction on July 1, 1874, of Charley Ross, the four-years-old son of Christian K. Ross, of Germantown, Philadelphia. His older brother, Walter, aged six, was taken with him into a buggy driven by two men who offered the children candy. Walter was put out of the conveyance. No further sight of Charles was ever had. It is said that more than \$50,000 was expended in the search.

Two men were found December 4, 1874, committing a burglary in the house of Judge Van Brunt, Bay Ridge, L. I. The burglary was discovered, the burglars seen and shot by persons residing in an adjoining residence. One of the men was killed instantly; the other lived several hours and confessed that he and his companion had abducted Charley Ross, but that the dead thief, Mosher by name, was the one who knew where the boy was secreted. Walter Ross identified the burglars as the men who had enticed him and Charley into the buggy. There the case rested. For years afterward, every few months young men appeared in all parts of the country claiming to be the missing Charley Ross, and the father traveled thousands of miles and spent a mint of money in running down these claimants, none of whom, however, were able to prove their identity.

CHAPTER IX

THE CENTENNIAL

At the time of the Centennial Exposition (1876) I was staying at my Aunt Mary's at 18th and Arch streets, attending business college in the mornings and spending most of my afternoons at the Exposition grounds, which were located in what is now a part of Fairmount Park (where the present Art Gallery is the only survivor of the Centennial Buildings). One of the mementoes I have carefully preserved until this day is Lippincott's "Visitors' Guide" to the city of Philadelphia. From its yellow pages are gleaned the following facts: The cost of the five large buildings, which covered forty-eight acres, was \$4,500,000—the Main Building alone cost a million and a half; for beautifying the grounds and maintenance, another four million; the number of admissions exceeded 10,000,000. The city had sixty hotels of more than fifty rooms each, the rate for room and *four* meals ranged from \$4.00 down. There were fourteen theatres, the rates being 25, 50, and 75 cents; chairs in a box cost \$1.50 and an entire box, \$6.00. The fractional paper currency in circulation used at that period were 10, 15, 25, and 50 cent "shin plasters". There were ten lines of horse-cars (now the "underliers" about which so much litigation is in the courts) and the cars stopped wherever passengers wanted to get off or on. Horse-car speed was six miles per hour. The little booklet lists five hotels at Cape May and gives warning that the bathing hour is from 10:30 A. M. to noon and advises that no bather should stay in the surf longer than fifteen minutes—with thirty minutes the maximum for safety.

An amusing incident of the Exposition was the predicament in which Grandfather Henderson and some of our relatives from Valatie found themselves when they became separated from mother in the crowd. They were boarding with the family of the late Charles Townsend (formerly Port Elizabeth) on Wallace street, and counting on mother's presence made no note of the street or number. Father was surprised to receive a telegram from grandfather asking the location of their boarding house. He wired back and great was mother's relief when her guests walked into the Townsend dining room at supper time.

Probably no greater hoax was ever perpetrated by a newspaper than that which was gotten up by the Philadelphia Record on April 1st, 1876. Under flaming "scare heads" on its first page, the Record printed a six column account of the robbery at the Centennial Grounds. It was said that many of the buildings were reached by underground tunnels; that sleepy watchmen had been overpowered and some of them slain; that a million dollars worth of valuable exhibits located in the Government, state and foreign buildings had been carried away; that a whole army of robbers with a well set up organization had been planning the affair for many months, that many of them had been caught and were already in jail. The article listed a large number of silks, diamonds, valuable historical records, etc., that had been carried off. So well written was the story that it carried conviction with it, and but few readers doubted its authenticity until they read at the bottom of the last column, "This is April 1st."

NOT A SIT-DOWN STRIKE

In the seventies one of the vital necessities in the manufacture of glass was the "tending boy" who "carried in" and "carried up" the bottles from the blower to the gaffer, and from the gaffer to the leer or tempering oven. Child labor was not then taboo and

little lads, from ten years old up, were employed by the hundred; so necessary were they to the operation of the plant that any man, even though he be but a common laborer, who had three or four boys could always get a job of some sort in or about the factory. One morning after the plant had started up the boys walked out in a body—probably a hundred of them—tore down the wood-rank and each boy armed himself with a stick of wood, carried over his shoulder like a gun. They marched from South Millville to the Glasstown plant and called the boys out from there. They then marched around to the Culver school-house, shouting and yelling like wild Indians, and at recess tried to cajole the boy-pupils into joining the strike. From there they returned to the South Millville works, stopping on the way to attack a load of hay which they practically unloaded. When they reached their destination they found the gates barred. Mr. John Sixsmith, the manager of the factory, climbed up on the gate post and addressed the mob, saying, "What is it you want, boys? You've made no demand. Why don't you act like men and go back to work; you're behaving like a pack of moneys." Boos and cat-calls followed, and one saucy little chap yelled, "We may be a pack of monkeys but you can't run this factory without us." The factory remained idle for the balance of the day, and the blowers lost by their idleness from five to ten dollars each. Something happened in a good many Millville houses that night, and the next morning work was resumed. This strike, no doubt, had a good deal to do with the later invention of Richard M. Atwater who devised an over-head endless chain, or carrier, which displaced the "tending boys" altogether.

TWO VALUABLE LESSONS

Two lessons which father taught me, and which have never left me, not only demonstrated his business methods but in after years probably saved me some mistakes. As elsewhere stated, father was in the lum-

ber business, one of his best customers being the glass works of Whitall, Tatem & Co. whose bills sometimes amounted to twenty thousand dollars per year. One day when he went to the city and left me in charge of the lumber yard a boy brought an order for one bundle of shingles to finish out a roof for which we had sold several thousand shingles the week before. The teams were all out, and knowing it would cost thirty or forty cents to have them delivered by the public teamster—probably four times as much as the profit on the sale—I stuck the order on the hook for delivery the next day. In a couple of hours a second boy was sent up to learn why the order wasn't filled. Puffed up with business importance I told him to tell the carpenter that we could not deliver that small an order. When father returned in the evening I related to him with a great deal of pride what I had done; expecting, of course, commendation for what I thought was my business acumen. With a dark frown and bitter emphasis, he said: "Oh, what a mistake; I would have filled that order if I had had to cut the bundle open and carry one shingle at a time down to the factory." Then taking down his ledger he turned to the W. T. & Co. account and said, "Study that and try and get some sense into your head."

The other lesson was taught me soon after I started in business. The Millville Bank notified me that I had overdrawn my account five or six dollars, and requested me to make it good. This was on Monday and as I was expecting to go to Millville on Saturday I paid no attention to the notice. On Tuesday night I received a letter from father requesting me to make a deposit at once to cover the overdraft. Still I thought there was no hurry and did not respond. On Wednesday I received a telegram demanding my presence in Millville that night. I took the afternoon train and found father waiting for me at the depot; we went down to the bank (which, of course, was closed) and were admitted at the back door by the president, Mr. Stokes,

and what he said to me "was aplenty"—that banks were not run to take care of customers' overdrafts; that I was just starting in a business career, and if I made it a practice to overdraw it meant nothing but trouble ahead for me. Of course father had prompted the banker as to how to handle me. Whatever other errors marked my fifty years in business I never repeated that one, although there were often times when it would have been very convenient to do so.

CHAPTER X

A MAN OF HIS WORD

In the campaign of 1872, Horace Greeley ran on the Democratic ticket against U. S. Grant for president (carrying only Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas). A few years prior to this, Greeley had said in the New York "Tribune", of which he was editor, "While I will not say that every Democrat is a horse-thief, I will say that every horse-thief is a Democrat", and that slogan graced the head of every Republican paper in the land. That was the day of torch light processions, and a few days before the election a parade took place in Millville participated in by more than 2,000 men wearing oil-cloth capes and caps, each man carrying a coal oil torch light. These paraders came from Salem, Bridgeton, Glassboro, Vineland, etc., most of them by special train, and after the parade repaired to the "Wigwam" which had been erected for the purpose, to eat the supper prepared by the Republican women. On the morning before this event, I was standing up on a one-horse wagon driving somewhere to get a stove for use in the "Wigwam". I never knew what happened to cause me to lose my footing, but I was thrown from the wagon and the rear wheel passed over my head. They picked me up on Mulberry street unconscious and very seriously injured. It was more than a month before I was able to leave the house and I was warned by my father if he caught me on another wagon he would whip me. The first day I went out he saw me on top of a load of hay and being a man of his word he kept his promise.

Speaking of torch light processions, in 1884 in the Cleveland campaign, I carried a torch light from Millville to Bridgeton, with 1500 men participating, marching between Dr. Jonathan Leaming and Lawyer John B. Huffman, neither of whom could keep in step. Over 200 men from Cape May County were in that line.

A HEREDITARY FIRE BUG

In the Summer of 1873 or 1874, Millville was visited by a series of mysterious fires, most of which were in the lumber yard and planing mill of Mulford & Reeves located where Main street crosses Maurice River. Most of these fires occurred at midday and were discovered in time to prevent serious damage, but the last one (the third one for that day) destroyed the whole plant. After that small blazes continued to occur in different parts of the town, but usually at night, and the community was terrorized. Finally a Maurice River farmer had "parked" his load of hay on Second street in front of the "brick" church, and during the church service somebody saw a man, whom he thought he recognized as Jesse Fleet, run from behind the wagon. In a few minutes flames burst forth and the hay was destroyed. Fleet had been employed for several years as a teamster in the Mulford lumberyard and while he had not been under suspicion, it was now noted that he was always present about the mill when fires occurred. Investigation divulged that Fleet's father had, years before, been sent to State Prison from an adjoining county on conviction of arson. At the trial the young man confessed to every fire that had occurred in Millville for some years and also stated that he went to my father's barn one night intending to burn it, but was frightened by a watchman (a blacksmith named Turner who had lost his all in one of the previous fires) employed out of sympathy. Fleet was convicted and sent to Trenton for a long term. Four years later his mother circulated a petition for his release, and

one of the citizens to whom she presented it, ("Uncle Ike" Mulford), told her he would be glad to sign it upon one condition; and that was that they would bring the fellow home and let him hang him. Fleet died in prison.

MUNIFICENT WEDDING FEE

One of the hardest workers in the above fire was Rev. Richard Thorne who was pastor of the First Methodist Church at Millville from 1872 to 1875. He was a good preacher, a jolly good fellow, and extremely popular. During his pastorate he announced one Sunday that on the following Sabbath night he would preach a special sermon to the glass-house boys of whom there were at that time several hundred. In making the announcement he requested that each boy bring him a bottle or some other piece of glass made at the factory of Whitall, Tatum & Co.—and they did—some of them several pieces. On the night of the sermon there were more different kinds of bottles than I ever saw in my life, either before or since. That display must have cost W. T. & Co. a good deal of money. Thorne had previously had a church in New Brunswick, with which the parsonage was connected by a covered passageway, and I heard him relate a very funny incident that occurred there. On a Sunday evening but a few minutes before time for the service to begin, his door-bell rang and three couples of colored people were ushered into his study. They announced that they all wanted to be married, and he lined them up in a row and performed the ceremony with more attention to speed than to dignity. When the knots had been tied one of the grooms handed him a large, legal envelope, tightly sealed. Thrusting it in his pocket he rushed into church, two minutes late. When it came time for prayer Thorne called on one of the brethren to make the invocation while he, hidden by the pulpit, opened his big envelope in which he

found a dime. He said that during the sermon the thought that insisted upon intruding itself on his mind was "six niggers and ten cents."

RIP VAN WINKLE

My first visit to the theatre was when at the age of ten, in Albany, New York, I saw "Rip Van Winkle" played by Joseph Jefferson. It was all so new that it made a deep impression on me—to this day I can recall scenes and lines of the play with more vividness than of any stage performance I have seen since. Of course I was not old enough to know whether Jefferson was doing his part well or indifferently. It will be remembered that when "Rip" lay down to sleep in the mountains he tied his dog, Wolf, to a sapling and laid his gun on the ground beside him. When he woke up twenty years afterward the sapling had grown to a tall tree and hanging by a chain in the top of it was the skeleton of Wolf, and when he picked up his musket it fell to pieces. Once when asked to write his name, he said he couldn't, he had only gone to school three nights—the first night the teacher wasn't there, the second night there wasn't any light in the school-house, and the third night he didn't go at all. Once when his wife, Katrina, scolded him for drinking he "swore off", and after that when he took a drink he remarked "This doesn't count." A good many of us have followed "Rip's" example with our good resolutions.

CHAPTER XI

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

My earliest recollection is of going to school to Miss Sallie Owen, an austere Quaker lady from Greenwich, New Jersey. The school was held in the town-hall which stood at the corner of Second and Pine streets, on the present site of the First M. E. church. It was a two-story structure, the second floor being used for lodge rooms by the Odd Fellows and Free Masons. The lower room was the only place of evening entertainment in Millville, and often when concerts or "shows" were occupying the lower floor, the Masons made so much noise in their initiation ceremonies that it seriously disturbed the audience in the hall. For years the recollection of those mysterious noises troubled my bump of curiosity, but it was not until twenty years later, when I took my degrees in the Masonic Lodge (Cannon Lodge, No. 104, at South Seaville) that the mystery was cleared up.

For several years I attended Miss Owen's school and it was during that period that I began to go to Sunday School, the feature of which most impressed me being the singing of

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land."

With absolutely no talent for music, I could make as much noise as the best of the youngsters—and from that day until now I have never seen anyone more fond of rhythm. When I was a lad, it was the habit of all

boys to go bare-footed during the Summer and sand-burrs and stone-bruises were common. One Sunday, thinking to get out of going to Sunday School I complained that I could not wear my shoes. Apparently ignoring my excuses, mother dressed me up in a carefully laundered white duck suit, and led me, bare-footed and rebellious, to Sunday School. During the exercises I kept my feet well hidden beneath the pew and at dismissal I was the first scholar out and ran all the way home, a sadder but wiser kid. Needless to say I never again attempted to use that excuse.

THE VINELAND ACADEMY

I later entered the Academy at Vineland, which was conducted by the Reverend F. E. R. Chubbeck, A. M., an Episcopal minister. This institution stood well back from the road in a large oak grove on the north side of Landis avenue near East avenue. There were some 15 Millville pupils who commuted to this school by train, among them Olin Garrison, who later (1888) prepared for the ministry and joined his brother, Charles, in establishing the Feeble-Minded Home which developed into the present Vineland Training School, known all over the United States as the leading institution of its kind. Its present high standing is largely due to Dr. Edward Johnstone, who for 38 years has been its superintendent, and to his excellent wife, both of whom I am proud to claim as among my best friends. Their son, Edward L. Johnstone, is well-known throughout Cape May county as the able superintendent of the Woodbine Colony for Feeble-Minded Males. After Chubbeck's death the Academy was taken over by Professor Dean, wife and sister-in-law, who came from one of the Western states to live in Vineland.

Among other students at the Academy were Millard Hartson and George DeGroff, both of whom afterward went to Spokane, Washington, where DeGroff became a Supreme Court judge.

Another student at the Academy was Miss Ida Sawyer, a comely lassie beloved by both teachers and pupils. I had not heard of Miss Sawyer's whereabouts for forty years, until a few months ago as I was sitting in a reminiscent mood, recalling things that happened at the Academy, when the morning mail was brought to my desk and the first letter I opened was from Mrs. Ida Sawyer Bates and enclosing a complete roster of the students in the Vineland Academy nearly sixty years ago. The letter stated that while overhauling and destroying an accumulation of personal documents she had run across this list and in looking over the names, wondered if I would be interested in it. Mrs. Bates had long been a widow and divided her time between her son in Atlantic county and a daughter in Springfield, Massachusetts. The receipt of this time-yellowed list at the hour it came was, to say the least, uncanny. It surely seems like a case of mental telepathy. Mrs. Bates died a few weeks ago in New England.

MILLVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOL

When the school closed for want of patronage, I entered the public school in Millville, my first teacher being Miss Ella Garrison (sister of Olin), and after she married Rev. Clearfield Park, a Presbyterian minister, my teacher was Miss Mary Tomlin, who died a few years ago at Cold Spring, this county. Miss Tomlin was very severe, and a stern look from her was equal to a switch in other hands. She was, by all odds, the best teacher that it was ever my lot to have; you just had to learn whether you wanted to or not. From Miss Tomlin's room I was promoted to the room of Professor Sanford Culver whose wife was Sarah Champion from Tuckahoe. Her first husband had been Professor Woodward, who taught school here at Court House seventy years ago.

One incident in this school will not soon be forgotten. At that period corporal punishment had not been bar-

red from the public school system, and on a certain morning Prof. Culver whaled me unmercifully with a hickory. My hurts were salved by my thoughts of what my father would do to Culver. Mr. Culver was another Southern sympathizer, he and father had had no intercourse since the bitter days of the war, and I could hardly wait to get home at noon to relate how unjustly I had been treated. I was somewhat surprised at the calm manner in which my tale of woe was received and I began to wonder if I had not made a mistake in telling of the whipping. Arrived at the school-house at Third and Sassafras streets we walked into the principal's room and up to his desk, Father saying in a quiet voice, "Good afternoon, Mr. Culver." "Good afternoon, Mr. Cooper." This thing was not working out just in the way I anticipated, and now I knew I had blundered. The following dialogue ensued:

Cooper: "Al says you whipped him this morning?"

Culver: "Yes, I am sorry to say I had to."

Cooper: "For what did you punish him?"

Culver: "For cutting the heads off of snapping matches and scattering them on the floor under the girls' desks."

Cooper: "Good day, sir."

Father left for his office and I went to my seat and spent the afternoon thinking of what the evening had in store for me. I was sent to bed immediately after supper and a half hour later father came up, turned down the covers—and I got, with one exception, the worst whipping of my life.

Among my contemporaries were Edward C. Stokes, later Governor of New Jersey; Ambler Armstrong, later judge in Camden County; Alfred Reeves, an Albino, who later graduated from Princeton with the highest honors ever given a student at that college; Fabelle Smith, who later became my wife, and Belle Bethel, who afterward married Richard Van Gilder, now a near neighbor at Court House. Mrs. Van Gilder died June 16th, 1937.

EDWARD CASPER STOKES

Stokes afterward served Cumberland county two years in the Assembly and in the Senate nine years. He was elected Governor in 1904. One of the ablest orators in the State, he has the most retentive memory that I ever saw. The night before Jersey Day at the Jamestown Exposition I accompanied him to Norfolk and it was near midnight when he sat down with his stenographer in his Pullman drawing room and dictated the forty minute speech he was to make the next day. She made a number of carbon copies for the press which I gave to the reporters on arrival at Norfolk the next morning, retaining one for myself. At the afternoon exercises (there were nearly five hundred Jersey men present) as Stokes talked without a note, I followed his address with my finger on the typewritten copy and I do not think he dropped, added or altered five words. The same thing had happened when he was inaugurated Governor.

A CAKE TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD

The day before I was born one of my mother's sisters made a large fruit cake which was soldered up in a tin box and kept to be cut on my twenty-first birthday. I cannot venture to guess how many times during that twenty-one years I pulled out the bureau drawer and stared longingly at that tin box—probably a hundred times—and cutting the cake was not the least feature of September 6th, 1880—my first birthday spent in Cape May county. Even though old enough to vote, that cake was good. Writing this paragraph calls to mind an Episcopal minister who once spent Sunday at our house, bringing with him a loaf of stale bread and a huge slice of cake several weeks old. He explained that he was on a diet, and could not eat fresh baking. He related that one day he looked into a bakery window and spied what had every appearance of being a very stale cake. Entering the shop he asked the woman

if that cake in the window was fresh. She quickly replied "It was baked yesterday." "Then I don't want it," said the preacher; "I never eat fresh cake." Stepping in the window the woman asked, "Now which cake do you mean?" He pointed to the only loaf in the window and she exclaimed, "Oh, THAT one; that is two weeks old, and must have gotten in there by mistake."

FROM SLAVERY TO WORLD WIDE HONORS

After the Civil War, there was a demand for recognition and federal offices on the part of the freed Negroes, and one of the first of the race to be recognized was Fred Douglass, a slave son of a slave mother by a white father. He was born Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey, but when freed he changed his name to Frederick Douglass. He had a good mind, was a born orator, and rapidly came to the front as a promoter of Negro education, travelling over the United States and England, creating sympathy for the black race. Never stooping to abuse of the Southern slave owners, his attitude was constructive, rather than destructive, and so far as Negroes followed his wise advice they raised themselves by education, self-respect, and good behavior; recognizing at all times the *natural* social difference between the races, he commanded the admiration of the best people in the North. President Grant appointed Douglass to the Santo Domingo Commission, and later President Garfield named him as Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, and permitted him to staff his office with colored men and women. In 1871 Douglass came to Millville to speak and was entertained at the luxurious home of Furman Mulford. After the lecture, Mr. Mulford invited a dozen or more people to meet the former slave. Refined and mentally alert, he entertained the group for an hour, relating his experiences as a slave. Employed in his Master's lumberyard, he learned to figure by studying the marks,

numbers, etc., on the boards and frame stuff; and his Mistress noting his efforts to learn, taught him to read and write.

In another place I have referred to Mr. Mulford's inability to spell. I heard him say that he never was able to learn whether the "e" or the "i" came first in words with the diphthong, so he wrote them both exactly alike and put the dot in the middle—you could read it either way.

Another nationally known Negro who came to Millville was "Blind Tom," also a former slave, whose mentality was little more than that of an idiot, but he possessed an uncanny musical ability. He traveled all over this country and Europe, and became a world celebrity. In his entertainments, local musicians and composers would be called to the platform to improvise long pieces, embracing all sorts of the most unusual combinations of notes. Tom would then be led to the piano where he would play the music from beginning to end without missing a note. He was truly a wonder, the like of which had never been heard anywhere.

CHAPTER XII

MY MOTHER'S ACTIVITIES

During the thirty-three years which intervened between the day of their marriage (April, 1857) and the death of Father (May 9, 1890), through sunshine and shadow, in joy and in sorrow, they lived for each other, and upon the occasion of his frequent visits to her at Clifton Springs, the doctors and patients were in the habit of referring to them as "the Lovers".

After the death of both my parents, I ran across a scrap of paper on which my mother had written in pencil, in quotation marks:

"Should you go first and I remain
To walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
With happy days we've known;
In Spring I'll wait for roses red,
When fades the lilac blue;
In early Fall, when brown leaves call
I'll catch a glimpse of you."

My mother's life in Millville was marked from the first by an untiring activity in civic matters. During the Civil War she was a leader in sewing and picking lint for the soldiers, etc. And in those days of no railroad below Millville, the women of that town (it was not yet a city) always fed the boys from Cape May county on their way to Beverly to be mustered-in, and she was one of the leaders in that work. Years afterward Charles G. Mills and Joe Holmes used to speak to me about "the breakfasts those Millville women served when we went to war". Following the war, Mill-

ville and Bridgeton appeared to vie with each other to see which town could support the most liquor sellers—and consequently the greatest number of hard drinkers, and both my parents entered heartily into the temperance work, finally seeing the day when there was not a liquor license in the town. Licenses were granted at first by the Court of Common Pleas, and with public sentiment on the liquor question as it was at that time remonstrances against rum selling were of little avail. With my father's wide acquaintance among members of the Legislature all over the state, he formulated a law for the incorporation of Millville into a city, succeeded in getting it enacted, and by this means transferred the licensing power from the Court to the City Council. The municipality was divided into three wards, each to have two councilmen. With a wisdom that is often absent from the program of reformers, the temperance advocates went to work quietly and subtly to create a sentiment against SALOONS, and made no attack on the HOTEL BARS. The hotel keepers thinking they saw where they would benefit by this move, turned in and helped the anti-saloon party. Nothing was said publicly about selecting temperance councilmen, but when the votes were counted it was found that somebody had picked out "dry" men in the First and Second wards—and all saloon licenses were flatly refused; the three hotels were licensed as usual. Seeing how they had been tricked, the saloon men began an agitation against the hotels, and at the next election a good deal of their influence was used on the side of the temperance party, and from that day until the Prohibition fiasco went the voyage, and liquor came back in much worse shape than it had been before Prohibition was adopted, there was not a place in Millville where liquor could be sold legally.

Mother was instrumental in building the Episcopal church in Millville, and in company with her friend, Miss Adelaide Thomas, visited almost every county in the state, soliciting (only from members of the Episco-

pal faith) funds wherewith to establish the church.

In 1874 she and father were both prominent in the group that held the Martha Washington Tea Party, which cleared over six thousand dollars with which to buy bonds of the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876—not with any thought that they would pay, but to encourage the Centennial enterprise. At the preliminary mass meeting to start the movement, a man who always had a lot of fault to find with every patriotic plan, got up and said he thought the tea party was all right, but he moved that the proceeds be given to the poor, instead of to the Centennial. Father jumped up and pointing his finger at the objector, exclaimed: “I will give \$100 to match every \$25 you will give for the relief of the poor—now put up or shut up.” The applause was terrific, and nothing more was said that night about the poor.

It was at this tea party that father concocted a barrel of perfume which was sold at 25 cents per ounce bottle. The bottles were made by Whitall Tatum Co., from a special mould, showing the insignia “Martha Washington Tea Party, Millville, 1874.” I recall his going to Philadelphia to buy the materials, one of which was ambergris, an evil smelling greenish substance used by all perfumers. Webster defines it as “a morbid secretion from the intestines of the sperm whale, usually found floating in tropical seas.” The quantity he needed cost \$40. Relevant to this subject is a news item that appeared only last week in the N. Y. Times: “After kicking away three times a lump of waxy substance which had washed up on the shore of Ipswich, Mass., Clarence Miller, a wounded World War veteran employed on a W. P. A. job, picked up what proved to be five pounds of ambergris, worth \$5000. His find now reposes in the vault of the First National Bank. Miller has a wife and two children.”

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS

A recent article in the New York “Sun” recalled

vividly to my mind a trip I took when twelve years of age with my mother, to the strange colony of the "Shakers", or "Shaking Quakers" not far from Albany. My recollection is that there were more than one thousand people in the colony at that time. There were no private property holdings in the thousands of acres which composed the reservation—or village—all realty and personal property were held in common. Let the "Sun" reporter tell the story of the decadence of this unique sect: "The bell on top of the rambling old farmhouse in Colonie, a few miles from Albany, which has done service at the Shaker colony for more than one hundred years, today calls only seven persons to their daily meals, one old man and six aged, grayhaired women are all that are left of a community that once numbered 4,869 souls. This strange religious sect, founded by Ann Lee, an English woman, took up its permanent home in 1776. At the height of its strength it owned thousands of acres comprising some of the best farm land in the country. The farms were conducted on a thoroughly businesslike basis, and for years the community prospered. There are now only a few hundred acres left. Much of the former Shaker land has been purchased by Albany county. On it is located the Ann Lee county home for the aged, the Albany county penitentiary and the Albany airport. The Shakers believe in the second coming of Christ in the form of a woman. Ann Lee proclaimed herself the reincarnated savior. Her followers believed that she and Christ were one. The real name of the Shakers is "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearance". The name Shakers was given them because of their peculiar movements at their religious services which began with marching around the room. This would soon become a sort of rhythmic dance step, each Shaker holding his forearms before him in an attitude described by a contemporary as 'like a kangaroo'. At times a group would gather in the center of

the floor and sing while others stepped about. Occasionally the brothers and sisters bent right or left from the waist with a curious jerky movement. They never lost step with the strongly accented tunes they sang, most of which are preserved in three Shaker hymnals. The Shakers practice total abstinence from alcohol, tobacco, flesh and fish. To their simple diet is attributed their longevity. The cemetery near the home contains long rows of stiffly aligned marble slabs, all alike. A perusal of the inscriptions on them shows that many of the sect survived after their ninetieth year, and not a few passed the century mark. The Shakers have been dying out for years because they ban marriages, and the only way their numbers increased in the last century was by proselyting on the outside. Men and women lived in separate quarters at the Shaker home, and married converts were required to accept the same segregation of the sexes imposed on the unmarried. Man and wife from the moment of conversion became brother and sister to each other. In their long history the Shakers had suffered cruel persecution both in England and in this country, and during the Revolutionary and Civil Wars many of their men were thrown into prison because they refused to serve. The Shakers, along with the Quakers, were America's first 'conscientious objectors' to war."

How I marvelled sixty-five years ago at what I saw in Colonie, then known as New Lebanon.

Those who are familiar with the writings of Charles Dickens (and it is my opinion that every schoolboy ought to be MADE to read Dickens) will recall his visit to the Shaker Village in 1842, and the bitter invective he hurled at the sect in his *American Notes*. Devoting many pages to the "Village", he closed with these words: "And if there must be people vowed to crush the harmless fancies and the love of innocent delights and gayeties, which are part of human nature; as much a part of it as any other love or hope that is our com-

mon portion; let them, for me, stand openly revealed among the ribald and licentious."

MILLVILLE ESCAPES A DEVASTATING FLOOD

As I write on January 25, 1937, I hear on the radio heart-rending tales of the floods that are devastating ten states, which recalls to my mind the building of the "tumbling dam" on the Maurice river at Millville. The date of this I am unable to recall, either from my own memory or by inquiry of the oldest citizens of Millville or from the R. D. Wood Corporation records. The plan to dam the river, at that point a small unnavigable creek, was devised to supply water power to the cotton mills and bleachery of R. D. Wood & Co., and also the flour mill of Geo. B. Langley, of which Mr. Wood was a half-owner. While the immense stone structure, midway of the dam, was being constructed large gangs of men were employed for a year or more in piling up the half mile long dirt portion of the dam, the section immediately at the stream being the last to be filled in. Competent engineers estimated that it would take at least six months, after the stream had been stopped, for the pond to fill up, and it was planned to install large flood gates in the line of the river to relieve the pressure of the water. As a matter of fact, they had underestimated the quantity of water that was flowing down the little creek, and it was less than three weeks after the gap was closed until the big pond was at the top of the embankment, and it seemed almost certain that the dam would break and inundate all that part of the city lying along the river bank as far south as Schetterville. People living in the vicinity of the stream moved out, and much of the lumber stored in the Mulford & Reeves yards at Main street bridge was transferred to higher ground. For weeks there was great consternation in the city; small crevices were daily opening in the dam, and every man and every team that could be hired worked night and day dumping bags of sand on the upper side of the embankment

to create a "footing" where the weak spots were apparent. Richard Wood, the millionaire, who had amassed his great wealth by a "do it yourself" policy, defied all advice and waded about in the water which submerged the stone walls, and caught a severe cold which cost him his life. The breaking of the dam was averted until the flood gates were completed to relieve the pressure. Mr. Wood left an estate which was reputed to amount to six millions of dollars.

CHAPTER XIII

MOTHER GOES TO CLIFTON SPRINGS

Worn out by her unflagging work for the public weal, in company with Mrs. Lewis Mulford, in September, 1885, mother went to the Foster Sanitarium at Clifton Springs, New York, for a fortnight's stay. At the end of that time she was so much improved that she decided to remain a few weeks longer. Taking a very decided turn for the worse, she was unable to return to New Jersey for several years—a great deal of that time she was confined to bed, and when able to move about it was only in a wheel chair, with an attendant. Several times she was unconscious, and on one occasion when it was thought the end would come in a few hours a telegram was sent to my father at Millville. He received the message at dark on New Year's day, after all trains were gone, the next train out of Millville being at six the next morning. There were no telephones here in those days, and with snow on the ground and the mercury at five above zero it was difficult to get anybody in Millville to drive down after me; it was after ten that night when a man was found who was willing to make the trip and agree to get me there in time for the six o'clock train next morning. With as good a pair of horses as ever was driven in South Jersey, Benjamin Davis left Millville near midnight. At Dennisville he lost his way and drove to Petersburg ere he found his mistake. It was half-past two when he reached Court House and, having no idea of the location of my boarding house, he got out of the buggy and knocked on a house with

the stalk of his whip. I raised the window and he asked, "Where does Alfred Cooper live?" I replied, "This is Cooper; what do you want?" "Your mother is very low and you must get to Millville by six o'clock to catch the train for New York." I hurried into my clothes, and grabbing a quilt from the bed out of which I had just gotten, rushed downstairs, without baggage, and out to the buggy. The horses had not halted except when turning around at Petersburg, and had not had a drop of water. Owing to his delay Davis had had to push the team to the uttermost, and when we reached Dorchester it was half-past five, nearly ten miles to go, and a jaded team. I insisted that we could not make the train and urged Davis to give up the attempt before he killed his horses. His answer was to swing the whip, and at Millville when we turned into High street, from Smith street, we were in sight of the depot seven squares distant, but it was then six o'clock. Father was at the station and had induced the conductor to hold the train three minutes, and we boarded it. Before reaching Philadelphia the train was subjected to delays amounting to fifteen minutes, and had it been on time we would have had but twenty minutes to reach the Reading Terminal, to catch the Lehigh Valley train for Geneva, N. Y., where connection was supposed to be made with New York Central train for Clifton Springs. At Market street ferry a cab driver was offered five dollars if he caught the train. He surely worked for that fee, but the train pulled out as we entered the station. Timetables were consulted and the next train was at nine that night. Information bureau gave little hope of our being able to avoid that interminable, agonizing wait of twelve hours in Philadelphia, with the dear one's life ebbing away by the minute. Feeling that it would be better to keep going, even if it did not expedite reaching our destination, a train was boarded for New York via the Pennsylvania Railroad; a two hour wait there for a train to Albany; another wait of

three hours, then train for Geneva, two more hours and train landed us in Clifton Springs at 8 a. m. on January 3rd. Wires were sent and replies received in Philadelphia, New York, Albany and Geneva; the answer each time being, "Still alive, but very low—unconscious." The patient was apparently in a coma, neither moving nor showing signs of knowing what was passing in the room. Soon after we entered her room the nurse said, "Doctor, need I give her this medicine?" He answered, "No, she is past all help." By some super-human effort mother made a slight, almost imperceptible noise, a tiny tear trickled down from beneath her closed eyelids, and she managed to roll her head an inch or two in disapproval of their giving up. Two doctors and two nurses worked as I have seen nobody work before, or since; the patient gradually rallied, and two days later was able to talk. Then it was learned that all the time she was supposed to be unconscious, she had heard and understood every word that was uttered in the room—she knew we were on the way, knew we had missed our train in Philadelphia, and knew we were wiring all day—but could make no sign.

WHAT IS THEM THINGS ?

People who live along the seaboard may find it difficult to believe that there are intelligent cooks who never saw an oyster in the shell. During mother's stay at Clifton Springs she was the recipient of many kind attentions—fruit, flowers, etc.—from other guests at the sanitarium, and once when she was telling about them she said she wished that she knew some material things she could do to express her appreciation. The outcome was that I wrote to a Court House friend to send me a barrel of the fattest prime oysters he could get from his beds. In due time the steward notified me of the arrival of a barrel. I went down to the cold-storage room and ripped the cover from the barrel—and even the thought of what I saw makes my mouth

water now. The steward looked puzzled and said, "What is them things?" On being told they were oysters, he exclaimed, "I never seen any oysters like that; how do you bite them?" On being asked for an oyster knife, he said, "What kind of a knife is that?" The end of the story is that after having an oyster knife made in the blacksmith shop, it fell to my lot to open the bivalves. I have seen about five hundred people who could beat me opening oysters, but I managed to get the job done and the luscious Cape May Salts were sent out on trays to my mother's friends. The incident reminded me of the time when Peter Hoff, of Upper township, wanting to do honor to Judge Alfred Reed, sent him two crates of cranberries. The Judge wrote back and acknowledged the berries but wanted to know what became of the barrel of sugar that went with them.

A few months later mother was brought to Atlantic City in her chair, stopping at Haddon Hall, then kept by a Mrs. Lippincott. It was found that the entrance to the elevator was not wide enough to admit the wheelchair, and in two hours carpenters had widened the door, and built a ramp outside the porch to connect with the street.

CHAPTER XIV

A WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN

Later in the season she came to Cape May Point, where a relapse occurred, and for many days it was felt that the next hour would be her last. She was attended by an outstanding Philadelphia physician who was summering at the resort, and had a very capable nurse, but as the days came and went all effort to alleviate her pain seemed futile—several times she sank into a half coma, brought back to consciousness only by her hand being held by her dear, dear friend, Mrs. William V. McKean, the influence of that saintly Quaker lady's mere presence at the bedside being one of the most remarkable instances of the kind that I ever saw. The Doctor said he had never in all his experience witnessed such an influence. She spoke no word, and practiced no charlatanism or mysterious superstition; but I have always believed that mother owed the years she lived afterward solely to Mrs. McKean's God-given, inspired sympathetic hand clasp. That influence, whatever it may have been, exceeded the most inexplicable attributes credited by Marie Corelli to Heliobas in her "Romance of Two Worlds," and "Ardath". Mr. McKean afterward told me that there had been many similar instances in his wife's life.

Finally, as a last, desperate measure she was taken to the Orthopaedic Hospital in Philadelphia to be treated by that wonderful physician, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of whom the Philadelphia Ledger said: "He is one of the most famous of American physicians, and one of the few whose well-earned repute is not limited

to this hemisphere." Dr. Mitchell's great faith was in what he termed the "rest treatment"—the patient was cut off from the outside world; neither sent nor received communications, saw nobody but the hospital attaches—and, of course, read no newspapers. The head nurse kept the family constantly informed of the conditions in the sick-room. One night mother dreamed that my father was dead, woke up, and as soon as she dropped to sleep dreamed the same thing again. In the morning she related her dream to the superintendent, Miss Dalzell, and appealed to her to communicate with me at Court House, or with my father, in Millville, and get at least a postal card from father to prove the falsity of the dream. "Oh no, no! that would be against orders!" She next appealed to the house physician, Dr. Zimmerman, with a like result. The firmer they were in their refusal the more mother thought the dream was true, and that the "rule" they invoked was merely an excuse to cover up the facts. Mother *never gave up* in any serious matter, and when the scrub-woman came in to clean the floor she induced her to bring her a sheet of paper and her purse from the bureau drawer; wrote me a note and gave the woman the only dollar the purse contained, with my address, and secured her promise to put the note in an envelope and mail it to me at once. When it came, there were no more trains from here until late that afternoon, and I hired a man to drive me to Millville where I caught a mid-day train for Philadelphia and hurried to Dr. Mitchell's office (I think it was on Spruce street) where I met the Doctor just coming in from a three days' absence. I told him the story, and with the vigor for which he was noted, he said, "Go out and wire your father to come by first train and meet us at the hospital." Then to me he said: "It's just a case of damned stupidity; you can teach people mathematics and Greek, but I'll be damned if you can teach them common sense!" Father wired back the hour of his arrival and we three met at the hospital and went at once to mother's room, remain-

ing not more than three minutes. I never knew, but could easily imagine, just what Dr. Mitchell said to that trio of supposedly intelligent hospital people. Under Mitchell's treatment mother improved steadily, and he finally *taught her to walk*; trusting nobody else, he personally came every other day, got her on her feet and took hold of first one foot and then the other, she leaning her weight on his shoulder. This he continued for several weeks, until she was able to walk with comfort without the aid of cane or companion. One day when father visited her, Dr. Mitchell came in and said, "Mr. Cooper, how would you like to take your wife out to the Park for a walk?" A carriage was called and they were driven to Belmont Mansion, where they left the cab and strolled slowly along one of the board walks through the glen. Spying two little violets peeping their heads up through the boards, my father exclaimed: "See, my dear, there are flowers in our pathway to-day." He returned to Millville that night, and in three days was stricken with apoplexy, never regaining consciousness. I wired Dr. Mitchell, who sent his own carriage and his best nurse down to Millville with mother. Father lived four days after he was stricken, but was in a coma.

Father was a man of strong likes, and just as strong dislikes, and on the day of his funeral a gentleman who had been associated with him for years remarked: "George Cooper was no hypocrite; if he liked you he would go to the ends of the earth for you, and if he didn't like you, you knew it; he did not want anything to do with you." As a Notary he "fixed" the pension papers for hundreds of ex-soldiers and their widows, and it was his never broken rule to make no charge for anything he did for a veteran or a widow. The last time he signed his name was to draw a check to give to an old soldier who appealed to him for alms.

After father's funeral mother returned to Dr. Mitchell's hospital for several months, and while there wrote the following little poem, which came under the

eye of William V. McKean, editor of the "Public Ledger," who asked permission to publish it:

TWO LITTLE VIOLETS

Two little violets! I see them now
 Making their cheery good-morning bow,
 And lifting their modest heads to talk,
 From between the boards of a country walk,
 In the sun and the breeze of that glad Spring day,
 When April was tripping along toward May.

Those two little violets I still can see,
 As they vied with the apple blooms on the tree
 Where twittered two robins their notes of love,
 As they builded their home in the branch above.

And our own clouded pathway of sickness and tears,
 Was just opening to promise of brighter years;
 As we journeyed, we planned for the future joy
 Of health and pleasures without alloy.

My beloved pointed his cane and said:
 "Look at that violet, dear, lifting its head!"—
 "The flowers still bloom in our pathway you see!"
 "Yes, and I'll pluck them my darling for thee."
 So saying, he placed in the folds of my dress
 Those two little violets, for me to caress.

As back to the city that day we went,
 Happy as children on May party bent,
 One of the violets upon my breast
 Folded its petals and sank to rest.

Was it prophetic? Did the violets know
 We would ne'er meet again on this earth below?—
 That one would sleep and—one would wait
 And watch for the dawn at the sepulchre gate?

Every year since then,—every glad, sad Spring,
 The violets come and a sweet message bring
 Of their resurrection; and are not we
 More than many violets, our Father, to Thee?

Sweet memories cluster around that day,
 When we talked with the violets along our way,
 And learned that tho' through the grave we passed,
 We would rise to Eternal Glory at last,

And live in the likeness of Christ who died;—
 We will see Him—and we will be Satisfied!
 Montreal, April, Eighteen Ninety-five.

Another of her widowhood verses was

THE ASHEN DAYS OF LENT

There's a Lent of the heart—
 There's a Lent of the soul—
 As, in sackcloth and ashes, they fast and pray
 At the open grave, and yearn to know
 Of the mystery beyond—of the life to be.
 Look ye up, drooping heart—
 Look ye up, troubled soul—
 The angel is rolling the stone away.—
 What ye seek at the grave
 Ye will find up in Heaven
 At the dawn of the great Easter day,
 Where the night will be lost in His glorious reign,
 And ye'll nevermore part with your loved ones again.
 Montreal, Lent, Eighteen Ninety-five.

On the anniversary of the Violet episode, she wrote

TWO ANNIVERSARIES

Last year 'twas the sunshine of April
 That illumined our gladsome way,
 And thrilled with new light our pulses
 On that bright anniversary day.
 Two hearts were happy together,
 Two minds were as one in thought,
 Planning, like children, for May-day
 A future with radiance fraught.
 This year 'tis showers of April
 Which fall on my heart with a chill,
 Till its throbs are heavy with sorrow
 And the soul in God's presence stands still.
 Will the sun ever shine thro' the showers
 And dissolve in that glorious span;—
 The rainbow of hope and of promise—
 God's cov'nant of peace unto man?
 St. Augustine, Fla., April 2nd, Eighteen Ninety-one.

On another occasion she wrote

THE COVENANT.

The embers have died on the hearth of my heart,
And left it cold and dark and still,
And I sit and moan and shiver and start,
As the phantoms come and go at their will.

The pulses are low and weak and faint—
My heart is old and feeble and gray;
For the presence that cheered and kept it young
Has fled—and age has come in a day.

Will it ever again be warmed and fed?
Will it ever again feel the glow of life?
The embers flicker—a spark shines out—
The promise of warmth and light is rife:

Yes, when grief, submissive, doth yield her will,
And chastened sorrow look up to Heaven;
Then cherished memories of the past
Will blend with light and life God-given.

The embers will kindle once more on the hearth,
With the glow of quenchless love unriven;
For the earthly love will have grown more pure
And radiant, in the love of Heaven.

Winter Park, Florida, January, Eighteen Ninety-one.

MOTHER'S LAST YEARS

Mother lived nearly ten years after father's death, and was able to travel and enjoy life in Florida, Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, Washington, Philadelphia, Saratoga, Montreal, Quebec, Court House and many other places, without an attendant, and in 1893 she spent several weeks with me at the Chicago Fair.

In all her years of invalidism, there had never been the slightest indication of lung trouble until three years before her death. On the way to Court House from Montreal she stopped over night in Elmira, N. Y., to visit a lady she had met in Canada. During the evening some mention was made of the recent death of a daughter from consumption. Panic stricken she returned to her room, where an inspection of the furniture, books, etc., convinced her that she was occupying the deceased

girl's room. Hurrying to Philadelphia, she went at once to Dr. Jacob DaCosta for an examination. He asked her to return in a month; which we did, and he told me to get her to Florida as quickly as possible, and by all means to locate in Orange county, which he asserted was the healthiest locality in the whole State; and under no circumstances to visit either the Atlantic or Gulf towns. She went to Winter Park, which contained at that time less than twenty houses and a Winter hotel, the Seminole. In the Spring Dr. DaCosta wrote her to work her way to the Adirondacks by easy stages, which she did, occupying almost three months in covering the two thousand miles. She laughingly said she "followed the strawberry crop from Florida to Montreal", and was never a day without them.

I have previously referred to my mother's facile pen, and her rare powers of description. Most of us can *see* the panorama which makes travel in strange lands so delightful, but so few of us have the ability which was a natural characteristic of my mother, to *make others see it* from reading our written descriptions. The weekly letters which she wrote to the Gazette attracted wide-spread attention and materially increased the circulation of the paper.

LIFE IN THE ADIRONDACKS

While at Dr. Trudeau's sanitarium at Saranac she lived out of doors eight hours a day, with the mercury at from zero to forty degrees below. The Doctor insisted that it was drier in the Adirondacks when it rained than it was in New York City with the sun shining, and he assured her that if she would remain there indefinitely she might live for many years. But meanwhile a new baby had arrived at Court House and the grandmother was impatient to see the child. She came to Court House about Thanksgiving, resolved to remain here till there should be signs of Spring. From the time of her coming until the middle of February there was a not a night when ice did not form,

and she had a good long visit with her dear ones. In the Spring she went to Dansville, N. Y., where she died on January 18, 1900. Judge Harry S. Douglass went to Dansville to bring her remains here, and she was buried from the Presbyterian church in Millville. Reverend Edwin Keigwin officiated. The church was packed.

The following reference to my mother's will was printed in the Philadelphia "Ledger" in February, 1900:

— "HEIRLOOMS DISPOSED OF IN MRS. COOPER'S WILL.

"A copy of the will of Mrs. Annie E. Cooper, mother of Editor Cooper of the "Gazette", and widow of George B. Cooper, formerly an active politician of the Whig party and once clerk of the Assembly of New Jersey, which was filed with the Register of Wills recently for record, disposes of valuable family heirlooms, relics and antique jewelry.

"Among the heirlooms disposed of is a gold cross containing portions of the hair of the seven Cooper brothers; four large silk flags, two of them made during the Centennial year by Mrs. Cooper from the silk of the dress in which she was married a quarter of a century before, and the other two bought by her husband the day General Lee surrendered to General Grant. These flags have been used on many patriotic occasions, notably the funerals of Lincoln, Garfield and Grant. Mrs. Cooper desires that the relics and heirlooms shall be kept in the family until the family becomes extinct, when they shall revert to some historical society of New Jersey."

CHAPTER XV

THE WALLACE FAMILY—1800-1936.

WILLIAM CLARK WALLACE, born July 4, 1800, at Tuckahoe, married August 16, 1839, to Mary Ann Conley (who was born December 25, 1816, at Tuckahoe and died in Millville March 6, 1896). He died in Millville, May 29, 1877. They had:

Sarah Wallace, born September 26, 1844, died unmarried at Wenonah, January 31, 1936, at the age of 91 years.

Caroline Wallace (mother of Mrs. Luther C. Ogden), born near Millville, October 26, 1846, married Andrew Jackson Gregory December 29, 1868. He was born June 26, 1829, in Monmouth county and died at Manasquan, August 12, 1913. She died at Moorestown, N. J., October 29, 1874. Their daughter, Mary Gregory, was born December 31, 1869, at Navesink, N. J., married Luther Cummings Ogden (born at Cape May Court House, March 26, 1867) October 29, 1895. Their one son, Andrew Gregory Ogden, was born at Cape May, October 10, 1904, married October 19, 1935, to Anne Townsend Vangilder. She was born at Morristown, April 16, 1906. Another daughter of Rev. A. J. and Caroline Wallace was Edith, who married George Egbert, of Staten Island.

WILLIAM PATRICK WALLACE, who was born in Millville, September 16, 1856, married July 26, 1877, to Fabelle Smith. Died in Millville April 23, 1884, in his twenty-eighth year.

Anna T. Wallace, who married Rev. William Burley.

Mary F. Wallace, born April 17, 1854, and died April 8, 1912, unmarried.

WILLIAM PATRICK WALLACE and FABELLE SMITH had:

BERTHA HOGATE WALLACE, born in Millville, June 3, 1878, and married Edward Lincoln Farr, November 12, 1901, at Cape May Court House, N. J.

THE SMITH AND FRAZER FAMILIES, 1827-1937

CHARLES PITMAN SMITH, born September 1, 1827, in Salem county; married at Clayton, N. J., January 28, 1853, to Sarah Ann Frazer, who was born September 5, 1835, at Medford, N. J., and died in Philadelphia, December 18, 1910. He died in Philadelphia, October 24, 1902. They had:

Elwood Smith.

Annie Smith.

FABELLE SMITH, who was born at Pittsgrove, December 23, 1859, and died March 7, 1936. She married William Patrick Wallace (see Wallace family) July 26, 1877. He died April 23, 1884, and on September 15, 1891, she married Alfred Cooper. (See Cooper Family).

William Smith, born March 3, 1867, married August 26, 1902, in Philadelphia to Bertha C. Gabler who was born in Philadelphia March 26, 1869. He died August 30, 1930, without issue, in New York City. His widow survives and is living in Philadelphia.

THE FRAZER FAMILY

The Frazer family is of Scotch origin. Of the two brothers who came to America one settled in Burlington, N. J. One of his descendants was Daniel Frazer, born in Medford, N. J. In 1851 Daniel moved to Pole Tavern, Salem county, where he died in 1865. His wife was Hannah Phillips (German descent), and one of their eight children was Sara Anne, who married Charles P. Smith. They were the parents of Fabelle Cooper.

THE FARR AND BAILEY FAMILIES, 1806-1936

THOMAS FARR, born November 23, 1806, at Litchfield, Maine. On May 21, 1834, at the Friends Meeting House at China, Me., he married Rhoda Little Dow, who was born May 15, 1809, at China, Maine, and died January 2, 1911, at Haddon Heights at the age of 101 years, 7 months and 18 days. He died at Manchester, Me., February 25, 1866. They had:

LINCOLN DOW FARR, born at Hallowell, Me., March 12, 1835, married Hannah Maria Bailey at Winthrop, Me., October 31, 1860. He died January 14, 1883, at Camden, N. J.

DANIEL ROBBINS BAILEY, born December 13, 1815, at Winthrop, Me., died at Lynn, Mass., July 21, 1858; married November 23, 1837, to Phoebe Winslow (who was born at Falmouth, Me., November 5, 1815, and died at St. Albans, Me., December 10, 1848). They had:

HANNAH MARIA BAILEY, who was born at Fairfield, Me., January 15, 1841, married Lincoln Dow Farr, at Winthrop, Maine, October 31, 1860, and died in Rome, Italy, November 3, 1912.

LINCOLN DOW FARR and HANNAH MARIA BAILEY had:

EDWARD LINCOLN FARR, born at Manchester, Me., October 25, 1861, died August 31, 1924, at Wenonah, N. J.; married Bertha Hogate Wallace at Cape May Court House, N. J., November 12, 1901. They had:

William Wallace Farr, born February 13, 1903; married September 5, 1930, to Evelyn Madden. of Collingswood, daughter of Theophilus Wicks Madden (born at Absecon in 1875) and Lucretia Mott Bassett, of Bassett Station, Gloucester county, born in 1876.

Thomas Manchester Farr, born April 26, 1905; married Margaret Hundley, daughter of Oscar R. and Bossie O'Brien Hundley, of Birmingham, Alabama, April 3, 1930. They have two children, Thomas

Manchester, Jr., born February 26, 1932, and Elisabeth Hundley, born October 22, 1934.

Edith Ursula Farr, born December 15, 1911, married June 20, 1936, to William R. Ridington, son of Reverend William R. and Ida Ridington. (Rev. Ridington is a Methodist minister now residing at Williamsport, Pa.)

Elisabeth Farr, born June 18, 1913.

Bertha Farr, Jr., born May 18, 1917; married June 24, 1935, to John Arthur Benjamin, son of Oscar and Julia Benjamin, of Haddonfield. They have one child, Jean Maurie Benjamin, born May 6, 1936.

Jean Wallace Farr, born November 5, 1918.

EDWARD LINCOLN FARR

One of the pleasures of preparing this family record is the opportunity it gives me to write a tribute to Edward Lincoln Farr. With a keen mind, hungry for education, and able to absorb it, he laid the groundwork for learning while attending the Moses Brown School, a Quaker institution at Providence, R. I., and which his father had attended. In early boyhood Edward resolved to enter Brown University, also in Providence; though as his intimate classmates decided to go to Haverford College he often thought of joining them there. But when the time came, the family fortunes were at low ebb and his matriculation had to be deferred. Nothing daunted, he entered the Peirce Business College in Philadelphia to fit himself to earn money that would finance a college education later. While there his father died, leaving the oil-cloth business in Camden in rather involved condition, and Edward was forced to leave his studies and take charge of the factory. Notwithstanding all his handicaps for such large business responsibilities he made the plant one of the leading ones in the United States in that line, and when he sold his interest to the Congoleum people (about 1921) the name Farr & Bailey was known all over the world wherever floor coverings were manu-

factured. But his success was not just luck. With nearly a million dollars' worth of machinery in operation, he personally knew every screw and bolt in the plant, how it was made, what work it did and how much it cost.

He became interested in Cooper Hospital in Camden early in his career and was largely responsible for its becoming the institution it is to-day—he gave generously of his time, money and brains for the Hospital and was President of its Board of Managers from 1918, until his death in 1924. After disposing of his business he was chosen president of the Camden Safe Deposit and Trust Co., and into that as in his previous enterprises he put his whole soul. In all his business dealings "Ned" Farr was careful, calculating, and shrewd—but always honest—and in his private life he was broad-minded, generous to a fault, and as "big hearted" as any man I ever knew. His charities were never dictated by a desire to be classed as a philanthropist—after his death his check-book stubs disclosed thousands of dollars of secret gifts that even his own family had known nothing about. For years he set aside a fund from which he loaned money, without security, to ambitious students who were without the means to acquire education, but with the promise that, if and when they could, they would repay the loans. And if the money was returned it was placed back in the "fund" to be used over again for a similar purpose.

His patriotism was most marked, and during the world war he denied himself the pleasure of smoking, and rode in coaches instead of parlor cars, kept account of the money thus saved and gave it to the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and other wartime charities. I have always been deeply impressed by one act of his business career which showed that he was "honest" from a sense of right and wrong, and not because it was the best policy. A woman, who had but a limited income, held some stock in his company, and came to him and begged him to buy the stock, which had a market value

of I'll say \$100 per share, and which price she was very willing to accept. He knew of developments that were soon to be made that would at once raise the real value to \$150, but he dare not disclose the fact as yet. He bought the stock, and a few weeks later when the increase in its price had been accomplished, and was made public, he sent the woman a check for a sum which netted her the higher price. His point of view was that if an outsider had purchased her holdings he would not have been under any moral obligations to make good with her for the difference; but that he, knowing what she did not know, could not honestly take advantage of her ignorance of coming events.

I asked him once how he came to be in the oilcloth business, and he told me that away back in the early part of the eighteen hundreds his ancestors, in Maine, had bought up old sails, tacked them to the kitchen floor, given them several coats of paint and sold the product for floor coverings; and that successive generations of the family had expanded the business until it reached the proportions it was when he took charge at his father's death.

His indomitable will power was humorously displayed at one time when he was visiting Court House, and asked why it was that people all traveled between Cape May and Court House by the seashore road—rarely using the bayside road. He was told that the bayshore road was almost impassable for a horse drawn vehicle, much less an automobile. He made no reply, but later in the day his chauffeur said to me, "You ought not to have told the boss that road was not passable; to-morrow he'll be down there trying it." And sure enough, they drove to Cape May the following day and when they returned the car was covered with mud. He had proved that the road could be used by an automobile. But there was another time when even his determination failed to predominate. We were out in a motor boat and got caught on the sand bar where Scotch Bonnet empties into Great Channel. The tide

was ebbing fast, the sun was hot and dinner was ready at home, and Mr. Farr said we *just could not* sit there idle for four hours; he jumped overboard and pushed and pulled with all his might, but all to no purpose, and when at last the tide released us, he exclaimed "And you call this sport!"

Another of Mr. Farr's hobbies was the public library at Wenonah, of which he was the founder; and in his will he left a sum sufficient to erect the present beautiful building in that town.

It should perhaps be added that Edward Farr was the best and most loyal of friends, and that throughout his life kept the friends of his youth.

He was a birthright member of the Society of Friends, but there being no meeting in Wenonah, he joined the Presbyterian church. He was a member of the Board of Managers of Cooper Hospital for eighteen years, and a memorial tablet in the corridor of the hospital reads: "A lover of humanity and an unselfish leader who gave generously and who devoted much of his rare executive ability to the development of this Institution."

BASSETT-MADDEN FAMILY

In 1621, William Bassett came to this country on the ship "Fortune". One of his lineal descendants, several generations removed, was David Bassett, who married Mary Smith. Their son was Walter Smith Bassett (1853).

David Rulon came to America prior to 1700. His son was David Rulon (1704) who married Exercise Allen (1705). Their son, Henry Rulon (1732) married Theodora Robbins. Their son, Jonathan Rulon (1774) married Mary Langstaff. Their daughter, Hannah Rulon (1810) married Alexander Black (1806) whose daughter, Emma Southworth Black (1851) married Walter Smith Bassett (1853), and their daughter, Lucretia Mott Bassett, was born at Bassett Station, Gloucester County, in 1876. She married Theophilus Weeks Madden.



MRS. GEO. B. COOPER
1898

GEO. B. COOPER
1880

ALFRED COOPER
1880

Hosea Madden married Catherine Stanger and their son was Edward Hann Madden, born at Millville, (1843) who married Temperance Weeks, born at Tuckahoe, 1844. Their son was Theophilus Weeks Madden, born October 20, 1875. He married Lucretia Mott Bassett, and their daughters are Kathryn Madden (1903) (who married Charles L. Hammell) and Evelyn Bassett Madden, born in Collingswood in 1907, who married William Wallace Farr in 1930. See Farr family.

THE FERRIS FAMILY

Arthur Nelson Ferris was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 8, 1890, one of four children of John Edward Ferris (born in Scotland, died in New York City in 1918) and Eliza Jane Radley (born June 15, 1856; died July 9, 1899, at Lebanon, N. J.) who were married at Seabright, N. J. John came from Scotland when twelve years of age.

Arthur Nelson Ferris and Annie Elizabeth Cooper were married at Cape May Court House October 23rd, 1920. They have two daughters, Jane Cooper Ferris, who was born in New York City on December 8, 1921, and Elizabeth Anne Ferris, born in New York City on September 19, 1927.

Mr. Ferris was educated in the public schools and is a graduate of Springfield College at Springfield, Massachusetts. After graduation he entered Y.M.C.A. work. When the United States entered the World War he applied for Y.M.C.A. duty overseas but could not go because too young. He then enlisted in the Coast Artillery Corps at Fortress Monroe, Va. and entered the radio school, then the officers' school. After receiving his commission he was assigned to the radio school for duty, where he served until the close of the war a few months later. After leaving the army he entered the service of the Hudson River Day Line, becoming Purchasing Agent and Treasurer, which positions he now holds. He is Treasurer of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, 56th Street and Broadway,

New York, and is active in community affairs at Jackson Heights.

His wife, Annie Cooper Ferris, graduated from Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1915. She has served as president of the Jackson Heights College Women's Club, president of the Parent-Teacher Association of Public School No. 69 in Jackson Heights and was one of the incorporators of The Children's Museum of the Borough of Queens, Inc. as well as its first vice president. She has been active in the Jackson Heights Community Playground Association and the Queensboro Council for Social Welfare. At the present time she is serving on The Joint Committee for Education of New York City, The Scholarship Committee of The New York Smith College Club and The New York State Advisory Committee on Women's Participation for the New York World's Fair 1939, Inc. In these activities she reflects the public spirit which was so characteristic of the lives of her grandmother Cooper and of her own mother.

CHAPTER XVI

CAPE MAY COUNTY ENTERS THE PICTURE

While the early history of Cape May County has been so well told by Beesley and Stevens that it may seem redundant to refer to it in these notes, I make no apology for gleaning a few facts from their books.

In 1623 Captain Cornelius Jacobsen Mey, in the sloop "Glad Tidings," explored and named the peninsula Cape May. The territory was not set up as a county until 1685. In 1690 Shamgar Hand took up 1000 acres where the present town of Cape May Court House is located. The first Corsons, John and Peter, settled here in 1692 and by 1840 there were 52 families of that name in the county. The first white woman whose burial is recorded, was Phoebe, wife of John Townsend, who had been banished from New York for harboring Quakers. Cape May Court House has been the county-seat since 1745, when Daniel Hand donated an acre of ground on which the present county buildings stand.

IRON FURNACES

In a little pamphlet sent out a few weeks ago by the Bell Telephone Company, under the title "Little Known Facts About New Jersey" appeared the following paragraphs which I think should be preserved:

"Southern New Jersey was the home of a once great American industry that has vanished with scarcely a trace. It was the bog iron industry whose furnaces and forges dotted the old-time map along the Mullica and Great Egg Harbor Rivers, Rancocas Creek and other streams. From them came much of the arms and munitions used against the British in the Revolution

and War of 1812. Weymouth, Batsto, Atsion, Speedwell, Hanover and other neighboring names were prominent in Colonial trade. The industry began here about 1700, and by 1750 was so flourishing that the English Parliament banned construction of new works because English iron makers faced ruin from our competition.

"The bog ore was dug from swamps, mixed with charcoal and oyster and clam shells, dumped into the furnaces and melted down. Heavy water-powered hammers worked the metal into shape. The famous Weymouth works produced a ton a day for a time; it made the first cast iron water pipes laid experimentally in Philadelphia streets to replace wooden mains then in use.

"Large bog iron deposits still exist, but the last furnace shut down in 1854, and a once thriving region of the State is now mostly deserted, swampy wilderness.

"The Indians knew and prized bog iron ore before the white men. Mixed with bear grease, it made fine war paint."

MY FIRST PRINTING PRESS

From Christmas, 1868, when I was nine years of age, when my Uncle Frank gave me a crude, wooden printing press with movable type—a mere toy—I had had a lure, which almost amounted to a passion, for the printing business. This plaything unquestionably changed my whole afterlife. I asked my mother what I should print and before the day was closed I had set-up and printed on a small card the words "God is Love," and sixty-nine years later on opening mother's Prayer Book that little card fell out. On it mother had written, "Alfred's first printing, when nine years old". Of course, the toy press did not long satisfy the boy's ambition, and at Christmas, 1871, Santa Claus made me happy with a 6 x 9 Model Press on which, from April, 1872, to December, 1873, I printed "The Bee", a four-page monthly, each page 6 x 8 inches. In 1876 I took a course in Peirce Business College, after which

I was an apprentice (printer's devil) in the Millville "Republican" printing office. In 1878, "The Model" gave place to a real, sure-enough, 8 x 12 "Pearl" press, on which from June, 1878, to May, 1879, I printed, one page at a time, the "Temperance Herald". By this time I had also acquired a "Washington" hand press and a considerable quantity of plain and fancy type. The latter two presses accompanied me to Court House when the "Gazette" was started in 1880, and for several years the "Gazette" was printed on the hand press. Both were used until the fire destroyed my plant in 1905. In December, 1879, when twenty years of age, I came to Court House (armed with letters of introduction from my father to Dr. Jonathan F. Leaming and Dr. Coleman F. Leaming) to investigate the possibilities of starting a newspaper here.

ARRIVING AT COURT HOUSE

When I stepped from the train I was greeted by a man who looked as if he weighed 400 pounds (he afterward told me that he weighed exactly a barrel of flour more than I did). He hailed me with, "Will you ride down, boy; or haven't you got time?" I got into his vehicle (I know of no words by which to describe it), drawn by a big bay and a pumpkin-colored animal. The harness with its rope traces looked as though it might have done service in the Revolutionary War. He filled the entire front seat and whistled as we drove along. By the time we reached the hotel I understood just what he meant when he asked me "if I had time to ride". This man was William Eldredge who kept the old Union Hotel, which stood where the present building of the Cape May County Title & Trust Company stands. Later, I came down to begin work, accompanied by two printers from Millville, and the three of us lived at the Union Hotel, the board being \$3 per week, each, and never before, and rarely since, have I lived so sumptuously; not only did we have three big meals a day but we were permitted to visit the pantry at bed-

time, always finding plenty of pie, great quantities of milk and delicious doughnuts. One of these printers was Harry Berlin Naylor, who remained with me for several years and has been a lifelong friend. He is now a leading citizen of Winter Haven, Florida, and on his annual visits to Jersey he never fails to call on me and talk of the occurrences here more than a half century ago.

Eldredge was well-read, remarkably intelligent, generous to a fault, but in many respects one of the narrowest men in the community. During his whole lifetime he was identified with the Baptist church and recognized no other faith as tenable. He was very fond of Daniel Hand and when Mr. Hand died, Eldredge dressed up to attend the funeral, which he presumed would be held at the house. At the dinner table somebody remarked that the services were to be held in the Methodist church. A half hour later he came downstairs, clad in his working clothes and went off with his team to get a load of wood. His reason for not attending the funeral was self-evident. On one occasion when an impecunious fellow asked him to endorse a note, Eldredge replied, "I don't know how." Finally he took the paper and wrote his name down in the left-hand corner, "William Eldredge, witness." So long as they kept the hotel I remained with them, and Mrs. Eldredge was a veritable mother to me. Their son was Stillwell S. Eldredge, one of my most intimate friends for over forty years, until he died at Haddonfield about 1926.

When I presented my letters of introduction Doctor Jonathan Leaming was most enthusiastic, and, with that trait of kindliness which marked his whole life, said he would help me in every way possible. Dr. Coleman Leaming was not so enthusiastic, but cross-examined me very pointedly as to my attitude toward the West Jersey Railroad, in which he was a director, and at that time the question of a narrow-gauge railroad to Cape May was being vigorously agitated by

Mayor Waters B. Miller, of Cape May, who was using the railroad scheme as a stepping-stone to the State Senate. After it was settled that the Gazette was to be launched, the shrewd old Doctor gave me a bit of advice which in after years often proved wise. He said: "Cooper, you will often find yourself impelled to dip your pen in blood and tear somebody, or some corporation limb from limb. Well go ahead and write it, drop the copy in your desk for a week, then read it over carefully and you will be sure to delete some of the bitterest words. Lock it up for another week, and repeat the deletion; then at the end of the third week repeat the erasures as your cooler judgment may dictate; then print it, or better still throw it in the waste basket." Of course he had criticisms of the railroads uppermost in his mind but, at that, his advice was pretty sound.

It is but fair to say that in after years Dr. "Coley" was one of my best friends and helped in every way possible to make the "Gazette" a success. On one occasion, shortly before his death, he came into the office and with a serious air said: "Cooper, do you want to get rich?" I replied that I didn't object, and (naming a prominent county politician who had been rather loud in his condemnation of railroad politics) he said: "You and I will form a partnership, and buy B—— at my estimate of him and sell him at his estimate of himself; if we can repeat this transaction a few times we can wear diamonds."

One of Doctor Coleman Leaming's reminiscences of his business experiences at Dennis Creek Landing was of the time his money drawer was robbed of ten dollars, with no clue to the thief's identity. He decided to keep the theft a secret, not even telling his wife. Two months later one of his most respected customers came in and, while making some purchases, casually asked, "Oh, Doctor, did you ever find out who took your money?" Ignoring the query, Leaming stepped around the counter, locked the front door and put the key in his

pocket. He then grabbed the customer by the neck and with language more forceful than refined, exclaimed, "Yes, I caught the damned thief and now I'm going to take ten dollars out of his hide." The money was refunded and the thief was not exposed.

But to return to 1879. Dr. Leaming advised me to see Postmaster James McCartney, and I have always believed that he got a quick tip to the postmaster to discourage me in every way possible, because when I called on McCartney he declared that there was not only no hope of the project being profitable, but it was his opinion that a local newspaper would be a distinct injury to the community; and, he added: "We don't need a newspaper here to spread the news; we have a woman here that peddles the news every morning—she not only knows and tells all that happens, but she tells a great deal that isn't true." Later I became acquainted with this woman and must confess that McCartney "had her number" correctly. However, as this was the only county-seat in the State that had no newspaper, and there was approximately \$1000 of State printing that had to go to a county-seat paper where one existed, it was decided to launch the "Cape May County Gazette" on the tempestuous journalistic sea. The first issue came out on March 6, 1880, and continued under my direction until September, 1927—a period of nearly forty-eight years, the office being located in the second story of Lewis Wheaton's feed-store on the corner of Main and Mechanic streets—where the present Gazette Block stands.

THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN

A printing plant was something new here and all the small boys in the community (and many not so small) congregated in the office "to see the wheels go round", and it became necessary to put up a notice "No admission except on business." A few days afterward a lad of tender age came up the stairs and walked boldly up to the "case" where I was setting type. I said,

"Young man, did you see that notice on the door?" Looking at me square in the face, he replied, "Yes sir, I saw it; but I'm here on business; I want to subscribe for the Gazette!" Pleased with the boy's intelligence I asked him if he didn't want to learn the printing business. He said he'd be glad to, and he was hired on the spot. That boy was J. Clement Foster who worked for me nearly forty-eight years, thirty of which he was foreman. Honest, industrious, truthful, a rapid compositor and an exceptional job printer, no man ever had a more loyal, trustworthy employee than Mr. Foster proved himself to be. When the paper was sold in 1927, he remained with the new owners.

While preparing to issue the "Gazette" I met at the hotel dinner table a young man who introduced himself as Samuel P. Foster, of Gloucester county, and learned that the object of his visit here was to make arrangements for starting a newspaper. I told him of my plans and he transferred his project to Elmer where he established one of the best papers in New Jersey. We remained friends for many years, and I often thought how fortunate it would have been for Cape May county if Foster had beaten me to it; he was fearlessly independent and one of the best editorial writers in the State. The "Elmer Times" still thrives with Preston Foster, the founder's son, at the helm.

TWO COMPETITORS—A FOE AND A FRIEND

Fifty years ago one of the chief requirements of a rural newspaper man was an ability to use Billingsgate freely, and the more space an editor gave to slamming his contemporaries the better he was thought of by his readers. True, there were exceptions—but they only served to prove the rule. Hardly had the ink dried on the first issue of the "Gazette" when the "Star of the Cape" edited by W. V. L. Seigman (whom Jim Scovel called "Willing Villainous Leech") began to print the most virulent abuse of the new paper's youthful editor; which he continued for years. It was hard to "take"

but my always wise counsellor, Dr. Jonathan Leaming, advised me to ignore the abuse, which was done. There was one other paper in the county, the "Cape May Ocean Wave" which was owned and edited by one of the finest men I ever met, Captain Christopher S. Magrath, a veteran newspaper man who had earned his title as a fighter in the rebellion. (Seigman had also followed the army; not as a fighter, but as a sutler, which the dictionary defines as "a person who follows the army and sells provisions, liquor, etc. to the troops"). Before I had met "Mac" his paper extended the "Gazette" the warmest welcome and in a letter he tendered me, anytime it was needed, the use of his type, presses and other facilities, thus creating a friendship the thought of which warms my heart to this day. Both the "Star" and the "Wave" passed into other hands and were finally merged into one paper, the present "Star and Wave". "Mac" for several years published the "Camden Democrat" after which, his health failing, he went to California where he remained several years; finally returning to Cape May, where he died at the home of Thomas S. Stevens.

While looking over some old papers the other day I found the following clipping from the "Bridgeton Pioneer" of November 28, 1885, the leading Republican organ of South Jersey, which will serve as a sample of the newspaper style of the eighties. The "Pioneer" said:

"There is a controversy among the newspaper men of Cape May county over the result of the late election. The "Star" has taken the publisher of the "Gazette" to task for his bad conduct in opposing the election of Mr. Hanes, Republican candidate for State Senator. The "Star" is right, but then it ought to be remembered that Cooper's influence hadn't a feather's weight in the canvass. He predicted that "if Hanes did not withdraw from the ticket he would be the worst whipped man who ever ran for office in Cape May county." Well,

Hanes didn't withdraw, and what is more, he was the only candidate chosen on the Republican ticket. Hereafter when the Cape May Republicans are selecting a candidate they will do well to nominate the man whom Cooper opposes. It will be a dead sure thing then that they will win the election."

The article was written by "Ike" Nichols who aspired to the Republican nomination for Congress and was bitterly opposed by the "Gazette". Nichols was a shrewd politician who by hook or by crook represented Cumberland county in the House of Assembly in 1877 and 1888 and in the Senate from 1881 to 1886. He always made his campaign on an anti-monopoly platform and in the Legislature whenever bills in the interest of the railroads were up for consideration he was in the habit of voting a "nay" when his vote would not save the bill, or when it could be passed without his vote. If his vote was vital to the railroad interest he voted "aye". I recall one time, especially, when this trait of his was most noticeable. In the legislature of 1882 a bill was introduced in the interest of the Pennsylvania Railroad (Senate Bill 167). The title of the bill was innocent enough and it passed and was sent to the Governor just as the "New York Times" and the "New York Herald" sounded the alarm, declaring the act to be one of the greatest land steals that had ever been perpetrated in New Jersey. Gov. Ludlow vetoed the bill but the Legislature passed it over the veto, Nichols being one of the senators to vote for it. It was charged and firmly believed that large sums of money had changed hands during that fight. He eventually met his "Waterloo" and died in poverty on February 10, 1915.

In the early days of Sea Isle City, at the instance of Charles K. Landis, its founder, I started the "Sea Isle Pioneer", which was the forerunner of the present "Cape May County Times". Later I disposed of it to Thomas E. Ludlam, who made it a Democratic organ.

On one occasion Ludlam criticized the management of the Republican party in an article which must have been written by the office boy—it was replete with egregious grammatical errors, and the next issue of the "Gazette" reprinted the paragraph under the caption "Class in Grammar, Please Stand Up." Before the paper came out I was called to my mother's bedside at Clifton Springs where in due time I received a copy of the paper, and was horrified when I opened it to see that my printer had spelled grammar "Grammer". I had visions of a comeback on Ludlam's part the next week—but he never discovered the error.

ELECTED POUND KEEPER

In 1798 the New Jersey Assembly enacted a law authorizing the voters at a town meeting to elect as many Pound Keepers as should be thought necessary to take care of cattle, sheep or horses found running at large. The following year "An Act Regulating Fences" was passed. One of the provisions of this law was that "All fences of posts and rails, timber, boards or brick must be four feet and two inches high, and all other fences four feet and six inches high." "And all such beasts as shall creep through, get over or break down such fences shall be impounded" and if the owner shall fail within four days to pay the costs of such impounding "then it shall be the duty of the pound keeper to give thirty days' notice of the sale of such animals, the proceeds of the sale to reimburse the pound keeper for his fees for keeping and feeding the 'critturs' ". These laws continued in force up to the time the "Gazette" was established, and while it is probable that in the early days the office of pound keeper was considered an honorable one, it had before my time come to be almost a disgrace to be elected pound keeper, and when you wanted to slur a man you could best do it by writing his name on the ballot for pound keeper. The elections became somewhat of a

joke—some half-wit, or nit-wit was usually selected. Two or three Court House citizens who owned droves of cattle or unbroken colts permitted the animals to graze upon the highway, and too often in the neighbors' corn, and the "Gazette" kept up an agitation for an abatement of the nuisance. The offenders thought it would be a good joke to put the editor's name on the ballot for pound keeper and when the votes were counted my name was found to be at the top of the list. Accepting the "disgrace" in good part I was sworn-in and compelled the township committee to provide a suitable bārnyard for a pound. The stockmen at once saw to it that their animals were kept at home, and the affair quieted down for a few weeks, when they again grew careless and the nuisance came to life once more. Getting hold of a couple of young fellows who wanted to earn a penny, to act as drivers, we rounded up the "strays" one Saturday afternoon, and by dark had eight or ten calves and several horses safely impounded. As I recall the affair now it cost the owners not far from \$20 to recover their beasts—which fees I turned over to the fellows who had acted as my herds-men. The evil was abated for all time.

THE OLD-FASHIONED BEACH PARTY AND BOAT RACES

For fifty years "beach parties" were a feature of the social life of the different communities in Cape May county, and it is to be regretted that the present generation—people under forty years of age—have been deprived of the pleasure incident to "the old-fashioned beach parties". Of course there were no motor boats in those days, and no seashore resorts, except Cape May City. It was rare, indeed, to find a boy of twelve years who did not know how to handle a sailboat; and it was the height of every boy's ambition to own one for himself. Two or three times each Summer, when a study of the tide-table showed that it would be high water at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, notices

would be posted on the flag-pole which stood at the intersection of Main and Mechanic streets, announcing that on a certain day there would be a general beach party. All who desired to participate (and who didn't) were requested to be at Holmes' Landing (or in some cases at Shellbed Landing) at a given hour. These parties were usually fixed for a Tuesday or Wednesday because it took the women folks all day Monday to cook and bake, preparing the food with which to pack the huge hampers that featured the picnic; and besides, the sailboat owners usually spent a day cleaning up and making ready their boats. At the appointed hour representatives of almost every family in the town would be at the landing—the party numbering from fifty to one hundred—elderly, middle-aged, youth, and “kids”. The beach party was very democratic, and when the invitation said “everybody” it meant just that. The Court House parties usually landed in a creek at Stone Harbor which was located about where Salvesen's Boat Shops now are, and sometimes when the ebb-tide had gotten ahead of the party it was incumbent on the men folks to carry the women ashore, and I shall never forget the time when Dr. Alex. Young was toting a popular hundred-fifty pound widow from the boat to the shore and dropped her kerplunk into the muddy water. He attempted to pick her up, but she slapped him in the face and waded ashore. The Doctor expressed his sorrow but the lady declared that he had done it on purpose—and she was right. The party all ashore and the hampers carried up to the Life Saving Station, the women retired behind a big sand dune to don bathing suits (and some of those suits were a sight to behold) and the men did their dressing behind another sandhill. The bath usually lasted a couple of hours, after which the shelter of the sand-dunes was utilized and bathing suits spread out in the sun to dry. By this time everybody was starved and table-cloths were spread out on the ground, end to end, and the hampers yielded up their secrets---

roast beef, chicken, boiled ham, duck, potato salad, home-made bread (that was good, bad and indifferent), huge puddings, preserves, pickles, pies and cakes by the score. No feast at Delmonico's or the Union League ever tasted half as good as the repast eaten while sitting on the sand at Stone Harbor.

The Dr. Young above referred to was a practical joker, and once when he pulled a tooth for a patient at Goshen, the man wanted the molar. Young replied that he would take it home, polish it up and bring it back the next day. He threw the tooth away and substituted a horse's tooth, probably six times as big as the human tooth; this he delivered to the patient who exhibited it with pride to the "cracker-box" crowd in the village store.

BOAT RACES OF LONG AGO

Boat racing was another out-door sport in which almost everybody was interested, the contestants ranging in age from sixteen to sixty, and the prizes from "a galvanized anchor of suitable size" to "\$25 in cash". The minor races were sailed from Holmes Landing to Stone Harbor and back but one of the most exciting contests was held in August, 1885, at Anglesea; when more than eight hundred people journeyed thence to witness the affair. There were twelve entries of boats from 14 to 27 feet long, the course being from Anglesea, to the inlet, by Great Channel to upper Stone Harbor, back to Anglesea, and repeat—twenty miles. The winner's time was 2 h 44 m, and the second prize boat came in in 2 h 45 m; three boats capsized and three broke down. It is doubtful if there are a dozen such craft here now; and if there were, it is a safe bet that not a dozen men could be found to sail them.

TWO NATIVE SONS WHO MADE GOOD

Cape May county has produced many, very many, able men who have made their mark in other states. Among them is Eugene Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company. Grace was born and grew up

at Goshen, and his enviable position in the commercial world is a matter of pride with his old schoolmates and fellow ball players here. As far back as 1917 Grace was the highest salaried man in the world—in that year he received one million dollars. A few years ago, after the death of his father, Captain Wesley Grace, "Gene" phoned me to meet him at the Surrogate's office here to appraise his father's estate, and when he had filled up the inventory the Surrogate's Deputy, Mrs. Phoebe Grace (a relative by marriage) called his attention to a mis-spelled word and without looking up from his paper, he exclaimed, "I've been reading Cooper's "Gazette" for twenty years; how do you expect me to spell correctly?" His father was noted for his dry wit, and once told me that if his children did not do what they wanted to, he made them do it. In speaking of a well-known young lady at Goshen, he said, "She knows everything—but that is every darn thing she does know."

Another boy who made good was Edmund Bennett Leaming, son of Dr. Jonathan F. Leaming. He was born at Seaville but moved to Court House while a young lad. He studied law with former Judge James Buchanan in Trenton, and after being admitted to the Bar he practiced several years in Camden, with a branch office here at Court House, later locating in San Francisco where he rapidly advanced to the top. On account of his father's failing health Leaming came back and resumed practice in New Jersey. In 1907 he was appointed Vice-Chancellor with Chambers in Camden. Here, as in practice, he soon won fame as one of the most learned members of the Judiciary, and it was rare, indeed, that one of his decisions was reversed by the appellate courts. Once when I visited his home at Moorestown he told me that he had, a few days before, decided a very important case as he thought it ought to be decided, and after the record was closed he discovered that a case exactly like it had

already been decided by the Court of Errors in a judgment directly opposite to his decree. Of course, the lawyer for the losing client appealed the case and was dumfounded a few months later when the highest court in the state *reversed itself* and affirmed Leaming's decision. Rigid in his understanding of the old-fashioned theory that a Judge should at all times be, like the Bayards, "without fear and without reproach," nothing annoyed him more than to be approached by a former client, outside the court-room, with attempts to influence his judicial action. On one occasion he saw an old friend of his father's family sitting in the court-room and invited the man to lunch at his home. Hardly had they been seated at the table when his guest began to talk about a Cape May county case which was listed for trial the following week, and suggested that he might be able to give the Judge some important facts as to what was back of the action. Leaming hinted, in his gentle, kindly manner, that he preferred not to talk about cases. The visitor seemed unable to take the hint and thrice attempted to tell his story. Finally Leaming said, "All right, tell me all about it",—which he did. When the cause came up a few days later a Vice-Chancellor from Jersey City was on the Bench, Leaming having "exchanged" with him in order to rebuke the direct attempt to influence his judicial action. In private life Judge Leaming was one of the most generous men I ever knew, and when a friend's affairs were at stake he threw away all thought of self-interest and went the limit in championing that friend's cause. Outside my family, I never had a truer, more loyal, unselfish friend than "Ned" Leaming—a friendship which began in 1880 and lasted until his death in 1932.

CHAPTER XVII

THE EARLY SHORE RESORTS

In 1880 there were but two Summer resorts in Cape May county—the two hundred years old “Cape Island” (now Cape May City) which appears to have become a resort for strangers about 1815, and its young child, “Sea Grove”, now Cape May Point, which was opened up in 1876, by Alexander Whilldin, as a Presbyterian resort. All the other ocean-side beaches were sand dunes with a sturdy growth of red cedars and far-apart Life Saving Stations occupied but ten months each year. It is true that even prior to 1600 the whole of Cape May county was more or less a Summer resort for the redmen, who in all probability came in great numbers, and from far distant points, in quest of oysters, fish and clams. This theory is justified by the existence, even now, of scores of shell-beds along the coast and the wealth of Indian relics—arrow heads, stone hatchets and other implements which have been ploughed up on farms along the coast in the last hundred years. Dr. Morris Beesley in his “Sketch of the Early History of Cape May” says: “Of the aborigines of Cape May little seems to be known. It has been argued that they were very inconsiderable at the advent of the Europeans. Plantagenet in 1648 speaks of a tribe of Indians near Cape May, called Kechemeches, who mustered about fifty men. The same author estimates the whole number in West Jersey at eight hundred; and Oldmixon, in 1708, computes that ‘they had been reduced to one-quarter of that number.’ It cannot be denied by any one who will view the seaboard of our

county that they were very numerous at one time here, which is evidenced by town plats, extensive and numberless shell banks, arrow heads, stone hatchets, burying grounds, and other remains existing with us."

The tribe native to the lower part of the county bore the name Lenni-Lenape, of which tradition says King Nummy was the head. The first record of trading between the Indians and the whites is the deed given in 1687 by Panktoe to John Dennis for a tract of land near Cape Island. The first beach to attract real estate developers was what was known as Five Mile Beach, extending from Cold Spring Inlet north to Hereford Inlet. The initial improvements were made on the upper end, and the resort named Anglesea. This is now a part of North Wildwood. Holly Beach on the lower end soon followed; after that, Wildwood, and very much later, Wildwood Crest. The founders of Wildwood were the Baker brothers, Phillip, Latimer and Thompson, the first two having previously settled in Vineland, Phillip being Senator from Cumberland county from 1887 to 1889.

A CHANCE MEETING ON THE TRAIN

How often accidents change the whole life of a man or woman, a state, or a county. Never was there more vivid proof of this than in the coming of the Bakers to South Jersey. They were Western Pennsylvania men, young and ambitious, and they decided to emigrate to a Southern state. Selling out all their holdings in the home town, they boarded the train for Alabama, their prospective home. En route Phillip entered into conversation with a stranger, telling him of their intentions. The man replied that he had been reading a great deal lately about a wonderful new settlement in South Jersey—called Vineland—and said he had a Vineland newspaper in his trunk in the baggage car. He went and opened the trunk and took the "Vineland Weekly" back to Baker, who was so impressed with the glowing prospectus Mr. Landis had sent out that

the brothers left the train, sold the unused part of their tickets and came at once to Cumberland county. They bought property, built the Baker House, and opened a large store, succeeding beyond their most optimistic anticipations. In 1884 they purchased a tract of land on Five Mile Beach and later bought two hundred acres above Holly Beach, rapidly developing it into what is now the City of Wildwood. The Bakers were high type men, of wonderful enthusiasm, acute foresight and never failing integrity. Phillip's son, Curtis, studied law, and when quite young was appointed Common Pleas judge, which position he filled with distinction until his death. One of the original brothers, Thompson, was the first Cape May man to be elected to Congress since 1829, when the position was held by Thomas H. Hughes for two terms. Baker was a Democrat, but was elected by a substantial majority in 1913.

VICIOUS WILD CATTLE

Prior to the establishment of the Avalon shore resort on the upper end of Tatham's Beach, the seven mile stretch of sand dunes, red cedars and bayberry bushes lying between Hereford Inlet on the south, and Townsend's Inlet on the north, was a barren waste with a single Life Saving Station located at what is now Stone Harbor. The beach was owned by Henry Tatham, of Philadelphia, and his "farm house" was the only other structure on the beach.

Scores, if not hundreds, of wild cattle, sheep and hogs roamed the vastness, picking up a living as best they might. Tatham each year marketing the calves and lambs. These animals were actually wild and very vicious and frequently attacked the Life Saving patrolmen as they walked up and down the beach in four-hour relays each night. This statement may seem to the present generation like fiction, but it is absolutely true, and verified by my own experience in "walking the beach" on frequent occasions while an

overnight guest of Captain Richard Holmes, the keeper of the L. S. Station. After Tatham sold the beach to the promoters, it became necessary to get rid of the cattle, and gunners were hired to shoot them.

Among the crew at the time were Benjamin Hall, Jr., Samuel Sears, Samuel Douglass, Joseph Ludlam, John W. Swain, Christopher Ludlam and Henry (Fidler) Ludlam.

The life of the surfmen was dreary and they were constantly playing pranks on each other. One member of the crew, whom I will call "Mr. X", had entirely lost his sense of smell, and Benny Hall spent an hour slicing up a big chunk of rubber boot which he thoroughly mixed with Mr. X's smoking tobacco during the man's absence on patrol. Dr. Walter Leaming, Senator E. L. Ross and myself were guests on that occasion, and we were all impatient for "X" to return, which he did at midnight when his "watch" ended. Doffing his oilskins and hipboots, and turning his kit of Costen lights (rockets for warning vessels that came too near the coast) over to his successor, "X" packed his pipe with the doctored tobacco and sat down behind the stove to have a good smoke. The joke was on the rest of us, for by the time "X" had burned three pipes of rubberized weed, all unconscious of anything wrong, the stench was something terrible and drove us all outdoors.

No women were permitted to live in the L. S. Stations, the cooking being done by one of the crew, week and week about; the cook being exempt from patrol duty while doing his trick at the pots and pans. As I think back over those visits to the Life Saving Stations I wonder how many carloads of beans, cabbage and potatoes were eaten by the crews; those three items being the principal features of the menu.

TRAVEL AS AN EDUCATOR

Travel is unquestionably an education in itself and the memory of sights, happenings and events of excur-

sions away from home rarely fade from the human mind. One meets new people, enjoys new scenery and absorbs history which is not gotten from books. As I look back over the years I feel that I was very fortunate in this respect—probably much more favored than the average boy and man in similar circumstances. When I was a lad, my parents never lost an opportunity to take me on a trip away from home, and later membership in the New Jersey Editorial Association afforded unusual advantages in this respect. Until the legislatures passed laws making it a misdemeanor for a railroad or steamboat company to issue passes, the newspaper editor and his family were given free transportation. The Editorial Association (of which I was at one time president) was in the habit of taking seven-day trips each year, the cost not exceeding \$12 or \$15 per person, the only expense to the Association being hotel bills at half rates.

The first of these outings with the editors was at the Hotel Kaaterskill in the Catskills. The party travelled via Hudson River Day Line from New York to Catskill, thence by four-horse stage to destination—a ride which will never be forgotten, because when 2000 feet up we passed directly thru a terrific thunder storm. All around us the lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring, while above us the sun was shining brightly—we were literally in the clouds. The hotel was new and our party was the first to receive its hospitality. For many years Beach's Mountain House had been the favorite resort for wealthy New York people, and on one occasion when an eminent Gotham patent lawyer by the name of Harding with his large family were guests there his daughter was taken very ill, and asked to have her meals served in her room. The hotel people replied that meals were served only in the dining room, which angered Harding to such a degree that he purchased a large tract of land 600 feet higher than Beach's, and on it he erected a much larger inn,

and one which commanded a view of the Hudson and parts of Vermont. He built a road from the river to his place—the cost of his spite venture amounting to three-quarters of a million dollars. I think the Kaaterskill was destroyed by fire ten or more years ago.

The next year's excursion was to Cape May City, where the Jersey men were joined by the associations from New York and Pennsylvania—900 persons in all. One of the features was a trip on the steamship "Republic" from Cape May to Lewes, Delaware, and return, participated in by probably four hundred persons, of whom not more than seventy-five escaped violent sea-sickness, and a professional entertainer, "Comical Conley," sat down at the piano and sang "Who's That Laughing" to the disgust of the wretched passengers who were lying around on sofas, settees, etc.

The trip wound up with a special train to Philadelphia, where the day was spent in visiting Independence Hall and other historic spots, and closed with a specially arranged audition of Gilbert and Sullivan's Pinafore, which had just been brought to the United States from London. This light opera still holds a prominent place on the stage and the "Reader's Digest" for the current month asserts that "For more than half a century the curtains have gone up every night on the Gilbert and Sullivan opera at some place on the British Isles or the North American continent or Australia".

Following the Cape May outing Robert S. Woodside, of the Salem "Sunbeam", sent me the following machine-made verses:

Oh! who would not at Cape May be,
With editors "in their best?"
Oh! who would not the Stockton try,
As Colonel Duffy's guest?
Oh! who would not live a la mode,
At this hotel so fine?
Oh! who would not lodge on third floor,
In room two-sixty-nine (seven).
Oh! who would not receive their friends,
From the adjoining States?
Oh! who would not listen to the roar,
Of old Ocean as it breaks?

Oh! who would not a bather be,
Clad in a flannel rig?
Oh! who would not a gallant be,
Amid the waves so big?
Oh! who would not banquet in style,
With the editorial band?
Oh! who would not enjoy the hop,
Arranged by a master hand?
Oh! who would not the "Republic" take,
And get a little sick?
Oh! who would not the exhibit see,
By special train so quick?
May fortune favor the triple event,
And the newspapermen who were there,
And also the sisters, cousins and aunts,
Who aided in driving away care.

In order to get the reduced rates at the hotels which usually opened about July 1st, our trips had to be made the last week in June, the landlords opening a week earlier to accommodate the party—and if anybody tells you that the last week in June is not the hottest of the year, you will be safe in contradicting him. The trips which the Editorial Association took were to Natural Bridge of Va., Luray Caverns, Washington and Mount Vernon, Cresson Springs, Richfield Springs, twice to the Catskills, Saratoga, Boston, White Mountains, Montreal and Quebec, Hot Springs, Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Gettysburg, Natural Bridge, etc. Tickets were always in great demand and friends of the editors were very often enrolled as "members of their families."

The Association was managed by an executive committee of five of the leading journalists of the State. The South Jersey member for many years was able, affable Editor Sinnickson Chew, of the West Jersey Press (Camden) to whose energy and planning ability the South Jersey contingent owed much of the pleasure of these annual trips. Association with Mr. Chew was ever an incentive to young editors to strive for the best in civic and state affairs. His journalistic experience dated back to the time when he wrote his editorials, set them up in type, fed the press and finally delivered the paper to subscribers—traveling the county on horse-



MRS. ALFRED COOPER
1910



MRS. ALFRED COOPER
1935

back. His son, William H. Chew, of Salem, still carries on the business his father founded, and has inherited both the mentality and geniality of his sire.

Many were the nuggets of wisdom that Sinnickson Chew passed on to his youthful frater; one of which abides in memory was "You will in your printing career often be urged to go security, by note or bond, for public officials. My advice is, Don't do it! I am speaking from sad experience—not mere theory."

CHAPTER XVIII

MEETING THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT

My first visit to the National Capital was on New Year's Day, 1876, with S. P. Speer, of Peoria, Illinois, a friend of our family, who knew General Grant intimately; and because of their acquaintance it was our good fortune to hold five minutes' conversation with the President. Later when President Arthur visited Cape May in company with General Sewell, I was introduced to him. In 1890 by the good graces of William V. McKean, the veteran editor of the "Philadelphia Ledger," it was my luck to spend two hours with President Harrison and his Secretary of State, James G. Blaine. It was about this time that Mr. McKean was delegated by an anonymous group of President Harrison's admirers to erect a handsome cottage at Cape May Point to be presented to the President for his Summer home. Title was taken in Mr. McKean's name and when the house was completed, he telegraphed me to meet him at the train one night and gave me (to have recorded in the county-clerk's office) the deed to Benjamin Harrison. A few days later I carried the document back to Mr. McKean, who took it down to Washington with the key of the cottage and formally presented them to Harrison. He told me afterward that the President positively refused to accept the gift—both because he considered it illegal and because he feared his name would be used in a real estate promotion. Continued my informant, "And with a woman's proverbial willingness to get something for nothing, Mrs. Harrison spoke up and said, "Mr. Mc-

Kean, there is no law against *my* accepting a gift. If you'll have the deed made out to me, I will be glad to receive it." I never knew who the donors were, but always suspected that John Wanamaker and General Sewell were two of them. On the occasion of the two hours in the President's company, General Sewell, United States Senator, and vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, came into the room and Mr. McKean jocularly recommended that the President appoint General Sewell Secretary of the Treasury; because, said he, "Sewell is a wizard in mathematics; three times during the years I have been commuting on his railroad, he has reduced the fare, and each time it costs me more money to ride."

During Theodore Roosevelt's administration, my wife and daughter, Annie, then twelve years old, were spending a few days in the Capital city and I was very anxious that the daughter should shake hands with the President. Escorted by United States Senator Dryden, we visited the White House. Assembled in the room where we were seated were two or three dozen other people on a like mission. After a tedious wait, at a signal from an attendant, we all lined up at attention and in an instant the big double doors opening into the President's office were literally "blown open" and "Teddy" shot into the room like a whirlwind and took his stand to receive the visitors, many of whom he undoubtedly knew personally. As the line moved forward he grabbed the first man's hand and with a grin said, "How are you today?" He let go of the hand and turned to the next person varying his formula to "Nice weather we are having," "How are things out in Ohio?" "Did you get my letter?" "How are the Quakers today?", etc. The grip of that hand will not soon be forgotten, nor will our surprise at the brevity of the whole affair. I do not think our "interview" lasted more than a split second and in less than five minutes from the time he entered the room he had shaken 30 hands and passed out, closing the doors behind him.

JAMES G. BLAINE A PROTESTANT

In the week following the election of 1884 in which James G. Blaine was defeated by Grover Cleveland, and while the country was on fire with excitement, I was visiting the Speer family on Madison avenue in Baltimore. A house guest at the time was their cousin, Mrs. Walker, Blaine's sister. Much of her conversation was about her brother's boyhood and his remarkable memory for names, faces and facts. The Blaine family were Roman Catholics and during the campaign the Democrats made much ado about it; the Republicans with equal vehemence proclaiming that their candidate was not a Catholic. The question of the family religion was freely discussed by Mrs. Walker, herself an ardent Catholic, and she said that her brother, "Jim," was the only member of the family who openly and publicly repudiated Catholicism. That twenty years before he ran for President, the family discussions with him became so bitter that it was mutually agreed that the question should never again be discussed in the home. She concluded, "I wish he was a Catholic, but he is not; never was and never will be." So intense was partisan feeling in Baltimore at that time (a Negro letter-carrier was deliberately assassinated on the street) that Mr. Speer cautioned Mrs. Walker not to leave the house for any purpose, and was very anxious that the newspapers did not learn of her presence in the city.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

While Mrs. Cooper and I were visiting the Cotton States & International Exposition, in Atlanta, Ga., in November, 1895, we were quartered in one of the finest residences on Peachtree street occupied by a wealthy banker by the name of Hale. The family consisted of his wife, two children, and mother-in-law. The latter was a sweet old lady with gentle, charming manners, and beloved by everybody who met her. One evening

I came home from the Exposition and sat down with the family to read the evening paper; the first item which struck my view was an announcement of the death of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", which book had had so important a part in the abolition of slavery. The old lady threw up her hands and in a loud voice, far from sweet, proclaimed that the Devil had at last gotten his own. Said she, "Abe Lincoln was a Prince of Peace in comparison to that dastardly, despicable Stowe woman." Mr. and Mrs. Hale were, of course, very much embarrassed and later he expressed his deep regrets at what had happened. I made light of it and assumed the responsibility for the outbreak—saying that I ought to have known better than to read the paragraph in a Southern family. Hale explained that when the war broke out his mother-in-law had owned approximately two hundred slaves, and that when the war closed she owned no blacks and the family had barely clothing to cover them. I have often wondered if a Northern person who had had a similar experience would not have been equally resentful.

MARK TWAIN'S SISTER

Another charming woman whom we met, in the winter of 1890, was a sister of Mark Twain, while visiting mother in Winter Park, Fla., which was then a village with probably twenty cottages and one hotel. This lady was a boarder in the same house. The days were devoted to driving around the country, devouring oranges and grape fruit and sailing over one of the many lakes. It was here that we rode in the first power boat I had ever seen—a 20-footer owned by tourists from Detroit. There were a dozen or more guests in the house and during my fortnight there, most of the evenings were spent in social converse on the broad porches. The humorist's sister, above referred to, even tho' she wanted to, was never permitted to

leave her brother out of the conversation. Many were the interesting reminiscences she related of his boyhood, and she said that while he rarely laughed, he had inherited his mother's remarkable, inimitable wit, and the ever present sense of the ridiculous which made his books so popular. I never read a dozen lines of Mark Twain that my mind does not go back to the stories which his sister told of him.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CHICAGO FAIR

While visiting the Chicago World's Fair with my mother (1893) we were in the Government Aquarium, in one of the tanks in which sheepshead fish were swimming about, and on the floor of which were several king-crabs, vulgarly known here as "horse-feet". The placard over the tank said "King-crab" and we overheard a woman who was standing near us exclaim, "Well, I'll be darn; so that's a crab! Well, I'm sure I'll never eat another deviled-crab as long as I live."

One of the memorable sights of the Chicago Fair was the Midway—an aggregation of freaks, menageries, etc., equivalent to the side shows of a hundred circuses. Among these, that which attracted mother's deepest interest was the muscle dance of "Little Egypt," or Fahreda Mahzar, whose married name was Mrs. Andrew Syropoulos; the most remarkable demonstration of the power of a human being to acquire control of the muscles of the body that I had ever seen. "Evil to him who evil thinks," this exhibition was strongly condemned by prudish moralists as being vulgar and indecent because of the extreme nudity of the girl's torso; but a visit to the bathing beaches along our coast during the month of August, 1938, will supply exhibitions of nudity that will make "Little Egypt's" lack of clothing most modest. "Little Egypt" died in Chicago April 7, 1937, a shy, gray-haired woman of 67 years.

The Chicago exposition was the first large "Fair" to occur after the advent of electricity in everyday use,

and there were 93,000 incandescent lights and 5000 arc lights. The electric plant cost \$1,000,000. The McMonnies fountain was one of the wonders of the world, with its 300 jets illuminated by thousands of various colored lights. This fountain cost more than \$50,000.

NEW JERSEY'S MEANEST MAN

In 1897, the Seaboard Air Line Railroad invited more than a hundred New Jersey and Pennsylvania newspaper men and their wives to take a trip to North Carolina, the object being to boom Southern travel. We took a special train of sleeping cars and had a most delightful week. Among the points visited were Southern Pines, Charlotte and Raleigh, the State Capital.

At Charlotte the party was met at the train by twenty or thirty private equipages, supplied by citizens, and driven to the hotel for breakfast, which was followed by a twenty mile drive around the country in the same carriages. Returning to the Country Club for luncheon we were told that the carriages would be under our orders for the afternoon. It was here that I met the meanest man in New Jersey—a scholarly editor of one of the biggest daily papers in the State, (I will call him “Mr. X”) who with his wife rode in the same carriage with Mrs. Cooper and myself on each of the trips; the coachman being a gentle, intelligent, aged colored man. When we were about to dismiss the carriage, I took out my purse to tip the driver and “Mr. X” said, “Never mind that—I’ll attend to him.” Later on I handed “Mr. X” some money to pay my share of the tip. He said, “Oh, that’s all right.” I asked what he had given the man, to which he replied, “Ten cents.” Thirty miles ride for a dime.

At Raleigh the editors were given a glorious reception at the Governor’s mansion, and presented with the key of the city, the affair winding up with a dance. The next day leading citizens acted as escorts to show the scribes the town. Mrs. Cooper’s escort was the Mayor

of the city and while visiting the State Museum she asked him so many questions that he finally said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Cooper, but I really know very little about this museum; I was never here before."

A GENUINE BREAKFAST

One event of this trip which stands out vividly in my memory is the early morning breakfast that was served to us in the railroad restaurant at Henderson, N. C. The tables were literally loaded with fried chicken, waffles, batter cakes, raw and fried oysters, broiled fish, Indian pone, hot biscuits, and other viands—in quantities sufficient to feed double the number that our party included, and as we walked out of the restaurant each person was handed a lunch box of sandwiches and fruit, and a pint bottle of most delicious scuppernong wine. While life lasts that breakfast in Henderson will remain a blessed memory. It was there that we saw the scuppernong grape vines; a vine being planted in the center of a large open field with the supporting lattice overhead, and each year three feet of lattice was added all around. Some of the vines, doubtless many years old, covered a half acre or more. The clusters of fruit were very large and heavy, the grapes resembling in size and shape the California lokay, but not possible to ship.

CHAPTER XX

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

The New Jersey Commission to the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition was appointed by Governor E. C. Stokes upon authority conferred upon him by the legislature in March, 1905. Its personnel was as follows: C. F. Breckenridge, chairman, Maywood; Wallace M. Scudder, Newark; Alfred Cooper, Cape May Court House; Henry W. Leeds and Dr. Thomas K. Reed, Atlantic City; D. Henry Chandler, Vineland; J. Harper Smith, Somerville; R. W. Herbert, Wickatunk; James T. MacMurray, Plainfield; A. B. Leech, South Orange, and Dr. E. L. Stevenson, of Rutgers University, New Brunswick. After a rather bitter contest lasting several weeks, the commission selected Miss Edith B. Little, of Plainfield, as Hostess of the New Jersey Building. The State appropriated \$75,000 for the expenses of the commission and when the affair was closed up, and the last bill paid, there remained the sum of \$15,060.76 to be returned to the State Treasury. Is it to be wondered that the members were very proud of their care in handling public money? The building at Jamestown cost \$20,885.59; the land, \$1,444.83; the furniture, \$8,525.14; salaries of employees, \$7,395.72; commissioners' expenses, (they received no salary but were reimbursed for hotel and travelling expenses) for nine months, \$5,043.37. My bill was \$213.21 and that of Mr. Leeds was \$197.50. Mr. Breckenridge's bill was \$1,194.65. The Exposition opened on April 26, 1907, and before it closed in November more than 100,000 from this state visited the

CHAPTER II

THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the United States is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of the people of all nations. The history of the United States is a story of the growth of a great nation from a small colony of English settlers. It is a story of the struggles of the people for freedom and independence. It is a story of the achievements of the people in the fields of science, literature, and art. It is a story of the progress of the nation towards a more perfect union. The history of the United States is a story of the people's spirit and their determination to build a better world for themselves and for the world.

New Jersey Building and were welcomed by Miss Little. There were more than twenty state buildings on the grounds, each with a hostess, and of these Miss Little was universally voted the most efficient and the most popular. She was familiarly known as "Miss New Jersey."

SOME THESPIANS I RECALL

In the Fall of 1883 I first saw an electric light. In company with I. Newton Swain (now long since deceased) I went to Philadelphia to see John McCullough, the tragedian, play "The Gladiator"—his masterpiece. On passing from the gas lighted street into the rotunda of the Continental Hotel at Ninth and Chestnut, where the hotel Benjamin Franklin now stands, we were surprised to see the place illuminated as if by daylight—the source of the light being a blinding huge arc lamp in the ceiling. I do not think that the incandescent lamp which we have now was invented until several years later. McCullough truly resembled a gladiator, tall, muscular and commanding, and deep was the sorrow among theatre-goers when, while playing in Chicago on September 29, 1884, he broke down and became violently insane in the midst of the play. He died in 1885.

Another great actor was David Warfield whom I saw in "The Music Master", "The Grand Army Man", "The Auctioneer", "Shylock", and "The Return of Peter Grimm". While his field was the legitimate stage, Warfield early became interested financially in the development of "the movies" and later is said to have received millions from his investment. Warfield retired from the stage in 1924 but is still living at 135 Central Park West, in New York City.

I never lost an opportunity to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in Shakespearean roles, but with the exception of Jefferson, the actor who most impressed me was Tommaso Salvini (the elder) who played "Othello"

The first part of the history is a general account of the state of the country at the time of the discovery of the gold mine. It describes the country as a vast, fertile plain, with a few scattered villages and a few small towns. The climate is described as warm and healthy, and the soil as rich and fertile. The people are described as a brave and warlike nation, who are fond of war and of the chase. They are also described as being very hospitable to strangers.

The second part of the history is a detailed account of the discovery of the gold mine. It describes how the Spaniards first discovered the mine, and how they then began to mine for gold. It also describes the various difficulties and dangers which they encountered in the process. The third part of the history is a detailed account of the life of the Spaniards in the country. It describes their mode of life, their customs, and their relations with the natives. It also describes the various wars and conflicts which took place between the Spaniards and the natives. The fourth part of the history is a detailed account of the decline and fall of the Spanish colony. It describes how the colony gradually became weaker and weaker, until it was finally destroyed by the natives.

The fifth part of the history is a detailed account of the life of the natives in the country. It describes their mode of life, their customs, and their relations with the Spaniards. It also describes the various wars and conflicts which took place between the natives and the Spaniards. The sixth part of the history is a detailed account of the life of the natives in the country. It describes their mode of life, their customs, and their relations with the Spaniards. It also describes the various wars and conflicts which took place between the natives and the Spaniards.

The seventh part of the history is a detailed account of the life of the natives in the country. It describes their mode of life, their customs, and their relations with the Spaniards. It also describes the various wars and conflicts which took place between the natives and the Spaniards. The eighth part of the history is a detailed account of the life of the natives in the country. It describes their mode of life, their customs, and their relations with the Spaniards. It also describes the various wars and conflicts which took place between the natives and the Spaniards.

in Philadelphia about 1875. Although he spoke in Italian, not one word of which I knew, his acting was so expressive that it was easy, with a fair knowledge of the play, to follow him. I recollect standing in line, on the street, for more than an hour to reach the box-office and had to be content with an "S. R. O." ticket.

A story I had from my father was of a concert given in the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, by Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, about 1850, in conjunction with Ole Bull, the then world famous violinist. In the midst of the concert a terrific electric storm occurred, the reverberations of the thunder being so deafening that the audience was in a panic, peal after peal almost rocked the building, to the turmoil being added the terrified screams of nervous women. The diva came to the front of the stage and sang to the accompaniment of Bull's violin "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" so magnetically that the audience was spellbound. In reply to a query sent to the Philadelphia Inquirer recently the paper said, "The receipts at her first night performance in this city were \$9201.25. Eight concerts were given here, netting \$48,844.41, an average of more than \$6000 each. The sum would have been much larger had there been an auditorium to hold a greater number of people. The gross receipts of the ninety-five concerts she gave in America were \$712,161.54."

THE FIRST MOVIE

It was at Keith's Theatre in Philadelphia, in 1898, that I saw my first moving picture, if such it could be called. The protractor was then called the Kinetoscope and while the "movie" feature of the picture lasted but five minutes it was then held as the most marvelous thing that had ever been invented. On February 15, 1898, the U. S. Warship "Maine", lying quietly in the Harbor of Havana, was blown up by two successive explosions (the cause of which has never yet been determined) costing the lives of two officers and two

hundred sixty-four members of the crew; those who were not killed outright being pinned between decks by the tangle of the wreckage and drowned by the immediate sinking of the hull. The feature of the Keith show was a series of still pictures depicting the wreck, the last one representing a fortress in front of which stood a flag pole, probably twenty feet high and suddenly out came a U. S. sailor carrying in his arms an American flag which he fastened to the halyards and pulled to the top of the pole as a defiance to the world. He then faced his audience and snatching his canvas cap from his head gave the flag a formal salute. Patriotism was rife in those troublous times, and the audience went wild with enthusiasm. For years after the loss of the ship spellbinders had but to roar "Remember the Maine" in order to stir their audiences to frenzy.

The kinetoscope was rapidly improved and its use popularized, and by the time I saw my second picture, about 1910, the nickelodeon (five cent movie) had invaded every city in the land. The protracting machine was later called the Biograph and the chief producer was D. W. Griffith; the artists of the screen Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Lionel Barrymore, and later Charley Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle and Mabel Normand.

Speaking of the movies recalls an incident when Clinton Price, then employed here, took a trip to Boston; and wrote home that he had never seen as rapid work as was shown in that city. A sign in front of a movie house announced "The Birth of a Nation, twice in twenty-four hours."

CHAPTER XXI

COURT HOUSE LITERARY SOCIETY

From 1870 until 1885 the Court House Literary Society, which met every Friday night at the school-house, was a prominent feature of county-seat life. The attendance would average forty and except on rare occasions the participants in the programs were local men and women. The organization included teachers, ministers, doctors, lawyers; good singers, good talkers, and intelligent people in general. Neither before, or since, has the community had a more worthwhile organization than was that Literary Society. The meetings always opened with the singing of "Capo May" and closed with Juanita. There was always a debate on a current topic, and the participants spent many hours during the week preparing themselves with facts and figures for the battle royal. One of the men who took a deep interest in the society was Patterson M. Randolph, a wheelright who worked for Anthony Benezet. When 21 years of age he could neither read nor write, but after that he managed by hook, or by crook, to pick up the "3 R's" and during the whole life of the Literary Society was its most enthusiastic supporter, taking part in debates, flooding the weekly question box with all sorts of queries, etc. A very good man, he became a local preacher in the Methodist church and many were the families that would have nobody else to preach a funeral sermon over their dear ones. He was the most rapid speaker I ever heard and but few, if any, stenographers could have kept pace with him. One shorthand writer said that Randolph's

speech was approximately two hundred words per minute. He was invited to become a member of the Shakespeare Club gotten up by Dr. Coleman Leaming and as some familiar quotation would appear in the Doctor's reading, it was a joy to watch Randolph's face as it came to him that the words he had long known, had really been written by the Bard of Avon. An indifferent workman, he was very poor and gave his all to the church. He died in 1896.

COURT HOUSE CHURCH—226 YEARS OLD

In 1712, the "First Baptist Church of Cape May" was organized at Cape May Court House and for over 150 years "yearly meetings" were held on the second Sunday in June. Extra services were held, and Baptists came from all over the county in large numbers. Almost everybody cultivated a garden and the first serving of new peas was an event; so noted was this fact that the gardener who failed to keep this date felt himself almost disgraced. The third church edifice, built in 1741, was of brick and stood in what is now the Baptist cemetery at the head of Poplar street. On Sunday, Feb. 5th, 1854, the church was burned during the morning service. With rare presence of mind, the pastor, Reverend James E. Wilson, came down from the pulpit, the open Bible in his hand, reciting Scripture; the congregation fell in behind him as he walked down the aisle and out of the church. The next edifice was erected in 1854-55 at the corner of Main street and Hand avenue where the present church stands. In 1912 this edifice was bought by Robert S. Miller, and moved to make room for the present brick structure. It was torn down in 1935.

CHAPTER XXII

TRAVEL AS AN EDUCATOR

I would by no means belittle Education. "Book learning"—a well grounded, wisely built up, intelligently directed school and college education—is one of Heaven's greatest gifts to man; the acquisition of it at any cost creates a background, a foundation for success in any walk in life, whether it be humble or distinguished. It may be that it is possible to have too much learning—too much formal schooling—but, among thousands of people I have known, I have never met more than a half dozen men or women who might have been better with less formal knowledge. In my own case, the fact that I spurned the advantages my parents were able and willing to give me has been a most serious handicap—in business, in social life and in public service. In all my adult years I have never been able to restrain myself from "lifting my hat" mentally to superiors, associates, or subordinates who were educated. But if book knowledge is lacking, the next best thing is travel—visiting other states, meeting worthwhile people, observing the habits, customs and native peculiarities of the North, South, East and West. As I think over my boyhood and recall with vividness the things I saw, the people I met, the Thespians I heard, the trips I took and the scenery I beheld, I appreciate as never before the foresight, the studied purpose of my parents in making it possible for me to see and hear much that was denied other lads in my circle—education and preparation for after-years' problems. But it must not be thought that I went everywhere I

wanted to, or was allowed to do whatever I desired to—far from it. But even when father was inclined to negative my desires, he had a unique way of expressing it. Many and many were the times when I craved consent to do something, or go somewhere that he objected to, he would say, "Sit down there, Alfred, and let us talk this over." First I had to tell him all about the affair, when it was to be, who was going, what time would I get home, etc. Then he would explain why he *preferred* that I should not do it—giving me reasons that now sound most reasonable; and winding up with, "You are getting old enough to have some judgment of your own; now I have told you that I prefer not to have you do it, I'm leaving it to you—go if you want to." And on the occasions when I ignored what I knew to be his wishes I can recall not one in which the function gave me real pleasure or unalloyed happiness—the spirit of the Fifth Commandment haunted me the entire day or evening.

CHAPTER XXIII

CHANGE IN SCHOOL GOVERNMENT

From time immemorial each New Jersey village had its own school district and its board of trustees (three members), and when in 1894 the legislature decreed that hereafter the school districts should be consolidated into one, the territory therein to be the same as that embraced by the township or borough, there was a howl which reverberated "from the hills of Sussex to the sands of Cape May". In this township the fear was freely expressed that as the elections would be held at the county-seat "those darn Court Housers will be in the majority and will grab the whole Board; we'll have no control of our local schools." The first election under the new law was in July, 1894, in the court-house building, I being chairman and E. Clinton Hewitt, secretary. Mr. Hewitt always took his brains along when he attended a public meeting, and that part of his anatomy never failed to function. On this occasion he made a lengthy speech advocating the election of a proportionate representation from each of the former districts. His motion prevailed and the following were elected: L. T. Swain, E. C. Hewitt, Samuel Stites, James H. Cresse, F. B. Neal, Charles Coombs, George Peterson, Smith Erricson and Francis Cresse. Edward L. Ross offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, declaring the new law an actual menace, and demanding that the legislature exempt Cape May county from its provisions. Now after these forty-four years no sane man would want to go back to the old, inefficient district system. It is worthy of note that not-

withstanding the bitter school fights which have taken place since Hewitt's plan was adopted, and with no law to govern it, nobody has ever had the temerity to even try to break down the rule of local representation.

In 1906 the present grammar school at Court House was built at a cost of \$10,751.71; the old two-story building being sold and moved up Main street to a lot adjoining what is now Stone's restaurant and altered into a double dwelling, which it still is.

TOWNSHIP SCHOOL BOARD

On July 3, 1909, I was elected a member of the Township School Board to succeed Dr. J. M. Dix, who resigned with the understanding (*on his part*) that he was to be elected school physician. Later when the election was held he was defeated by a decisive vote. When notified of my election I positively refused to accept, my reason being that a member of the school board (freeholders, township committee, city council, etc.) could not furnish supplies ordered by, or paid for by the body of which he was a member; acceptance would have meant a loss of \$100 per year. On July 21, another election was held and I was again chosen by unanimous vote. On February 10, 1912, upon the resignation of president L. T. Swain, I succeeded him and continued in the office until I resigned on January 26, 1914. Edwin D. Foster was chosen to succeed me. From July, 1909, to January, 1914, all printing and advertising for the Middle Township schools was done by Jed DuBois at Wildwood, without profit to the Gazette.

Upon my retirement from the Board of Education I received the following letter:

Dear Mr. Cooper:—As teachers in the Court House Grammar School, we desire to thank you for the many kindnesses and thoughtful acts you have performed for us while an *active* member of the Board of Education. Although, until now, we have relied upon your decisions without question, we have at this time con-

cluded that your judgment is not always infallible. We sincerely regret your resignation.

Annie P. Hewitt

Carl G. Wanick

Olive Douglass

M. Anna Powell

Jessie A. Martin

Marjorie Sellers

Vera E. Burke

Agnes L. Gentner

COURT HOUSE GETS A HIGH SCHOOL

Before 1907 there was no high school in Middle Township and its pupils who finished the eighth grade either dropped out or were sent to Cape May City High School; among those were Edith Powell, Mary Bethel, Jesse Ludlam, Ralph Townsend, J. Reed, Eva Hewitt, Harold Leaming, Elsie Carey, Ethel Stricker, Nettie Harris, Harold Morton and William S. Thompson. The State became rigid in its decree that every pupil under eighteen was entitled to and must receive four years of high school opportunity; and it was incumbent on school boards to supply that opportunity. Middle township parents seriously objected to their children being immuned from all discipline while roaming about the resort city, outside of school hours a considerable part of each day, and became urgent in the demand that a high school be established at Court House. Of course, there were objectors aplenty and most of those who had no children, present or prospective, to benefit by the new school, lined up with the opposition; but, be it said to their credit, a small but influential minority of that class with patriotism and unselfishness gave their support to the scheme, as did the Gazette, and the school became an actuality. The first official action was on March 23, 1907, when the Board voted to establish a three-year high school, and appointed a committee to ascertain the cost of transportation from the outlying villages. The members of the School Board at that time were L. T. Swain, president; Charles S. Coombs and Isaac Ludlam, of Goshen; Fred B. Neal, of Rio Grande; Clinton S. Cresse, of Burleigh; Joseph

Camp, of Pierces; Dr. J. M. Dix, of Court House; Smith H. Erricson and Thomas Douglass, of Dias Creek, and Joseph Douglass, district clerk. There being no suitable building available in the town, the sessions were held in two rooms of the grammar school. On July 12, Mr. H. Walter Gill, of Pennsylvania, was elected principal; on September 13, E. T. McCready was chosen as a teacher, and on August 1, William H. Shipe was added to the faculty; Miss Lucy E. Corson was the capable English teacher. Mr. Gill was young, always dignified, enthusiastic and highly educated; and what was equally important, was tactful to the highest degree. His pupils loved him, their parents respected him and the community admired him. That school just had to succeed with Gill at the helm. Not the least of his qualifications was his ability to select his subordinates. A graduate of Dickinson College, he picked McCready and Shipe, also graduates of Dickinson, and made sure of having clean, scholarly helpers. Surely, that was a wonderful triumvirate. The quarters were, of course, inadequate and on May 8, 1909, by vote of 8 to 0 the Board adopted a resolution offered by Mr. Swain to build and equip a new high school building at a cost not to exceed \$10,000. Erricson was not present. On May 23rd, the Board voted to add a year to the course, making it a full four year school. On May 25, the election was held and the plan approved by a vote of 55 to 12. The first class to graduate had had three years in the Cape May High School and finished here, the commencement being held June 9, 1909, at the Baptist church. The class consisted of one girl and five boys: Nettie Anna Harris, William Stuart Thompson (now for several years the capable president of the Middle Township School Board), Ralph Schellinger Townsend, Thomas Harold Leaming, Jesse Diverty Ludlam and Harold Shaw Morton.

A MEMORABLE SCHOOL FIGHT

Not being able to prevent the establishment of the school, the malcontents, led by David D. Burch and Leslie Champion, began a studied, relentless sniping at the teachers. At the election on March 17, 1908, they attempted the defeat of Linnaeus T. Swain, Charles Coombs and Dr. J. M. Dix. As a preliminary to this contest, Burch (a well-meaning, honest, but unlettered citizen) came before the School Board and said, "that if Miss Elizabeth Nelson (a refined, well-educated, lovely Christian girl from another county) was discharged from the grammar school at the Christmas holidays they would not go on with the fight." Of course, the Board spurned the olive branch; and Burch made a substitute proposition. The teacher was to be given another month's trial and if she did not "make good" she was to be dismissed. Trustee Coombs asked who was to be the Judge of whether she made good or not, to which Burch replied, "Me and Les Champion are to be judges of that." The coming election was the chief topic of discussion in every household and as the time approached the friends of good schools became alarmed; while they felt sure of public opinion being with them, it was feared that people living in distant parts of the township would have no means of transportation to the election. Mr. Leslie Ludlam called a secret caucus of twenty or more friends, raised a fund of about forty dollars to pay for teams, and a committee was appointed to procure the vehicles. Approaching farmers, etc., in every village, the committee was surprised to find that not a man wanted, or would accept, money, many of them saying: "I want no money but I'll be there with a full load of my neighbors." And they kept their word. When the fight was over all the cash was returned to the donors. Up to that time school elections had usually been participated in by ten to twenty voters and on several occasions we had to scour around town and beg enough people to go to the

school house to organize the meeting. At that period although female suffrage had not been adopted, women had the right to vote at school elections, and on this occasion there were as many women as men at the polls. Three hundred twenty-one votes were polled, and Swain received a majority of 267; Coombs, 266, and Dix, 135.

Late in October, or early in November, 1916, the high school building was destroyed by a fire originating from an over-heated steam pipe. An unfortunate feature of this fire was the loss of all the pupils' records for the previous nine years. The present high school building was completed in 1917.

While connected with the Middle Township School Board, I became deeply interested in Rural School Consolidation, made an intensive study of the subject, and wrote a little booklet intended as an argument to break down the bitter opposition which was staged by the advocates of the "little red school house," striving to imbue school board members all over the county with the idea.

CHAPTER XXIV

LIGHT AND FIRE DISTRICTS

When the Court House Street Light District was created, about 75% of the residents favored the project, but the other 25% included nearly all of the heaviest tax-payers, and they procured a writ of certiorari and carried the matter to the Supreme Court. The contention of the opponents was that the title of the act of the legislature under which the District was set up did not comply with the constitution in properly disclosing the purpose of the act itself. The fight lasted nearly two years and resulted in a victory for the people who wanted the lights. A bit of humor was injected into the court contest on the morning of the hearing in Trenton. The aged lawyer for the contestants in searching for some court decision that would aid his cause, found an old pronouncement that had been made by Supreme Court Justice Dalrymple forty years before, and in being shown through the rooms of the Supreme Court asked another lawyer if he could tell him where Judge Dalrymple was sitting today. The lawyer replied that he was not sure but said he would ask Justice Garrison whom he saw passing along the hall. The Justice said he was not exactly sure where Judge Dalrymple was, but he was under the impression that he had been holding High Chancery in Hell for the past twenty years.

After the court had sustained the legality of the movement, an election was held, the district containing 97 voters, of whom 82 cast their ballots. E. Clinton Hewitt received 47, Harry S. Douglass 48, and Alfred

THE ENQUIRER

Vol. 1. No. 1. 1800.

When the first volume of this work was published, it was received with great favour, and the public were highly gratified with the manner in which the author had treated the subject. The second volume, which is now before the public, is equally well calculated to interest and instruct. It contains a great number of new facts and observations, which will be found highly interesting and useful to all who are engaged in the study of the human mind. The author has also taken great pains to render the work as clear and concise as possible, and to present the facts in a manner which will be easily understood by all who read it. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which contains a general view of the human mind, and the second of which contains a more particular view of the various faculties of the mind. The first part is divided into three chapters, the first of which contains a general view of the human mind, the second of which contains a view of the various faculties of the mind, and the third of which contains a view of the various passions of the mind. The second part is divided into four chapters, the first of which contains a view of the various faculties of the mind, the second of which contains a view of the various passions of the mind, the third of which contains a view of the various affections of the mind, and the fourth of which contains a view of the various habits of the mind. The work is a most valuable and interesting one, and it is highly recommended to all who are engaged in the study of the human mind.

Cooper 48. At the first meeting I was elected chairman of the Commission.

The Street Light scheme proved so popular that it was followed by the establishment of a fire district, with Hiram Godfrey, Judge Harry S. Douglass, David Burch, Walter Hurrell and myself as Commissioners. Both these districts still exist.

CAPE MAY COUNTY FAMILY NAMES

One of the noticeable characteristics of the people of this peninsula at the time of the "Gazette's" birth was the loyalty of the populace to their native heath—a loyalty that almost amounted to drawing a well-defined line between the native son and those who came here from other states, or even from other counties—"squatters" we newcomers were called. This pride of birthright was well demonstrated in Dr. Theophilus T. Price's "Ode to Cape May" which sixty years ago was sung in schools, literary societies, on beach parties, etc. The words were familiar to every school boy and girl of that day, and were as follows:

"Dear land of my nativity!

And scene of childhood's play,

I fondly sing my love to thee

In humble, fervent lay.

Let others roam who have a mind;

With thee I'd rather stay,

For many ties there are that bind

My heart to thee, Cape May.

CHORUS:—

"Cape May! Cape May!

My thoughts to thee will stray

With fond delight, in memories bright,

When I am far away.

"Thy sunny skies look down serene

Where warbling woodlands lay;

And fertile fields stretch out between

The ocean and the bay.

And health on every breeze is borne
That o'er thee takes its way;
And plenty pours her teeming horn
Into thy lap, Cape May.

Chorus.

"Thy daughters' praise truth gladly speaks,
While fond emotions rise;
The glow of beauty gilds their cheeks
And sparkles in their eyes;
And hearts of love and tenderness
Within their bosoms play;
Their virtues fair adorn and bless
Thy happy homes, Cape May!

Chorus.

"Thy sons, a generous patriot band,
Hospitable and brave,
Love loyally their native land,
Their homes, and circling wave;
Bold are their hearts where duty lies,
Or honor points the way;
And noble, honest men arise,
Thy proudest boast, Cape May!

Chorus.

"I love to breathe thy healthful air;
I love thy sky and sea;
I love thee for my friends are here,
And all that's dear to me.
I love thee, for thou art my home,
And wheresoe'er I stray
The golden chain of memory
Still binds me to Cape May!

Chorus: Cape May! Cape May! etc."

Until various seaside resorts were developed, with an influx of men and money from other sections, ninety per cent of the permanent population was native-born—their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers had

been born here, grew up here, and married girls with a similar ancestry. For many long years a few family names had predominated and were handed down from one generation to another—and many of the same names were so far removed from the common ancestry that they could trace no direct blood relationship, yet the repetitions of the baptismal (given) names attested the fact that all had sprung from the same progenitors. For a hundred years the surnames which predominated were Seth, Hezekiah, Absalom, Recompense, Shamgard, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Theophilus, Timothy, Christopher, Ebenezer, Humphrey, Charity, Cornelius, Abijah, etc. Of the twenty-four men who on April 16, 1777, organized a company of militia, eight were Corsons and three were VanGilders and while I have no record of the part of the county from which these patriots came, it is a safe bet that they lived in Upper township—in the vicinity of Beesley's Point. This deduction is based not only upon the predominance of Corsons, but from the presence in the list of three VanGilders, and of given names Darius, Remington, Jesse, Uriah and Parmenas. In "Stevens' History", a list of eighty-three men who served in the Revolution, contained twelve Corsons and eleven Hands; and while the same names were to be found indiscriminately throughout the county, the most common of them were so bunched in communities that the names could be depended upon to disclose the section from which the owner came—a Corson or VanGilder from Upper township, a Stites was either Lower township or Cape Island, a Ludlam from Dennis, a Hand from Middle or Cape Island, a Schellinger or a Reeves from Lower, a Hewitt or a Hildreth from Middle.

Repeating, if you were not born in Cape May county, you just didn't "belong" and "Ned" Leaming used to twit me of being a carpet-bagger, insisting that no man with a background of less than fifty years of residence here could be considered a Cape Mayman. But with

the advent of seashore factors all has changed. The present generation neither knows nor cares whether their neighbors are to the Manor Born, or who their forbears were. But, even under the rules of a century ago, I feel that a residence of fifty-nine years justifies my claiming Cape May county as my Home and explains the love for the county, its traditions, its people and its customs that has steadily grown from the hour I cast my lot here. But of the adults who were on the stage in 1880, and it can almost be said that

“None are left to greet me

And few are left to know.”

This fact is most apparent in the annals in the Masonic (Arbutus) Lodge here. Of the twenty or more warrant members (1896) all but two, Edward C. Wheaton and myself, have gone to “that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.”

CHAPTER XXV

THE 1888 BLIZZARD

Older people are still talking about the blizzard of 1888, and well they may, for the second week in March, 1888, was not only the coldest in the history of the Weather Bureau but the snowfall in South Jersey had never been surpassed within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and surely has not been since that time. The storm covered almost every state in the Union and many lives were lost along the Atlantic seaboard and as far west as Chicago. For days railroad traffic was suspended, all business was at a stand-still and "old Dobbin" had a good rest in the stable. Rain began to fall here on Sunday morning, March 11, and continued all day with increasing wind. About midnight it grew cold and the rain changed to snow, continuing until Monday afternoon. At dark it began to snow again and by Tuesday noon the ground was covered to an average depth of two feet. The zero weather dried the flakes as they fell and the northwest wind cast them about like feathers, piling up hundreds of drifts to a height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet.

Tuesday was the time for holding the Spring election and when at six a. m. I succeeded in reaching the County Clerk's office (less than one thousand feet from my boarding house) to get the ballot box, I found County Clerk Hand trying to pick the lock, into which rain had beaten and frozen solid. Mr. Hand finally crossed the street to his home, heated a flat iron, and after putting a second iron in the fire returned to the office and pressed the hot iron against the metal lock—

the third iron brought results and the door was opened. In many of the country districts all attempts at holding an election were abandoned, even the election officers being unable to reach the polling places. In Dennis township less than a dozen votes were polled and Lewis Edwards, who was running for re-election for Freeholder, was defeated by written ballots cast for Charles Devitt, who had not even been nominated; although he had long coveted the position because of its carrying with it the spending of a \$300 annual appropriation for keeping up the county road between Dennisville and South Dennis. At this time that one mile of highway was the only county road in the State. Its care had been assumed by the county away back in the early part of the century, as an offset to the tolls (wharf charges) received from the vessels carrying wood out of Dennis Creek to Philadelphia, Wilmington, etc., with assorted cargoes on the return trip. This traffic was called "running packet" and numerous sloops and small schooners were engaged in it. At the time of which I write the building of the railroad had rendered the landing rents unprofitable, and the abandoning of the road as a county charge was widely agitated. But lawyers advised the county that the bargain was unbreakable and that they must keep that crossway in order to the end of Time. Custom had given the supervision of this road as a perquisite to one of the Freeholders from Dennis township and one from Upper and they were paid \$2 per day while engaged in the work. Without consulting Theophilus Corson, the Upper township member, Devitt hired one two-horse team to top-dress the road and made a month's job of it, more than half of the appropriation thus going into his pocket for supervision. Devitt was very unpopular with all the members of the Board, and former-Senator Rice suggested to Corson a plan by which he could spike Devitt's guns the next year, and when the time rolled around to gravel the crossway Corson hired

every available team in Dennis township and completed the job in two days, Devitt's pay amounting to \$4. He fumed and raged but all to no purpose. The work was completed and the appropriation exhausted. A few years ago this county road was taken over by the State and is now a part of State Highway No. 49.

AN OLD TIME SLEIGHING PARTY

For several days after the blizzard, the highways were impassable in many spots, but in a week the drifts had been broken through to some extent and in hundreds of places in the county fences had been taken down and roads cut thru the fields. Sleights and bells were at a premium, and merry parties of from ten to thirty each made nightly visits away from home—those from Cape May coming to Court House and our own young folks visiting the upper part of the county. One Thursday night somebody suggested getting up a party here to go to the old Gatzmer House kept by that popular inn keeper, Mackey Williams, at Dennisville. A list was made up and it was evident that no sleigh that was obtainable would be large enough to carry the fifteen couples that wanted to go. Dr. Walter Leaming, whose mind was ever alert, said, "All right, let us build one!" As the party was to be held the following (Friday) night, his scheme was hooted at. Leaming summoned Edmund T. Benezet, the carriage maker, who said if all hands would turn in and help he would agree to have a bob sled to carry thirty persons ready by dark on Friday night, the cost not to exceed \$40. The hat was passed and the money soon paid in. Charles W. Corson (grandfather of the present station agent here, Burton D. Corson) had the best pair of horses in town and said he knew where to obtain another team to put ahead of his own. Incidentally it should be said that altho he was well along in years, his heart was as young and gay as the best of us—if he could not have been paid he would have been willing to pay for the privi-

lege of driving that four-in-hand. The party left the Union Hotel here at seven o'clock, seated strawride fashion, and all went well until in pulling thru a snow drift near what is now Clermont, the leaders broke away and went floundering across the fields. Nothing daunted, Corson captured the runaways, patched up the harness and resumed the journey; arriving at the Gatzmer after ten o'clock, ready to devour the chicken potpie supper that was waiting. But one man in the party wanted to go to bed, and he was not allowed to do so. We danced all night and got away with an eight o'clock breakfast of ham, eggs and hot cakes; arriving home at eleven a. m., tired and empty of pocket. The bob-sled stood for ten years in the yard of the wheelwright shop, but was never used again.

Excepting the blizzard of 1888 the worst snow storm South Jersey had seen in a century was that of April 3, 1915,—Easter Sunday. Eighteen inches of snow fell here in less than twelve hours and all train service to Atlantic City and Cape May was canceled.

CAPTAIN HORACE ELMER'S DEATH

I was at the Jackson Sanitarium at Dansville, N. Y., on Sunday, May 2, 1898, when the Buffalo Sunday papers came in with the news of Dewey's having, without the loss of a man, destroyed the entire Spanish fleet (ten warships and one transport) in Manila Bay; the Spanish loss being 412 men. In the same paper appeared a telegram from New York announcing the death, of pneumonia, at Brooklyn Navy Yard, of Captain Horace Elmer, of Court House. The passing of our respected townsman was more than an ordinary tragedy. He had been on shore duty for the allotted period and was about to "go to sea" when the Spanish War broke out, having been assigned to the Asiatic squadron. Nobody ever dreamed that the Asiatic fleet would ever figure to the slightest degree in the war with Spain, and when Captain Elmer received his orders to proceed to Hong-kong he did what he had never in all his long Naval

career done; he protested vigorously against being sent away from the war zone. It had always been his rule to obey orders without question, but, pointing to his record, he finally succeeded in having his assignment changed, and he was temporarily sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to prepare the mosquito fleet for service. If memory is not at fault, it was Captain Gridley who was assigned to command the ship that Elmer was to have had if he had joined the Asiatic squadron—the ship which fired the first shot. At the moment when Dewey was saying, “You may fire, Gridley, when you are ready,” Captain Elmer was dying in Brooklyn.

FIRST COPY OF THE GAZETTE

On March 6, 1880, the first copy of the Cape May County “Gazette” that came off the press was claimed by six-years-old Edith Elmer, daughter of Naval Commander Horace Elmer, above referred to, and Adele Wiley Elmer, daughter of Dr. John Wiley, veritable hero of the Rebellion, whose bravery in the battle of Gettysburg was most marked.

In 1896 Miss Elmer received the degree of B. L. at Smith College, the youngest graduate in the history of that institution. In 1893 she became the wife of Albert Norton Wood, U.S.N., who later was promoted to a Captaincy having distinguished himself in the battle of Manila.

In 1906, Mrs. Wood was the founder of the Anti-Tuberculosis League of Porto Rico and in the later year a delegate to the International Tuberculosis Congress. From 1917 to 1929 she was chairman of the American Association of University Women’s Committee on Housing; from 1926 to 1932, she conducted courses on housing in Columbia University from which institution she received her Doctor’s degree; in 1933 she was consultant in the Housing Division of the Public Works Administration and in 1934, Member of the New Jersey State Housing Authority.

She is the author of: “Her Provincial Cousin”, 1893;

"Shoulder Straps and Sunbonnets", 1901; "The Spirit of the Service", 1903; "An Oberland Chalet", 1910; "The Housing of the Unskilled Wage Earner", 1919; "Housing Progress in Western Europe", 1923; and "Recent Trends in American Housing", 1931.

Their children were Thurston Elmer Wood, who graduated from West Point and distinguished himself in the World War in which he met an untimely death; Horace Elmer Wood and Albert Elmer Wood, both of whom graduated from Princeton.

Captain Wood died a few years ago but his widow retains her residence here, owning and occupying the fine old mansion which was built by her Grandfather Wiley soon after the war of '61.

CHAPTER XXVI

A SHREWD POLITICAL BOSS

In 1901, when the term of Harry S. Douglass as Common Pleas Judge was about to expire, there was a long and bitter contest over the naming of his successor. Robert E. Hand was in the Senate at the time and served notice on Governor Foster M. Voorhees that unless he named lawyer Harrison Voorhees, of Camden, to the position, he, Hand, would block the confirmation by the Senate of whomever he did name. United States Senator Sewell, who was presumed to be actual Dictator for South Jersey, was radically opposed to Hand's choice and his able lieutenant, Sheriff David Baird, of Camden, haunted the Governor's office with protests. From time out of mind the right of a senator to control the appointments in his county had been conceded, and the Executive was "between the Devil and deep sea"—he either had to break the rule and defy Senator Hand or do what no Republican governor had ever done before, challenge General Sewell's right to dictate. Finally Baird got the governor to promise that he would not send in the nomination until he had had another talk with him. Baird then took a trip to the Pacific coast, ostensibly to buy spars for his vessel-building customers. The weeks rolled by and the Legislature was nearing its end, and still the wiley sheriff did not return for the promised conference. Finally the Governor let it be known that on a certain Monday night he was going to nominate his namesake (but not of kin) and at noon on that day Baird walked into the executive chamber and exacted

a promise that the nomination would not be sent to the Senate until nine o'clock. At eight-thirty Baird returned accompanied by Harrison Voorhees and said: "Governor, I want to introduce my friend, Harry Voorhees; he is a dammed good feller and as a special favor I hope you will appint him judge for Cape May county." During Judge Voorhees' term Baird always had a convincing argument why his wishes should be honored by the court.

David Baird was born in Ireland, was a splendid business man and one of the shrewdest politicians of his time. He wielded almost absolute control over the South Jersey counties and when any scheme for new legislation was on foot it was wise to see what "Davev" had to say about it.

Once when John Franklin Fort was Governor (1908 to 1911) he proposed to Baird that they get a law enacted putting the entire licensing power of the State in the hands of an excise commission of three men—(Baird to be one of the three), adding "If we do this we can control New Jersey for ten years." The sheriff was too wise to stand for any such proposition, and his reply to Fort was: "Aw, Guvner, thot's all right, but I wouldn't dare trust meself with any sich power as thot."

Governor Foster M. Voorhees was one of the most brilliant young men that ever won high office in the State, but during his term he succeeded in alienating the newspapers of the state, and the press was determined that he should never reach the United States Senatorship. While it was not put on paper, there was a sort of mutual understanding that his name was not to be mentioned in editorial columns of newspapers. At that time I was active in the New Jersey Editorial Association (later its president) and one of Voorhees' friends—also a friend of mine—told me that the "silent treatment" that was being accorded to the ex-governor bid fair to kill him politically; said he, "No man living can survive such tactics." His political career ended;

he became president of a bank in Elizabeth and was indicted for attesting an incorrect report of the institution to the Comptroller. As a matter of fact he had done no more than hundreds of bank directors had done without criminal intent; the statement was prepared by a clerk and laid on his desk for signature, which he appended without taking the trouble to verify the figures by examining the books.

AN HONEST JUDGE

One of the reasons for Senator Hand's bitter opposition to the re-appointment of Harry S. Douglass as Common Pleas Judge, was pretty generally known to those on the inside of politics in this county. Shortly before Douglass' term expired he presided at the trial of Somers Garron, of Tuckahoe, who had been indicted at the instance of Senator Hand for appropriating to his own use some cord wood which Hand claimed. The Judge's charge, very favorable to the defendant, was concluded late in the afternoon and in order that the jury might not risk being kept from their homes overnight the court permitted them to separate until the next morning. Just before court was opened Senator Hand came to me and said, "Do you want to see Harry Douglass re-appointed? If you do, tell him that if he will recall the jury and reframe his charge, telling them to convict Garron, I will have him appointed for another five years." Douglass was noted for his quiet, tranquil temperament, and in all the long years of our friendship I had never heard him resort to profanity, but in this instance he turned on me and trembling with rage, he exclaimed: "You go back and tell Bob Hand to go Plumb to Hell." Judge Douglass was a poor man at that time and the salary meant a great deal to him. True to his word Hand had Harrison Voorhees appointed.

Some years later Douglass, while Prosecutor of the Pleas, was visited one day by "Squire Duke", of Cape May, who said that some parties from Philadelphia

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and expansion. The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these immigrants. The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of free men, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these free men.

The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of law, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these laws. The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these peace.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of progress, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these progress. The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of justice, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these justice.

The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of freedom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these freedom. The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of equality, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these equality.

The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of unity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these unity. The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of strength, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these strength.

The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a nation of wisdom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these wisdom. The thirteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of courage, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these courage.

The fourteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these hope.

wanted to open a high-class gambling house at the shore, and had arranged for a special train to be run down at noon during the Summer to bring the patrons from the city. He stated that the venture would prove very profitable and he had been authorized by the promoters to spend a considerable sum of money for protection. Douglass' answer was, "All right, go ahead and open the place and I'll raid it in twenty-four hours." The gambling house was never opened.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE FIRE OF 1905

About midnight on Washington's Birthday, 1905, a fire broke out in the two-story frame building, on Mechanic street, owned and occupied by Theodore Yourison as a hardware store. While it might have been of incendiary origin, the consensus of opinion was that the fire was the unintended result of a robbery. The local apparatus was inadequate and fire companies were summoned from Wildwood and Cape May. But before the fire burned itself out at seven o'clock the next morning, twenty-two buildings were in ashes; the Yourison store, Edwin Foster's grocery and apartment, Mrs. R. R. Sharp's dry goods store, the "Gazette" building, Walter Hurrell's house and store, the Hildreth store and public hall, the Hereford hotel, Robert Elmer's residence and bakery, the home of David T. Smith, Benezet's shoe store, Charles Nichols' store and residence, the Enoch Edwards store, Red Men's Hall, Douglass brothers' law offices, John B. Huffman's law office, Swing Willis' meat market and others being among the structures destroyed.

It being Thursday night, the "forms" for the "Gazette" had already been "made up"—in fact two pages of the paper had been printed. I had been confined to bed for two days, but dressed and hurried to the office where a brief glance convinced me that the plant was doomed. Washington Godfrey got together a half-dozen good men including foreman J. C. Foster, and compositor George Nichols (later cashier of the First National Bank), and asked me what I wanted saved

first, (the roof was already ablaze) to which I replied that money would buy new type, furniture and paper stock, but no money would replace the files of the "Gazette" for the past 25 years. The files were carried down, and after that the partly printed pages and the forms that had already been "made up" for the inside pages; then the type writer, subscription lists and mailing machine and drawers from my desk. By that time the place was too hot for human existence and I opened the fireproof safe, took out the account books, (leaving only a large volume of century old history that had been kept there for safety) locked the safe and escaped from the building. When the fireproof safe was opened a week later the volume was apparently intact, but it fell apart when touched. By eight o'clock on Friday morning I was visited by Jed. Dubois, of the "Wildwood Journal" and Albert Hand of the "Cape May Star and Wave" both of whom offered me the use of their plants to get the paper out. Dubois' offer was accepted and the partly printed paper, the forms, and my office force were loaded into a borrowed truck and taken to Wildwood. Arrived there, several columns of type were lifted from the forms and a "scare-head" account of the fire inserted in their place.

Meanwhile Mr. Leslie S. Ludlam had tendered me the use of desk room in his office and it was there that Miss Carrie Price (now Broadwater) used the mailing machine to get the edition ready for the post-office. We had no printing ink and Carrie got a box of shoe blacking, thinned it with sweet oil, and completed her job. It was now after two o'clock on Saturday and the "Gazette" force had been on duty about thirty-eight hours without rest. On Saturday I had wired the American Typefounders Co. and the Thomas W. Price Co. to send salesmen down that night. They both arrived on the evening train and, working with them all night, by daylight I had "spent" \$3,000 (which I didn't have) for new equipment, a large part of which arrived here on Monday morning's freight. They had called in a crew

and worked all day Sunday getting out the shipments.

On Sunday William J. Tyler, who was the Reading railroad agent (later president of the First National Bank) came to tell me that he had gotten permission from Superintendent McCausland for me to occupy the second-story of the railroad station here until such time as I could build permanent quarters. Coleman F. Corson had occupied the first floor of the "Gazette" building as a barber shop and a hastily constructed wooden shack (it was just that) was erected outside the pavement for his use. On Thursday night, while the fire was still burning, standing in the street, I had contracted with Washington Godfrey to put up a new brick structure (still known as the "Gazette Block") and Corson continued to operate this middle-of-the-street shack for barbering until the new building was far enough advanced for him to move in. Meanwhile we were carrying our forms to Wildwood each week to print the paper. After Mr. Corson vacated it, the shack was moved to the vacant rear of my lot and a new cylinder press was installed until the completion of the permanent building. The shack was then moved over onto Hurrell's property where he still uses it as a wood-house.

For seven months the editorial desk was in Mr. Ludlam's office, the composing room and job presses were two squares away in the railroad station, and the newspaper press was at the corner of Main and Mechanic streets. A score or more of letters and telegrams which I received at the time of the fire are among my most valued treasures. One of the best friends I ever had was Hugh Foulke, at one time Professor of Belles-lettres at Swarthmore College, and he wrote me as follows:

"My dear friend Alfred,

I can not expand my imagination, or quicken it, sufficiently to conceive the chaotic condition of a printing and publishing office after a fire. The more I try to go into details the more confused do I get; as I can

see only masses of molten lead, pigments of stereotyped plates, stray leaves—badly scorched—of ledgers and subscription lists; and pieces of machinery—now valueless—which so lately worked with the perfect accuracy of printing presses. All of these pictures float before me in a confused mass; while there is a vivid, yes, a clear view of the proprietor of the establishment surveying the premises (not as Marius “Weeping over the ruins”) with a cool head, a steady nerve and an optimistic resolution to bring order out of chaos. In the difficulties now confronting thee, thee has the cordial sympathy of thy old friend,

Hugh Foulke
1025 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pa.”

Of this Professor Foulke, my mother in 1885 wrote (from Clifton Springs again) as follows:

“Professor Hugh Foulke, of Swarthmore, is here, and occasionally gives a conversational lecture in the parlor. Professor Foulke takes for his subject the life and writings of almost any Foreign or American poet or poetess you may wish; and, after giving the life sketch, recites from memory *AD-LIBITUM* from their works for a whole evening. His mind is like a great chest of drawers most systematically arranged and labelled, any one of which he can open at pleasure, and take therefrom these precious treasures of memory and lavish them in profusion upon his delighted audiences adding to their store of pleasure and knowledge, without diminishing his own. His last, on Tuesday evening, was on “Robert Burns—as Man and Poet”. After giving a sketch of Burns’ life, courtship and death, he said that, as a poet, Burns towered far above the man. He divided his poetry into Bacchanalian, Friendship, Nature, Morality, Love, Patriotism, Philanthropy and Religion, reciting from each: “To the Brothers of the Mystic Tie”, the “Banks of Clyde”, “Cotter’s Saturday Night”, “My Heart is in the Highland”, “Bonny Doon”, “John Anderson My Joe”, “Auld Lang Syne”, “A Man’s a Man for a’ That”, or “Honest Poverty”; “Highland Mary”, and “Bruce’s Address”, of which last, Chris-

The first section of the report is devoted to a general survey of the progress of the country during the year. It is a most interesting and valuable document, and one which every citizen should read. It contains a great deal of information, and is written in a clear and concise manner. The second section is devoted to a detailed account of the various departments of the government, and the progress of their work. It is a most interesting and valuable document, and one which every citizen should read. It contains a great deal of information, and is written in a clear and concise manner.

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topher North has said "it's the grandest production outside of holy writ." Mr. Foulke is a member of the Society of Friends, and was formerly the President of The Friends' Seminary in New York City. He says it is perfectly natural and easy to remember poetry and personal history, but his memory does not extend to heights, distances or measurements. This gentleman is still suffering from a fall on the ice at 8th and Chestnut streets in the "City of Brotherly Love" a few years ago; but, like all the afflicted here, he wears a bright and tranquil countenance, and has a cheerful word for all with whom he comes in contact."

CHAPTER XXVIII

A BOGUS MEDICAL SCHOOL

The Atlantic Seaboard States were startled in the early nineties when the Philadelphia "Record" came out with full pages of exposure of "Doctor" Buchanan's bogus medical diploma mill, and printed the names of several thousand supposed regular physicians who were practicing all over the United States without having taken a course. The newspaper in some way got hold of Buchanan's private books and records and proved conclusively that thousands of bogus diplomas had been sold at various prices—ranging from \$50 to \$500. Among the list were the names of a well-known Millville "M. D." and also of a leading practitioner of Cape May county, who in the previous twenty years had built up an amazingly large practice at Court House and in the adjacent territory. He had been highly respected and it had to be admitted was successful in his chosen profession. So far as is known he never spoke of the exposure here but immediately enrolled as a student in Jefferson Medical College, spent three days a week attending the lectures and was able to take the final examinations and publicly graduated in the Academy of Music. He surely had "nerve" and financial instinct as well. One evening he stepped up to the window at the Court House post-office and handed in a small package containing medicine he was sending to a patient in an adjoining town. Postmaster Nichols weighed the packet and said, "Doctor, it's just a fraction over four cents." The doctor took back the packet, opened it at one end and sifted out on the post

office floor approximately one-quarter of its contents—a white powder. Retying the packet he handed it to Nichols and said, “That’ll go for four cents, won’t it?” Had I not seen this whole transaction I surely would not believe it. This Doctor was the leader in the fight to “kill” street lighting.

IRELAND AND ITALY CLASH

In the later “eighties” the twenty-five years’ agitation of a second railroad to Cape May bore fruit in the determination of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad to reach the resorts of this county by tapping its Atlantic City tracks at Winslow Junction and building the “South Jersey R. R.” to Ocean City, Sea Isle, Wildwood and Cape May. Edward R. Wood, of Philadelphia, was the chief promoter of the new line and in 1894 the rails were laid on the cheapest pine ties procurable—and many of these ties were never paid for. Hon. E. L. Ross and I sold a quantity of ties to E. A. Tennis, the contractor, having refused to deal with Wood of the S.J.R.R. Tennis paid us promptly while others who sold to the company were less fortunate. While discussing the deal Tennis said to me: “I do not understand why you are so willing to trust me—a stranger—while you will not sell to the people you know.” I replied, “Mr. Tennis, you have answered your own question!” The new line had to cross the West Jersey about a mile south of Woodbine, and again just above Court House, and when the rails had been laid from Winslow as far as the projected crossing below Woodbine, the South Jersey could not proceed further without the “frog”, connecting the two tracks at the projected intersection; neither could they afford a long delay. The West Jersey procured an injunction which was followed by a long and bitter legal contest. Both companies had able lawyers and a protracted battle was staged in the Court of Chancery; which finally resulted in an edict forbidding the South Jersey to cross the West Jersey at grade—the new road must

erect overhead crossings at its own expense, and must not in the meanwhile attempt to set "frogs" at the disputed point. Knowing the caliber of Wood and his promoter, Logan Bullitt, the West Jersey took no chances on its rival obeying the Court's order, and placed a locomotive on the main track at the point where the "frog" was to be put in; placing watchmen on the ground to report every move of the enemy. For weeks the "frog" was on a flat car at Tuckahoe, with a locomotive ready to haul it to Woodbine at a moment's notice. Day after day the air was rife with rumors, "They are going to cross tonight", and I was assigned by the Philadelphia "Ledger" to the job of nightly watching for the battle which must sooner or later take place. Each afternoon for ten days I received a code message from Wm. V. McKean, managing editor of the "Ledger", advising of the probabilities of the night. I did not then, and still do not know, how the "Ledger" was able to get information that all the brains and facilities of the Pennsylvania R.R. Co. could not procure; but the "tips" were accurate and when at last the message said "They will cross tonight", I had no doubt of its accuracy. Shortly after eight o'clock the headlight of the Tuckahoe locomotive came into sight and the car with its "frog" and forty-five or fifty lively sons of Erin, directed by a sturdy, happy-faced Irishman by the name of Frank Ahern (who afterward was a freight conductor) arrived at the edge of the West Jersey right-of-way where the huge casting was unloaded but carefully kept off the West Jersey property. In ten minutes a special with more than one hundred Italians arrived from Belleplain, where they had been kept in readiness for service, and the scrap began. The South Jersey had made ample preparations for ignoring the presence of the locomotive and brought up from their flat car a quantity of steel rail, curved and cut to measure and in an hour had cut into its own tracks two hundred feet back and spiked down a neat curve

around the barrier. Meanwhile another locomotive arrived from Tuckahoe drawing carloads of ties, rails and gravel which were rushed to the west side of the West Jersey tracks. While half of the S. J. gang was doing this work, the other half was busily engaged in beating off the Italians who were supposed to prevent the "frog" being laid. But never was there a more vivid demonstration of racial traits than was staged in that fight—one Irishman, armed with a bludgeon was good for a half dozen of the sons of Italy; when the melee became dangerous, the Italians laid down the shovels with which they were armed, and positively refused to fight, much to the disgust of Ahern and his gang who liked nothing better than to crack skulls. Public sentiment in the county was ninety per cent with the new road, and when Justice of the Peace James Shoemaker held court in a box-car on the siding the next day, Ahern and his gang were charged with assault and battery, disorderly conduct, etc., scores of citizens crowded into the car and loudly proclaimed their approval when the 'Squire discharged all of the accused. During the building of this road every legal device that smart lawyers could devise was used to hold up and delay the track laying; land in different parts of the county that must be crossed by the new road was bought up by agents of the West Jersey and injunctions galore were procured from the Court of Chancery. The new railroad reached Court House on Tuesday, June 12, 1884.

Later the new road was bought by the Reading. Now the West Jersey and Reading have pooled their issues, the former's tracks have been torn up from Woodbine to Cape May and the Reading tracks carry what traffic the automobiles and busses have left them.

CHAPTER XXIX

RAILROAD MONEY IN POLITICS

One of the first things that impressed me on settling here was the intensity of political activity in this county—one of the smallest in the state. The population of Cape May County in 1880 was 9,768, while that of Essex County was 189,920, and Hudson 187,994, and Cape May had one State Senator, the same representation as each of the other counties. "Railroad money" flowed like water in those days and it can readily be seen why it was cheaper to secure one vote in the State Senate from Cape May than it was to get one vote from either Essex or Hudson. One of my first recollections of a ballot in this county was seeing political workers stand within ten feet of the ballot box with one, two, and five dollar bills sticking up between the fingers of one hand, and a bunch of tickets in the other hand, each party bidding for the voters' preference. This was before the days of the secret ballot, but of course was illegal, and at the time to which I refer, Capt. Joseph Hall, who was Judge of Election, stood up and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, this is too bad, too bad; you'll have to get outside of the polling place." On that occasion one side had a much heavier campaign fund than the other, but when the votes were counted at night, it was found that the Party that had the least money had won the election; they had used their funds to buy the poll-workers of their opponents instead of individual voters. There is no question that this reputed corruption of Cape May county elections has continued all these years because of the equal repre-

THE STATE

OF THE

THE STATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IN SENATE
JANUARY 1878
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE
MAY 1877
ALBANY: J. B. LEECH, STATE PRINTER.
1878.

sentation of the counties in the State Senate, and one need not go beyond the primaries and election of 1936 for a verification of this opinion. I do not believe that the average citizen of this county is any more venal than his brother in Hudson or Essex, but the temptation to barter votes is much greater.

THE HIRES-DUDLEY CONGRESSIONAL FIGHT

During the forty years between 1880 and 1920 there were numerous bitter political fights in South Jersey, in many of which I was an active participant, but I recall none that was nearly so intense as that of 1884 between millionaire Thomas H. Dudley, former U. S. representative to Liverpool, and State Senator George Hires, of Salem county, each seeking the congressional nomination from the First New Jersey District, embracing the counties of Camden, Gloucester, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May. Hires was a gentleman of extraordinary affability, shrewd business intelligence and strong personal integrity, and had the backing of General Sewell, and consequently of the "organization" in each of the five counties. Dudley was an aristocrat, unpopular with the masses and without political experience. Money flowed like water prior to the primaries for the selection of delegates, and later, on the floor of the convention, to "hold" the delegates that had been accredited to each side. The convention was held on the old Denizot pier at Cape May, and was called to order at noon by Isaac T. Nichols, of Bridgeton, and when darkness came on at night the delegates were still battling hopelessly; twelve ballots having been taken, and what with the ceaseless roaring of the surf beneath the pier and the howling (no less) of fifty or more imported heelers who had been brought down from Camden to cheer for their candidate and boo for the opponents, the chairmen of the different delegations had difficulty in making themselves heard by the tellers who were recording the votes. I was chairman of the Cape May county contingent and long before the

end was reached I had lost my voice completely, and had to utilize the fog horn voice of a six foot four delegate from Cape May Point to announce the county result on each ballot. The buying and selling was still going on between the ballots, and one delegate from Sea Isle City, who had been elected for Dudley, "struck" for more money in the middle of the session; and only stuck to his candidate when he had been given a check (the cash had long been exhausted) for \$750. The fellow got beastly drunk in the evening, and got a saloon keeper to cash his check; a facsimile of which appeared in a Philadelphia paper the following week. The man whose name was at the bottom of the check breathed easier after the next grand jury had finished its labors.

The convention consisted of 370 delegates divided among the counties as follows: Camden, 90; Gloucester, 85; Cumberland, 70; Salem, 80, and Cape May 45. The good faith candidates were Hires, Dudley, and Charles M. Starr (of Gloucester county) with John W. Newlin and John B. Campbell (both of Millville) as what might be termed "smoke screen candidates" put up by the politicians to cloud the issue. On the 13th ballot Dudley fell to five votes, and Starr received 162. On the 14th ballot while pandemonium ruled and darkness prevailed the chair declared that Hires had received 186 votes, just one more than half of the total vote—whether the figures were juggled, or not, nobody could say; but the air was full of rumors. In November Hires was elected by a majority of 1742; of which Cape May gave him 162. He served four years with satisfaction to his constituents and honor to himself. Had it not been for the foolish two-term rule which prevailed at that time he would doubtless have remained in Congress the balance of his life.

INEFFICIENT ELECTION OFFICERS

When in 1889 the Wertz Ballot Law was passed, after the exposure of the corruption in elections in

Hudson county, the first County Election Board was appointed, the members being William Lake, of Ocean City; Samuel Ewing, West Cape May; Thomas M. Ludlam, Sea Isle City; and myself. I was elected chairman. For years the ignorance of many members of the local election boards had been so marked as to render elections in some cases almost a farce, although the officers were, in the main, honest men. The new Board formulated a set of twenty practical, but simple, questions—not one of which could not be answered by any intelligent man at all familiar with the ballot law; the examination being written, and each question carrying a possible mark of ten—two hundred being perfect. One hundred thirty was necessary for a passing mark. Of the more than one hundred men who took the first examination, only forty qualified for appointment. Oh, how the politicians of both parties kicked, but the Board was adamant and the County Committeemen had to present new names; they had evidently learned something, as their second list fared better—three-quarters of them passed. While the policy continued in force, there was a very marked improvement in the tally sheets, election returns, etc.

CHAPTER XXX

THE OLD-FASHIONED TOWN-MEETING

From time immemorial municipal elections were entirely separate from county, state and national campaigns. The Spring election or, as it was called, the Town Meeting, was held in March, and local officers were selected without reference to their party affiliations. In the early days the residents of the township gathered in front of the county court-house building where opposing candidates were nominated and the crowd voted by dividing to the right and left. The moderator "counted noses" and the candidates who had the most voters on their side were declared the winners. Later muslin ballots were substituted for the viva voce voting and finally paper ballots came into use. In the early nineties David Baird, who wanted to control the Camden county and city governments, succeeded in getting through the legislature a law doing away with Spring contests and merging the local and State elections in the November campaign. The "Gazette" and other country newspapers bitterly opposed the movement, but Baird prevailed, and assessors, collectors, freeholders, and constables have since been elected on a strictly political basis. This is bad, very bad, for local government, but it is doubtful if the politicians will ever permit the local government to be isolated from party politics.

THE COUNTRY STORE—"THAD." VAN GILDER

In 1880, and for years afterward, Thaddeus Van-Gilder kept a general store at Petersburg and also sold phosphate, harness and agricultural implements all

CHAPTER 12

THEORY OF THE EARTH

The theory of the earth is a branch of geology which deals with the origin and development of the earth and its various parts. It is a science which seeks to explain the causes of the various geological phenomena which we observe in nature. The theory of the earth is a very old science, and it has been the subject of much speculation and controversy for many centuries. In the early days of the world, men believed that the earth was created by the gods, and that it was the work of the gods to create the earth and its various parts. But as time went on, men began to think for themselves, and they began to question the old beliefs. They began to ask questions about the origin of the earth, and they began to try to find answers for themselves. This was the beginning of the theory of the earth. The theory of the earth is a very important science, and it is one of the most interesting and useful branches of geology. It is a science which has many practical applications, and it is one of the most important sciences of our time. The theory of the earth is a science which is constantly growing, and it is one of the most exciting and challenging branches of geology. It is a science which has many practical applications, and it is one of the most important sciences of our time. The theory of the earth is a science which is constantly growing, and it is one of the most exciting and challenging branches of geology. It is a science which has many practical applications, and it is one of the most important sciences of our time.

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over South Jersey. In his large stock he always carried "a leader" which he sold at absolute cost. At one time he bought a vessel (oyster boat) load of canned-goods from a factory in Delaware and sold them at a figure which tempted the pocketbooks of every thrifty housewife within twenty miles of his store. At that period New Orleans molasses was very popular, hard to get, and high in price, and VanGilder laid in a huge hog-head of the trickle, which he sold in five-gallon lots at cost—a little more than half the price the other small town stores could stand. He was a great believer in advertising and frequently took whole pages in the "Gazette". He told me once that women would drive twenty-five miles to procure real New Orleans molasses, and after he got them in the store he was usually able to sell them \$10 or \$15 worth of other goods at a profit. One of his leaders was a head halter for horses, of which he bought five thousand of a bankrupt concern, and sold them in lots of four at twenty-five cents each—easily a seventy-five cent article. One Sunday he counted four hundred horses at Seaville Camp and put an advertisement of his halters into each vehicle, and the halters sold like hot-cakes.

FIFTY YEARS COUNTY CLERK

It is doubtful if the record of Jonathan Hand, county clerk from 1840 to 1890, a period of fifty years, was ever equalled in this or any other state. His father, Jonathan Hand, had served as county clerk from 1831 to 1834 when he died. His son, Jonathan, not having attained his twenty-first year, Jacob Smith was elected by the legislature, and he was succeeded by Swain Townsend who employed young Hand as an assistant. When Hand reached his majority Townsend resigned and Jonathan was elected by the legislature. Under that appointment he served five years and was re-elected by the people nine times; often without opposition. Jonathan's mother was Sarah Moore, daughter of a Trenton ferryman. Of her Stevens' History says:

"She, when a girl of twelve years, was selected and was one of the twenty-four girls who, in 1789, when George Washington was on his way to New York to become the first President of the nation, strewed flowers upon his path. When she was married to Hand, she was a widow, Wilson by name. She lived at Cape May Court House until she died, in 1871, aged 93 years. She was a devout Christian woman, and a member of the Baptist denomination." In thinking of Jonathan Hand's long record as county clerk one is reminded of Hawthorne's lines in his *Scarlet Letter*, where he puts into the mouth of Surveyor Pue these words: "For it is not in your day as it was in mine, when a man's office was a life lease and often-times an heirloom." Jonathan Hand's office was both an heirloom and a life lease.

PAGES FROM A COURT REPORTER'S NOTE BOOK

For more than forty years I personally heard every important case, and ninety-nine per cent of the minor cases, that were tried in the Cape May County Courts and I know of no function of public life which has been as radically changed (and not always for the better) as the court procedure. As a reporter I studied the attitude, mentality and veracity of the judges, lawyers, witnesses, jurors, court attendants, prisoners and litigants. During that long period I occasionally served as a petit juror but by common consent I was exempted by the sheriff and judges. An interesting volume of several hundred pages could be written on the pathos, acumen, stubbornness and humor I heard and witnessed in the old court-house; and I think the most interesting subjects for study were the lawyers and judges.

Fifty years ago the Supreme Court Justice assigned to this district presided over the Circuit Court, the Oyer and Terminer, Common Pleas and Orphans Courts, three terms being held each year, in April, September and December. There was no such thing

in New Jersey as a Circuit Court judge, nor a county judge. On the bench beside the presiding Judge sat three lay-judges, appointed by the Governor and usually selected for their political loyalty to the party in power. Notwithstanding this mode of selection, I think I can conscientiously say that I never knew a lay-judge in this county who was dishonest, crooked, or venal, and their wide knowledge of the people made them very helpful to the presiding judge.

All liquor licenses were granted by the Common Pleas Court, the Supreme Court Justice and the three lay-judges having votes. At one period all licenses were refused, two radical temperance men (Jesse H. Diverty, of Dennisville, and Abram Reeves, of Lower township) having been appointed to the bench without any consideration of the liquor question. Justice Alfred Reed and Somers Gandy, of Upper township, were the other two members of the court. On the opening day of the term some thirty applications were presented and the lawyers and audience were simply astounded when Judge Reed announced, "There will be no licenses granted at this term, there being a division of two to two on the subject." Judge Reeves was a strong Republican and a member of one of the largest families in the lower part of the county. Senator "Burr" Miller, with the thought of capturing the votes of the Reeves family (roughly estimated at from thirty to fifty), had had Reeves appointed, and was panic-stricken when his appointee backed-up on the license matter. The liquor party was very strong in this county, hundreds of men who neither drank nor sold liquor favored hotel licenses, because public places of entertainment were needed, and Miller's plan for capturing votes proved to be his political death-knell.

Frequently when there was a congestion Judge Reed would send the lay-judges up into the grand jury room to try petty indictments, and it was great fun for the

lawyers to handle cases before these estimable but absolutely unlearned in the law lay-judges. On one occasion when a fellow from Dennisville was being tried for assault and battery on a neighbor, Judge Diverty charged the jury as follows: "Gentlemen, of the jury, so far as I can tell from the evidence the plaintiff in this case is a fool, and the defendant is a knave; swear a constable."

"Court-day" at that time was an event in the life of the county. Most of the lawyers came down on Monday night and jurors and witnesses began to arrive early on Tuesday morning. People from every village in the county came in all sorts of vehicles. The street in front of the court-house had the appearance of the old fashioned "training day"; and swapping of horses, bargaining for pigs, cows, ploughs and harrows were all put aside until "court-day". The two hotels were packed and the innkeeper who failed to provide great quantities of chicken pot-pie was out of luck. I frequently collected a hundred dollars in subscriptions and an analysis of my books would have disclosed the fact that most of my subscriptions began either in April, September, or December. Every housewife in the town was busy days beforehand making provisions for guests; and chicken pot-pie was the chief item on the menu.

The Supreme Court Justices who presided here during the years I sat at the reporters' table were Bennet Van Syckel, Alfred Reed, George C. Ludlow, Charles E. Hendrickson, Francis J. Swayze, Charles C. Black and Luther A. Campbell.

A THOUSAND DOLLAR REMARK

Judge Van Syckel, a profound lawyer, a scholar, and honest, was one of the most severe, determined members of the Judiciary in New Jersey. On one occasion when a criminal trial was going on, as he walked down the aisle immediately behind the members of the jury at the noon recess, he heard a man, who we will call

"Henry," in one of the seats exclaim in a sonorous voice, in the full hearing of the jurors. "I'd rot before I convicted that man." Judge Van Syckel turned quickly to the court-crier and said, "Open Court!" Returning to his judicial seat, he said to the sheriff, "Arrest that man, Sheriff." By this time there was considerable commotion in the court-room, and he pounded with the gavel until order was restored, and then said: "Henry, for several years I have been aware of a subtle, but outrageous, interference with jurors on your part, and it *must* be stopped. I sentence you to pay a fine of one thousand dollars and serve two years in State Prison." During the noon hour, the lay-judges pleaded with Van Syckel to reconsider the sentence, and he finally consented to remit the prison term but stood firm for the fine. That evening in the bar-room of Wheaton's Hotel somebody suggested to "Henry" that he horsewhip Judge Van Syckel, to which "Henry" replied: "Maybe you would; but, by zounds, I have had enough of Judge Van Syckel!" Judge Van Syckel resigned on March 7th, 1904, after thirty-five years of service.

The next Justice sent to this district was Honorable Alfred Reed, who had been Mayor of Trenton, and later District Court Judge in the same city. He was appointed to the Supreme bench in 1880. For a year Judge Reed was most unpopular, apparently being indifferent to the tax-payers' interests. On one occasion he adjourned court in Cumberland county in the middle of the day to keep a theatre date with his fiancée in Philadelphia. But Judge Reed was fully aware of his own shortcomings, and his attitude underwent a great change. Years later, while spending an evening in my home, he said to me: "When I was appointed to the bench I had a swelled head; I thought I was the biggest man on earth, and I wonder that the people did not rise against me. I soon learned that a Supreme Court Justice was merely a man, after all." In all my newspaper experience, I made it an invari-

able rule never to prejudice in the "Gazette" columns any case that was to come before the court. I believed then, and I still believe, that the newspapers should be restrained from trying cases before they are heard in court. Immediately on coming here Judge Reed had subscribed for the "Gazette" and had doubtless approved of my attitude in this matter. I became very fond of him, and was always pleased when he beckoned to me to come to the bench and suggested "a little stroll after Court?" It came to be his habit to spend one or two evenings each term at my home, and during those visits he talked very freely of court matters, showing his confidence in my not repeating things that he said. Of course, I respected his position and never brought any court matter into the conversation unless he first mentioned it. Reed was very strong in the opinion that a well-guarded liquor license was better than the speakeasies which so often attended the refusal of licenses, but he was bitterly opposed to granting licenses to women, and there were not lawyers enough in the State to induce him to grant a license to a woman, even though she were the widow or daughter of a deceased hotel keeper. Once when I was spending an evening with a friend in Columbia county, New York, Supreme Court Justice Fursman, of Troy, was a fellow guest. He asked me if I knew Judge Reed. Upon saying that I knew him very well, Judge Fursman said: "The Judicial decisions of New Jersey stand well out in front of all the decisions in the United States, and the decisions of Judge Reed, in my opinion, are the most noteworthy in New Jersey."

THE GRACE MURDER TRIAL

It was in May, 1884, while Justice Reed was here, that the indictment charging one Gilbert Grace with administering poison to his family was tried. On the morning of the 17th of March, 1884, after eating breakfast the father, George Grace, his wife, and four or five children were taken violently ill. The only ones to

escape were the oldest son Gilbert, a six months old baby, and one brother, Harry, who had been absent from the meal. Dr. I. M. Downs was summoned and pronounced it a case of arsenical poison. Suspicion pointed to the oldest son who had avoided drinking coffee that morning. Analysis of the contents of the coffee pot disclosed the presence of a large quantity of poison. Inquiry at the drug store showed that Gilbert had purchased a box of "Rough on Rats". Harry, who had been absent, was employed in the "Gazette" office at the time and the father came to me with tears streaming down his face and wanted me, as a citizen, to make a formal complaint against the oldest son, and said, "We are afraid to eat or drink while he is in the house." The complaint was made and the boy was given a hearing by Justice of the Peace Spaulding, who committed Grace to jail upon the sworn testimony of the father. The mother, meanwhile, would not believe her son could be guilty of the crime, and before the case came to trial she employed Judge Pancoast, of Camden, and Colonel William E. Potter, of Bridgeton, (two of the highest priced lawyers in South Jersey) to defend Gilbert. At the mother's constant persuasion the father took the "back track" and joined in the defense, and when the case came to trial it resolved itself very largely into a smoke screen composed of virulent abuse of myself. The charge was made that I had concocted the whole scheme for the purpose of making a newspaper "scoop". After Grace had been committed to jail, I, as a correspondent of the Philadelphia papers, had sent a one hundred word dispatch to the Philadelphia Press, stating in calm and unbiased language the facts of the arrest. The item was entirely too tame to satisfy the re-write man in the Press room and he had built up nearly a column of the most sensational stuff that could possibly be framed. At the trial this was shown by the defense as an evidence of the perfidy of the man who had made

the complaint. The Prosecutor was outclassed by the eminent counsel for the defense, and while he wanted to protect me against the charges of being "an enemy to society" he simply didn't know how to do it, and in the closing argument Judge Pancoast (who was a past-master of scathing vituperation) spent forty-five minutes of his one-hour speech in abuse of the dastardly man who would sacrifice a human life to further his reportorial ends; and Colonel Potter, who was always a gentleman, told the jury that the complainant in this case was an "enemy of society", and, said he, "I am at a loss to understand why he has done this awful thing. I have long known his mother, who is one of the finest women I ever knew, and I count his father as one of my best friends; I can only attribute this dastardly action of the son to his extreme youth."

Before beginning his charge, Judge Reed, seeing the utter inability of the Prosecutor to protect me, earnestly proclaimed that in making the complaint at the request of the father I had done what any good citizen should do, and deserved the commendation of the community rather than abuse. After the case went to the jury, as I passed down the aisle, I was deeply touched by no less than thirty of the best people in the community coming forward and grasping my hand in sympathy and congratulation. The jury, after several hours, acquitted Grace. Public opinion in the town was almost solidly in favor of conviction, the reason assigned for the crime being the boy's desire to wipe out the whole family and come into possession of the father's estate, in order that he might marry a girl to whom the parents objected.

In after years I had considerable business with Judge Pancoast and we always got along harmoniously. Of course, his tirade against me in Court was simply a lawyer's trick to divert the minds of the jury from the guilt of his client. George Grace died in 1892.

Harry Grace, above referred to, later studied medi-

The government of the United States has been established by the people of the United States, and it is the duty of every citizen to support it. The government is composed of three branches: the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. The executive branch is headed by the President, who is elected by the people. The legislative branch is composed of the Senate and the House of Representatives, who are elected by the people. The judicial branch is headed by the Supreme Court, which is appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The government is responsible for the welfare of the people, and it is the duty of every citizen to support it.

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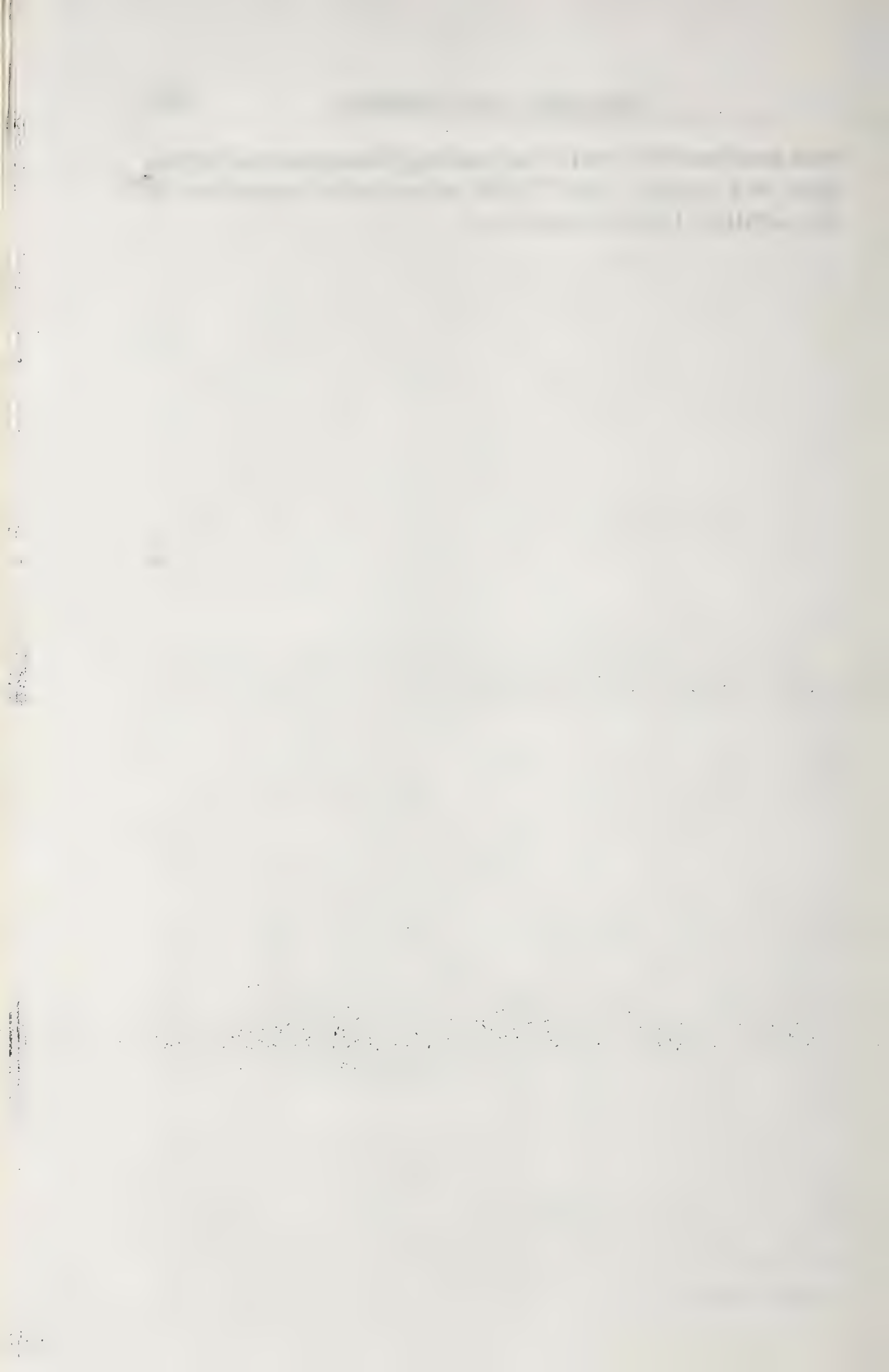
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cine and was for years the leading Homeopathic physician in Camden. In 1915 he was elected president of the Central Trust Company.

CHAPTER XXV

THE CAMDEN HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

THE CAMDEN HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN was a man of large growth, of an athletic build, and of a strong character. He was a native of Camden, and had spent his entire life in this city. He was a member of the Camden Homeopathic Association, and was one of its most active workers. He was a man of great energy and initiative, and was always ready to take the lead in any movement for the improvement of his fellow-citizens. He was a man of great influence, and was respected by all who knew him. He was a man of great courage, and was always ready to stand up for his principles. He was a man of great kindness, and was always ready to help those in need. He was a man of great faith, and was always ready to believe in the best of humanity. He was a man of great hope, and was always ready to see the good in every situation. He was a man of great love, and was always ready to love his fellow-citizens. He was a man of great wisdom, and was always ready to listen to the advice of others. He was a man of great strength, and was always ready to stand up for his principles. He was a man of great courage, and was always ready to stand up for his principles. He was a man of great kindness, and was always ready to help those in need. He was a man of great faith, and was always ready to believe in the best of humanity. He was a man of great hope, and was always ready to see the good in every situation. He was a man of great love, and was always ready to love his fellow-citizens. He was a man of great wisdom, and was always ready to listen to the advice of others. He was a man of great strength, and was always ready to stand up for his principles.



CHAPTER XXXI

MAYOR OF CAPE MAY TRIED FOR BRIBERY

Few have been the criminal trials that attracted such large crowds to the county-seat as did the case of the State vs. J. Henry Edmunds, Mayor of Cape May City. He was indicted in 1887 by a Grand Jury of which I was so unfortunate as to be foreman, for attempting to bribe members of the city council to vote to sell the city waterworks to a private corporation. At that period the names of grand jurors were kept secret until they were called in court, the object of which secrecy is at once apparent. On the Saturday previous to the sitting of the court I had occasion to visit Mr. Edmunds' office on a business matter; and after finishing the errand the Mayor began talking about the charges that were being made against him in the public press, and with a confidential air which was his characteristic in his many political and business "deals", he told me all the details of his "contacts" with the councilmen. He picked up a blotter from his desk and said, "I never offered 'Bill' or 'Tom' a penny; I just held up to them a blotter on which was written '\$500'; money was never mentioned." Honorable William T. Stevens, father of the Historian, and a man of unquestioned integrity, was a member of council and it was upon his testimony before the Grand Jury (which testimony agreed 100% in all its details with what the Mayor had told me the previous Saturday) that the indictments were found. The other witness the State intended to produce was Thos. H. Williamson, who was too ill to appear before the Grand Jury, and who died before the trial came

off. His demise left the State in a dilemma, having to rely almost entirely on Stevens' unsupported evidence, and when Edmunds denied in toto the testimony of his accuser, even repudiating the fact that he had ever talked to the councilman about selling the waterworks, the array of eminent Camden and Philadelphia lawyers that Edmunds had employed was able to secure an acquittal. It was generally thought that Williamson's death had been brought about by worry over the case. The waterworks was at that time a valuable municipal asset, and moneyed men in Philadelphia were said to be back of the scheme to get possession of the plant.

THE SOOY CASE FROM OCEAN CITY

The most expensive and long drawn-out case ever tried in this county was the ejectment suit of the Ocean City Hotel Company vs. Sooy. The first trial began on October 22, 1906, and lasted for several weeks, resulting in a disagreement of the jury. The second trial began in January, 1907. Between 200 and 300 witnesses were sworn. The issue depended entirely upon the question of how much of the beach in front of the hotel was flooded by the normal high tides of 1882. This was twenty-five years past and was a demonstration of the frailty of the human memory. Reputable witnesses with equal opportunity to observe the high water mark, differed several hundred feet in their testimony. Among the witnesses were a number of men from Millville who had spent several weeks tenting on the beach in question, with no possible interest in the outcome of the suit and with daily opportunity to observe the tides which might flood their temporary habitation. Part testified for the plaintiff and part for the defendant. The verdict of the jury was for the defendant; which gave Mr. Sooy a clear title to the disputed stretch of beach.

CAPE MAY'S FIRST AND LAST HANGING

One of the noted criminal cases tried before Judge Reed was that of Richard Pierce, a young negro from Swainton, charged with murdering his wife. At that time the freeholders were building a new jail and Pierce was temporarily confined in the Bridgeton jail. On the morning the trial was to begin, Judge Reed stopped me on the street and said, "Did you know that Pierce had committed suicide?" I replied, "How did he do it?" "Why," replied the Judge, "he employed Penn Hildreth to defend him." And that remark was prophetic; instead of admitting the deed and justifying it, he followed his lawyer's advice and insisted that he was miles away from the scene of the murder, his whole testimony being a fabrication of lies. There were circumstances in the case which would have greatly lessened the degree of the crime. Pierce was convicted and hung in the jail yard behind the court-house—the first and last hanging in Cape May county. A temporary pine board structure, eighteen feet high, had been erected at the rear of the old court-house several days prior to the execution, and in the intervening time the hot sun had shrunk the upright boards so that they were separated by "cracks" an eighth of an inch wide, and hours before the time set for the hanging scores of men and boys were lying on the ground outside widening the crevices with pen knives in order to make "peepholes" thru which to witness the final act in the tragedy. The roof of the court-house supplied ringside seats for a score more, and the trees close to the pen had their quota of sightseers. While less than twenty persons could legally be admitted to the enclosure, the town was literally full of people who came from the surrounding towns, drawn by morbid curiosity. I had been foreman of the Coroner's jury that held the inquest over the body of the murdered woman, and Judge Reed named me as one of the jury to witness the hanging. After the body was

cut down it was taken into the court-house where the head was severed by two Doctors from the University of Pennsylvania, and the remains placed in a sealed coffin for burial at Swainton. The brain can still be seen in a jar in the University museum.

A NOTED ADVERSE POSSESSION CASE

One of the most important cases tried in the courts here in many years was that of Shields vs. Ivy, tried three times before Justice Reed; an "adverse possession" suit. While the property was not so very valuable, the whole question of "adverse possession" was gone into at great length. Judge Reed's charge to the jury was very profound; and to this day many lawyers consider it the leading case of its kind in New Jersey history, clarifying the question as to just what sort of peaceable possession is necessary to upset a perfectly valid chain of paper title. In this case Shields sought to eject Ivy from occupancy of a house and lot at Cape May, and rested his claim upon testimony that he had had peaceable possession of the property since 1866. Ivy resisted this claim and showed a perfect chain of paper title running back to 1838. The first trial resulted in a verdict for Shields. Judge Reed was very much dissatisfied, and the Supreme Court upset the verdict, sent the case back for re-trial. In the second hearing there was a disagreement, the jury standing 11 to 1 for Shields, Jacob Collins, a surveyor from South Seaville, standing out against the eleven other jurors. Mr. Collins was a very conscientious man and was troubled by the thought that he would be charged with stubbornness. Upon the conclusion of the case several of the jurors rode in the omnibus to the railroad station, together with Judge Reed. The latter utterly ignored all the other jurors but invited Collins to sit beside him and chatted genially with him all the way to the train. Of course, while the trial was not referred to, it was very apparent that the "Court" endorsed Collins' action in hanging the jury. It was felt

and others. It was found that the most common cause of the disease was the use of the same water for drinking and for washing. The water was found to be contaminated with the disease germs.

THE HISTORY OF THE DISEASE

The history of the disease is very interesting. It was first discovered in 1854, when a small number of people in the town of Broad Street, London, were found to be suffering from the disease. The disease was then found to be spreading to other parts of the town, and finally to other towns and cities. The disease was found to be caused by the use of the same water for drinking and for washing. The water was found to be contaminated with the disease germs. The disease was found to be very contagious, and it was found that the disease germs could live in the water for a long time. The disease was found to be very dangerous, and it was found that the disease could be prevented by the use of clean water for drinking and for washing. The disease was found to be very common in the town of Broad Street, London, and it was found that the disease was spreading to other parts of the town, and finally to other towns and cities. The disease was found to be caused by the use of the same water for drinking and for washing. The water was found to be contaminated with the disease germs. The disease was found to be very contagious, and it was found that the disease germs could live in the water for a long time. The disease was found to be very dangerous, and it was found that the disease could be prevented by the use of clean water for drinking and for washing.

that the personal unpopularity of Ivy had a great deal to do with the action of both of the juries, and when the case came up for the third time in September, 1890, Judge Reed granted a change of venue and brought twenty-four men from Cumberland county from which to select a jury of twelve. This trial resulted in a verdict for Ivy, the holder of the paper title. In effect, the Court said, "A claimant has the right to rest on a clear paper title and it devolves upon a contestant to prove that his adverse possession has not been merely an attempt to hold, but that he has actually been in peaceable, notorious, and continuous possession; that his acts of possession must have been of such a character and frequency as to be known and apparent to the holder of the paper title—not merely a series of occasional trespasses, but open, public and continued assertion of ownership."

After Judge Reed, the next Justice of the Supreme Court assigned to this district (Cape May, Atlantic and Cumberland) was former Governor George C. Ludlow, a politician from Middlesex county. He had been elected governor by a majority of but 651 over his Republican opponent, Frederick A. Potts. But few, if any, judges had more cases reversed by the Court of Errors. Honest, and loving a good meal, he did not like hard work and often showed an ignorance of (or an indifference to) the strict interpretation of the rules of evidence. Where cases were tried before him without a jury he was prone to delay his decisions, and litigants whose cases depended on quick action frequently suffered injustice because of his delays—even though he eventually decided in their favor. He had a homespun trait of fairness and, while he was not popular with the Bar, he had the qualities which would have made an admirable arbitrator between man and man outside the law. On one occasion, after he had delivered a lengthy charge to the jury, John J. Crandol, the notorious atheistic freelance of the Camden bar,

arose and said: "Your Honor, I want an exception to that charge." "What part of it?" asked Judge Ludlow. "The whole damned thing," replied Crandol.

When a suit was pending between the estate of Richard S. Leaming, deceased, and a man who had agreed to buy some wood of him and sought to recover damages for the failure of Leaming's executors to carry out the bargain, the whole case hinged, not on a written contract, but upon verbal promises made by Leaming during his life. Now it is a well known rule of law that oral statements made by a deceased person during his lifetime and unsupported by documentary evidence cannot be used against the man's estate, and when the plaintiff began to testify as to his conversation with Leaming, Lawyer John B. Huffman jumped up and objected. Judge Ludlow replied: "Sit down, Mr. Huffman, you don't suppose for one moment that I am going to deprive this man of the money that is due him, just on a legal technicality, do you?" Judge Ludlow died Dec. 18, 1908.

Ludlow was followed here by Charles E. Hendrickson, at the April term 1901, a delightful, smiling old gentleman, an extreme religionist and a good lawyer. He loved the admiration of his fellow men and was especially courteous to young lawyers in court for the first time. Several times (probably ten during his service here) at the close of a case he would beckon to me and whisper a request that in my report, I would enlarge upon the things he had said.

The next presiding Judge was Francis J. Swayze, much younger than his predecessors, a thorough gentleman, and a courteous lawyer. At the opening of his first term he said to the Clerk: "If Mr. Cooper is in the court-room, ask him to come back into my room a minute." He extended his hand and said, "I have a letter from your old friend, Judge Reed, in which he says that you have a wide knowledge of the people of Cape May county; that you can be trusted not to abuse

my confidence, and I want to know if you will be willing, sometimes, to tell me as to the background of citizens whom I am asked to appoint to serve on tax commissions and similar posts." Several times subsequently, he asked me to give him a list of a dozen men who I thought were capable, showing in each case a picture of politics, religion, and civic attitude of the men.

Next came Thomas W. Trenchard, a young lawyer from Bridgeton, who was appointed by Governor Stokes in 1906. Though without an extended experience, Trenchard was a close student and today he occupies a high place in the New Jersey Judiciary. It was he who presided at the trial of Bruno Hauptmann in 1935 and his daily decisions over a period of many weeks were bitterly attacked by the able counsel for the defense in their appeal from the verdict which sent Hauptmann to the chair. Probably no man ever had more bitter invectives hurled at him than had Trenchard, and but few were ever more thoroughly vindicated than was he by the Court of Errors and Appeals.

In 1908, Samuel Kalisch, of Newark, was assigned to this District, and after him came Charles C. Black, of Jersey City, who presided at the trials of the Cape May County Freeholders upon charges growing out of a long investigation. Next was Luther A. Campbell, of Jersey City, who in 1932 was promoted to the Chancellorship, which he still holds.

Following Campbell was Judge Ralph W. E. Donges, who has recently been re-appointed for another term, and transferred to Camden county.

JUROR RESENTS LAWYER'S ATTITUDE

A most amusing affair was staged in the court here in September, 1885, the contending lawyers being ex-Judge David J. Pancoast and former Attorney-General Samuel Grey, both of Camden.

Pancoast was tall, cadaverous looking, thin, and

bitter in his sarcasm, and Grey was ruddy and suave. Pancoast was the most vehement lawyer ever heard in any court here, always worked himself up to a point where he believed his side of a case was right and it was his practice to abuse witnesses for the other side (as was shown in the Grace murder trial, when I was his victim). In his closing address with his fist doubled up, he leaned over the rail and ranted like a wild man. One of the jurors, I think his name was Bailey, from Upper township, leaned forward slightly and Pancoast's fist hit his forehead. The juror jumped up and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Mister, we hain't deef!" Pancoast, who was looking to that jury for a verdict, dared not resent the juror's remark, but when "Sam" Grey arose to address the jury, he quoted from "Julius Caesar" and pointing his finger at Pancoast with one of his tantalizing smiles said:

"Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
I do not know that man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing."

CHAPTER XXXII

FREEHOLDERS INDICTED FOR MALFEASANCE

The trial of the indicted members of the County Board of Freeholders, which took place here in the Fall of 1921, stirred the county from end to end. At that time the Board consisted of one member from each municipality, fourteen in all, and about the only way a Freeholder could get anything in the way of public improvement for his city, borough or township was to "log-roll"—combine with other members who wanted improvements for their districts. There was a growing feeling throughout the county that a great deal of crooked work was going on—padded payrolls, unholy collusion between freeholders and contractors, and criminal looseness in accounting, and in 1920 the general dissatisfaction crystallized in the presentation of a petition to the Supreme Court to make a summary investigation into the affairs of the county. Justice Charles C. Black appointed William J. Kraft and E. B. Bacon, of Camden, to make the investigation, which continued for several months, and resulted in a sixty-seven page report, which disclosed hundreds of illegal acts—many of them actually criminal. The books showed that while the cost of maintenance of one mile of road in Cumberland county was \$900, and in Atlantic, \$1,000, in Cape May county it was \$1,700, and that the bonded debt of Cape May county was more than six times greater than that of Cumberland county. It cost this county, in 1920, \$235,398.11 to maintain its 123 miles of roads while the cost in Camden county during the same period to keep up 100 miles of road was \$61,000. An-

other disclosure was the fact that during 1920, the county had on deposit in one bank \$408,435.88 upon which it received no interest whatever; in another fund was \$242,539.90 which had been realized from the sale, on July 1, of 6% bonds issued to build a road from Grassy Sound to Burleigh, and at the end of the year, six months later, less than \$7,000 had been expended on that project, but of course the county was paying interest on nearly a quarter million dollars worth of bonds all that time.

Under the law, each freeholder was entitled to receive \$3 per day and three cents for each mile necessarily traveled in going to and returning by the nearest route. In 1920 one freeholder received \$1,079, having charged for 279 days' service; another charged for 271 days and 8,232 miles—a bill of \$823.51; another charged for 237 days; another, 246 days; another 212 days; another 152 days, \$266 for mileage and \$439 for automobile hire. One automobile dealer received \$1,000 for hire of cars used by the members who were getting mileage. A bill criticized was for building 1,200 feet of cement curb for the benefit of private land owners, and the curbing was shown to be out of plumb, with the slant toward the street, etc. A large amount of work was done and paid for, the authorization for which did not show on the minutes—in one instance such work cost \$2,053 for labor and truck hire while the county had eleven trucks of its own which could have been used. A firm in Bridgeton collected during 1918 nearly \$9,000 for pipe bids which had never been advertised for. The same contractor collected \$8,228 for two motor trucks, bids for which had not been advertised, and an examination of the firm's books showed that their profit on the deal was \$2,610 and that the full market price of the vehicles at the time of the sale was \$5,400. Rotten road paving of deficient thickness was shown.

Investigation resulted in the indictment of all the

members of the Board, the county engineer, and several contractors, for malfeasance and nonfeasance. With the exception of one contractor all the defendants were convicted and heavily fined, some of them \$2,000. Several honest members of the Board who had advocated the investigation were caught in the net for having unlawfully combined to secure improvements in their own districts—improvements actually desired by the constituents and of no profit whatever to themselves.

At the next election the movement to substitute a small Board of Freeholders—three members instead of fourteen—went over with a bang. Later the legislature changed the number to five.

TUCKAHOE NATIONAL BANK ROBBERY

Cape May county banks have been particularly fortunate in exemption from burglaries and hold-ups, and when on the morning of March 13, 1925, the Tuckahoe National Bank, shortly after opening for the day, was visited by three robbers who black-jacked the president, Edwin L. Tomlin; the cashier, Edward L. Rice, and Mrs. Rice who happened to be there at the time, and made off with \$7,000 in money, there was great excitement throughout the upper part of the county. Lilburn Hess, (a former cashier) a helpless cripple who lived near the bank, got out his shot-gun and fired at the fleeing automobile, riddling it with shot and wounding two of the thieves. They were caught a short time later when their automobile became disabled; most of the stolen money being recovered. Mr. Tomlin died the next day from his injuries, Mr. Rice was able to throw off his bandages in a few weeks, but Mrs. Rice never fully recovered from her combined injuries and shock, and is now a helpless invalid.

The robbers were James Pettit, Gustave Anderson and Walter Laird. Their trial took place on May 14, 1925, with Justice Campbell on the Bench and resulted in a verdict of first degree murder with a recommenda-

tion for a life sentence instead of the electric chair. Public sentiment was very bitter and almost unanimously resented the recommendation of mercy. Pettit and another of the trio died in prison, and the third has recently been refused a parole by the Court of Pardons.

THE WHEATON WILL CONTEST

Probably no Orphans' Court case ever attracted more general interest here than did the contesting of the will of Captain Phillip M. Wheaton, of Tuckahoe. Captain Wheaton had amassed a small fortune in the vessel business and when he died in 1902 or 1903 the heirs contested his will, claiming that he was mentally deranged and had been subject to undue influence. He had willed his home at Ocean City to his wife, for her lifetime, and also an income of \$1,200 a year. Among the devisees were the Ocean City M. E. Church, \$2,000; Tuckahoe M. E. Church, \$2,000; Preachers' Aid Society, \$2,000, and small bequests to numerous nephews and nieces; all the residue to May Steelman, his daughter by his first wife. The trial lasted several months, sessions being held two days each week—sometimes in the court-house here, and often in Ocean City where many of the witnesses lived. The testator's whole life was thrown wide open, his political, religious and financial prejudices being uncovered. Many alienists were called to prove that he was not mentally sound, and just as many were called by the other side to show that he was a paragon of mental capacity. Harrison H. Voorhees was Common Pleas Judge at the time, and it is doubtful if a greater array of legal talent had been employed in one case in the history of the county. After long deliberation, the court decided that the testator was of sound mind, and that the will should be admitted to probate.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WAR DRIVE FOR Y.M.C.A.

In April, 1917, I was called out of bed at midnight by F. Wallis Armstrong, of Moorestown, who had been appointed State Chairman of the Y.M.C.A. Drive for War Funds. He asked me to act as chairman for Cape May county and as an inducement offered to start my subscription list with an anonymous one thousand dollars of his own money. I suggested several other names to him, but he was insistent and I conducted the campaign. This was by all odds the most strenuous public job I had ever undertaken, a task which admitted of no let up or relaxation until the goal was reached. The selection of a wideawake, influential chairman for each municipality, was followed by weeks of prodding, coaxing, appeals to patriotism of citizens. Daily reports were made to me, both of successes and failures and where one solicitor failed with particular individuals another person was immediately put on the trail. Just one instance: three people had failed to secure a worthwhile contribution from a certain well-to-do citizen of a neighboring community. This man was an ardent Democrat and one Sunday morning I asked Wm. J. Tyler, E. L. Rice, and Leslie S. Ludlam (all Democrats) to accompany me to the man's house. For two hours we bombarded him with arguments and appeals, each of us taking a turn. The first comeback was: "I don't see what I have to do with the Y.M.C.A.—I am not a young man and I am not a Christian." Finally when all other arguments had failed, my associates talked politics to him and urged the necessity of

backing up President Wilson. His final excuse was that he had no money available; that he had put every cent of idle capital in Liberty Bonds. With that, Mr. Rice exclaimed: "Oh, that simplifies the matter. We will accept a \$1,000 Liberty Bond; the Y.M.C.A. prefers that to cash." My present recollection is that he finally gave us \$100. The drive netted \$16,066.70. The municipalities that made the best showing were Ocean City, \$4,123; Upper township, \$970; Dennis township, \$580; Middle township, \$4,145; Lower township, \$418; the towns on Five Mile Beach, \$3,076. Wm. M. Massey conducted the Ocean City drive and when the time came to "cash in" a number of people repudiated their subscriptions notwithstanding the fact that I had their signatures on cards. Continued prodding brought word from Massey that he simply could not collect; "better cross the names off." I sent word by Leslie Ludlam that if these subscriptions were not paid within two weeks I would bring suit. Massey's reply was, "He surely must be crazy; who ever heard of suing to collect subscriptions of that sort?" Ludlam came back at him with, "Will, you better get busy; that man Cooper has no more sense than to sue these delinquents." The result was the loss of less than one hundred dollars on the Ocean City list. Of the Middle township subscriptions, Mr. Tyler collected all but two dollars.

RED CROSS CHAPTER ORGANIZED

Prior to 1914, so far as South Jersey was concerned, the Red Cross was merely a name in the newspapers, but after the World War began Red Cross chapters were organized, on a county basis, all over the United States. Mrs. Luther C. Ogden, of Cape May, and my wife started an agitation for a chapter in this county. They corresponded with and visited outstanding people all over the county and the outcome was a huge mass meeting at Cape May City. The extent of the interest which had been awakened was shown by the

fact that this meeting was attended by more than thirty people from Ocean City—32 miles distant. A Red Cross factor from Washington was present and outlined the procedure necessary. After it was decided by unanimous vote to organize, the question arose as to where the headquarters were to be located, the people from the upper part of the county advocating Ocean City, and those from the lower municipalities insisting on Cape May. The debate became quite heated and for a time it seemed as if the community spirit would wreck the whole plan. Finally I made a motion to appoint a committee to settle the location of the chapter, which motion was adopted without a dissenting voice. The chapter was then organized with Honorable James M. E. Hildreth as chairman, and Miss Edna Sweeny as secretary. The committee held a subsequent meeting at Cape May and unanimously decided that Court House should be the headquarters, all agreeing that it should be at the county-seat, equally accessible to both Ocean City and Cape May. Branches were established in every municipality except Lower township where it was impossible to awaken an interest. At the end of a year Mr. Hildreth resigned the chairmanship, and I was elected to that position, serving until 1934 when I was succeeded by Miss Marian Hewitt. She resigned in 1936 and the present chairman, Mr. Preston Fisher was elected. Miss Sweeny, the first secretary, resigned May 10, 1926, and Miss Alice Foley (now Mrs. Clarence Rose) was chosen and served until August 1, 1930, when she was succeeded by the present secretary, Mrs. J. Melvin Watson. As a sample of the activities during a six months' period of 1918, the chairman wrote more than three hundred letters, issued seventy-six permits for the holding of entertainments to raise funds, drove more than one thousand miles, and made and answered five hundred phone calls. The income of the chapter for the year, 1918, was \$37,669.75. Early in the life of the chapter, Mrs.

Cooper was chosen superintendent of the sewing rooms and garment department, which position she filled until her resignation in 1934. Of all the offices in the Red Cross, that held by Mrs. Cooper was the most difficult, the most nerve racking and the most wearing, and that she handled it for so many years, with absolutely no friction with eleven of the twelve branches, demonstrated her innate tact.

In one year alone (1917) the chapter produced 8,865 garments, 82,304 surgical dressings, 5,702 knitted garments, 481 comfort kits, 35 Christmas bags, 234 miscellaneous items; a total of 97,630.

Of course, the work she did could not have been accomplished without the earnest, loyal support of a noble body of women in the branches. In fact, my nineteen years' experience in the Red Cross work was full of surprises; people who had never participated in social service came to the front and did marvelous work, while others of prominence either shirked or bungled everything they attempted. Red Cross is no place for climbers, or those seeking glory, but it is a job for patriotic, big-hearted men and women whose objective is real service and not personal aggrandizement. It also demonstrated the fact that some of the best-intentioned people are the worst bunglers.

One of the memorable events of the Cape May County Chapter was a party given to the 700 patients ("head cases") in Army Hospital No. 7 which occupied the new hotel at Cape May. This was in November, 1919. George W. Childs Drexel, a wealthy Philadelphian, wrote that he would like to finance a Thanksgiving party at the hospital but did not want to be involved in the details of the affair; if I would take charge of it, buy everything necessary and send him the accounts, he would pay the bills. I went to the hospital and sought an interview with the commanding officer, a hard-boiled major in the Regular Army, with the result that I was given a pass to enter the place,

myself and any friends accompanying me, at all times. Mrs. Cooper got the women of the Cape May branch together, selected committees, and made the plans for "a big time in the old town tonight". I asked the major what brand of cigarettes the boys would want; he called the head nurse and put the question to her and she replied that she didn't know, but she would soon find out. About 150 of the wounded men were seated in the rotunda at the time, and with a pencil and paper we interviewed everyone in the room. When the tally was completed it was found that over ninety per cent of the boys expressed a preference for Camels, and not more than a half dozen said they preferred cigars. We bought 700 packs of cigarettes, a box of cigars, 50 bags of smoking tobacco, a barrel of apples, five boxes of oranges, 1800 doughnuts, two barrels of cider, lots of candy, etc. We picked out thirty young ladies who, attired in full Red Cross costume, served the refreshments—about 100 of the boys were confined to their beds and their share of the good things was taken around to the rooms by the young women before the other 600 were served.

When the night arrived, one of the worst Northeast storms of a decade prevailed and we feared that but few of the young women would brave the elements; but we guessed wrong—twenty-nine of the thirty who had been appointed put in an appearance. I depended on the steward of the hospital for the kitchen service, and in the middle of the feast I was informed that there was no more cider to be had. I knew something was wrong and went to the major, who soon found that the cook and some of the subordinate officers had stored one barrel of cider for future use. As I recollect it now, the cost of the affair was about \$500 for which Mr. Drexel sent me his check.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE GAZETTE SOLD TO BURTON J. SMITH AND DEXTER D. BURNS

On September 6th, 1927, my birthday, two of my employees, Burton J. Smith, news editor, and linotypist Dexter D. Burns, approached me on the subject of selling them the Gazette; "would I sell, at what price, and when could they get possession?" I had refused to consider several offers in recent years, and ten minutes before they asked the question I had no thought of retiring—in fact I had a sentimental desire to continue in possession of the paper until I had rounded out a half century in the editorial chair. I said, "What are the terms you have in mind?" They replied in a flash, "CASH IN FULL." "Are you representing some other person, or do you want it for yourselves?" "We want it for ourselves." The bargain was closed within twenty-four hours—and the money paid and papers executed in less than a fortnight. In the issue of September 23, 1927, public announcement of the transfer was made, the closing paragraph of my swan-song being: "If anybody thinks that a man can originate and devote a half century of his life to one business; working day in and day out, week after week and year after year with but a single purpose, and then lay down the pen and step out of harness without a qualm of regret, let him try it and see for himself."

In the same issue the new owners said in part: "With this issue we are assuming control of the Cape May County Gazette. We have purchased the stock formerly held by Alfred Cooper, who has been publisher

since it was established in 1880. During the several years we have been in the employ of Mr. Cooper we feel that he has invariably been fair to us, and it will be our aim to be as straightforward and honest in all our dealings as we have known him to be. The Gazette first saw the light of day on Saturday, March 6th, 1880, exactly, to the day, twenty-three years before the present editor was born. From an humble beginning, it increased in circulation and prestige, in power and influence, until it became one of the best known weekly journals in South Jersey * * * Mr. Cooper has become known as a forceful editorial writer; it is our honest opinion that few men in this state could wield a stronger editorial pen than the retiring editor of the Gazette."

Among the many editorial comments upon the change of ownership, the following are a cross section:

The Elmer (Salem county) Times said in part: "Alfred Cooper, for forty-seven years the editor and owner of the Cape May County Gazette, retired from the profession, turning over the Gazette to two of his former employees. Mr. Cooper holds the respect and esteem of his fellow publishers throughout the State to a marked degree. He was a credit to the profession and that alone is high tribute.

"Always active in the public affairs of Cape May county, Mr. Cooper was an able defender of that which was right and a fearless foe of that which was not for the public good."

The West Jersey Press, of Camden: "September saw the passing from active newspaper work of one of the veteran editors of South Jersey. Alfred Cooper, long a leader in the public affairs of Cape May County, disposed of his interest in the Cape May County Gazette to a company of men who have been associated with him in his office. For forty-seven years Mr. Cooper followed the profession which he so signally honored, and he richly deserves the rest and relief

from the arduous details of active business which are now his to enjoy. .

"Still a vigorous man, Mr. Cooper no doubt will find, as he always has, something worthwhile to do, and here's hoping he will be blest with many more happy years in which to do it."

The Wildwood Tribune: "The Tribune-Journal notes with regret the passing of Editor Alfred Cooper, of the Gazette, from the newspaper field. Mr. Cooper was a courageous, two-fisted fighter, asking for no quarter and giving none. He had the courage of his convictions, had strong opinions and was ready to defend them. Yet in his editorial policy he was eminently fair.

"Under his direction the Gazette laid a foundation for truthfulness that was county, and even state wide. Mr. Cooper and the Gazette had a large following, trained to trust the statements of their newspaper as fact, and their confidence was not misplaced."

The West Jersey Typothetae News: "The news that Alfred Cooper, founder of the Cape May County Gazette, and its editor for over forty years, had sold his newspaper to two of his former employees and retired from active business, came as quite a surprise to his friends and fellow printers.

"Mr. Cooper has been a director of the West Jersey Typothetae since its formation over six years ago, and he has been one of the guiding stars of this organization. We feared that with the passing of the 'Gazette' into the hands of its new owners, Mr. Cooper would become a 'pleasant memory,' but we are very glad that he has expressed a desire to remain among those present in the Typothetae circle.

"We hope to have Mr. Cooper with us always at our regular monthly dinner meetings, for while we feel he justly deserves a happy and peaceful retirement from business, we hope he will keep active in his association with his old and sincere friends of the West Jersey Typothetae."

CHAPTER XXXV

NEW JERSEY CHILDREN'S HOME

One of the most worthy charities in the state, or anywhere else, is the New Jersey Children's Home Society, the headquarters of which is located at Trenton, with a board of managers representing nearly all the counties from Sussex to Cape May. It is non-sectarian, non-political and neither asks nor receives a penny of "state aid." Contributors to this organization can always feel that the overhead will be kept at the lowest point possible; that nobody is profiting by their connection with the society, and that race, color or nationality have naught to do with its selection of wards. It is not an orphan asylum in any sense of the word. Its method is to take in babies or very young unfortunates, feed and clothe them and place them in proper and suitable homes at the earliest possible date. Careful check-ups are made at frequent intervals as to the treatment, training and moral welfare of the youngsters who are placed in private homes. I was a member of the Board of Managers for twelve years, resigning in June, 1937, when I received the following letter: Dear Mr. Cooper:

At the Annual Meeting of the New Jersey Children's Home Society yesterday, your letter of resignation was accepted with regret.

The Secretary was instructed to write to you expressing the appreciation of the society for the many years of service you gave during the time that you were connected with the board. It has valued your prestige and your friendship. It is felt that your name on our litera-

ture has been an endorsement of the society in your district of the state.

The society extends to you its best wishes and hopes that your friendship and interest in the society may be retained, even though your official connection has been severed.

I would like to add a personal word. You have always been most helpful and cooperative with me and with other members of the staff in connection with any of the children's work that we have had in Cape May County. I have always enjoyed my discussions with you about the work of the society. I also keenly regret your resignation.

Sincerely yours,

C. LESTER GREER,
Superintendent.

THE COUNTY MUSEUM

Among the number of valuable institutions in this part of the state, none is more interesting than the Cape May County Historical Society, of which County Historian, former Senator Lewis T. Stevens is president, and Edward Post custodian. Although I am proud to have been one of the original incorporators (of whom there were fifty), the remarkable success it has had is due to the untiring efforts of Messrs. Stevens and Post, ably aided and supported by Dr. Julius Way. It is doubtful if there is another man in the county so well qualified for the position of curator as is Post; and the collection of historical exhibits and records he has been able to assemble is one of the finest in South Jersey. The museum was opened to the public July 1, 1928, and attracts several thousand visitors every year. A valuable feature of the society's functions is the publication of a year-book. In one of these books I find an interesting article showing the following entries from an account book kept by Edward Price, blacksmith, and which is an expressive sidelight on the grocery store of 150 years ago. The items are from the credit side of his account and are as follows:

"December 25, 1789 Credit by 1 gallon of Molases and 1 quarte of rume.

December 28, 1798 1 quarte of Rume.
December 29, 1798 2 pound Shugar
January 1, 1799 1 quarte Rume
January 14, 1799 1 pinte Rume
January 15, 1799 1 quarte of Molases
February 4, 1799 1 quarte of Rume, 1 galon Molases.

THE FREE COUNTY LIBRARY

In 1923, Miss Sarah Askew, Secretary of the State Public Library Commission, made frequent visits to Cape May county, endeavoring to enlist influential support for a free county library. She met with little encouragement, but Miss Askew is a lady who just loves opposition—she thrives under it, and by the middle of 1924 she had won for her scheme the support of several prominent people, chief of whom was Luther C. Ogden, Director of the Board of Freeholders. In the election in November, the plan was approved by a large majority of the voters in all but two of the municipalities in the county, and on January 16, of 1925, the new Library Commission was organized with Alfred Cooper, chairman; Miss Roxana S. Gandy, secretary; Mrs. William R. Sheppard, of Cape May, and Lanning Myers, of Wildwood. Miss Bess McGregor, whose home was in Toronto, Canada, was chosen librarian and the institution made rapid strides toward public favor. In 1927, Miss McGregor resigned to accept a responsible position with the Canadian Legation at the National Capital, which position she still holds. Her successor, selected from a large list of applicants, was Miss Sarah A. Thomas, a trained librarian with large experience in Ohio and Minnesota, and with the American Library Association. The selection was a very fortunate one and today the Cape May County Library occupies an enviable position among the libraries of the State. She is identified with books wherever they are found, in the schools, in women's organizations, in the Art League, in music

clubs, etc. An easy, fluent speaker, Miss Thomas' addresses are much sought after for public meetings of all kinds—she never disappoints her sponsors. Her well-stored mind is an encyclopedia in itself, and there is rarely a week in which she is not called upon for advice as to what to read in history, literature, art, drama or fiction. On the library shelves are to be found 50,048 volumes and during the year 1936 19,701 books were sent to stations of the library and 30,523 books were loaned to readers directly from headquarters in Cape May Court House.

In 1931 I resigned from the Commission and County Superintendent of Schools, Thomas J. Durell, was elected president. It is doubtful if any other man in the county is so well qualified, and so advantageously situated for the position. His accession to the Commission has proved to be an asset to the project.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE OLD QUAKER MEETING HOUSE

Whether it is because there is a well defined strain of Quaker blood in my veins, or for some other reason, to me one of the most sacred spots in Cape May county is the old Friends' Meeting House at Ocean View, Dennis township. For years the old sanctuary was opened for "services" but once a year, when members of the Society came from Salem and Gloucester counties on a stated First Day in September to meditate, and (when the Spirit moved them) to speak and pray. Many times Mrs. Cooper and I attended these yearly meetings, and some of the discourses and many of the prayers exceeded in Divine eloquence any we had ever heard elsewhere.

It is a pity that an authentic history of this House of God is not obtainable. Traditions are not wanting, but as to its actual origin, there is nothing more than tradition. One theory is that it was originally built at Somers Point in Atlantic county and later taken down and rebuilt on its present site; another historian avers that it was first established at Beesleys Point, and moved to Ocean View where it now stands. As to the correctness of either version, there seems to be no satisfactory answer. But that it has been in use for more than two centuries—at least since 1716—the records of the Society seem to prove. Seven or eight years ago, Mr. Harold Collins, of South Seaville, in an article entitled "They Builded Well of Jersey Cedar", described the old building as follows:

"In the first inspired house of worship everything was made by Divine direction, but in the passing centuries the dispensation became one of love, and thus was the Friends Meeting House in Cape May county, built in 1716, a house of worship in continuous use for over two centuries. It was moved to its present location, from farther North, about 1731. The sides were originally covered with white cedar boards one foot wide, tongued and grooved, with only one thickness to shield the worshippers from cold or storm. They were held in place by hand-made nails each wrought individually by the blacksmith at the forge. This covering withstood the ravages of time without the aid of paint until 1883, when siding was nailed over them in the manner shown today, and the outside surface painted. Inside you view the original planed surface of the boards, fastened to the hewn beams of pine, cedar and oak, fashioned and mortised together with pins two centuries ago. The thick cedar benches, hewn by hand and planed on wearing surface, afford as firm a resting place as in the bygone years. The original pitched roof was covered with mined (dug-up) shingles 34 x 6½ inches, one of which is still in fair shape as an exhibit in the County Museum, after exposure to the elements for 150 years."

CHAPTER XXXVII

EMERGENCY RELIEF ADMINISTRATION

On November 7, 1931, I received the following letter, which marks the beginning of one of the busiest periods of my life; in some respects the most agreeable, and in others the most wearying:

"My dear Mr. Cooper:

"Under authority of Chapter 394, Laws of 1931, approved October 13, 1931, I hereby appoint you to be Director of Emergency Relief of Cape May County.

"Please accept my appreciation of your kindness in undertaking the work and responsibility involved in this position.

"The position carries with it no salary but necessary expenses will be paid.

"Advice as to the functions of this position, of the procedure to be employed, etc., will be forwarded to you, and I shall get in touch with you at a later date as respects the specific problems and conditions of your County. In the meantime, I would appreciate it if you would undertake to inform yourself of the conditions in your county.

Yours truly,

CHESTER I. BARNARD,

State Director of Emergency Relief."

Starting with a part-time secretary (Mrs. Margaret P. Watson) who worked four hours per day, the "job" expanded until there were more than sixty people on the pay roll, with a minimum day of eight hours, which frequently was extended to eighteen hours, and three or four times we worked twenty-four hours without sleep.

STACY BEYOND

THE JOURNAL OF THE STACY BEYOND SOCIETY

The Journal of the Stacy Beyond Society is a quarterly publication devoted to the study of the life and work of Stacy Beyond. It is a forum for the exchange of ideas and information among those who are interested in the life and work of Stacy Beyond. The Journal is published by the Stacy Beyond Society, a non-profit organization dedicated to the study and promotion of the life and work of Stacy Beyond.

The Journal is published quarterly, in January, April, July, and October. It is a forum for the exchange of ideas and information among those who are interested in the life and work of Stacy Beyond. The Journal is published by the Stacy Beyond Society, a non-profit organization dedicated to the study and promotion of the life and work of Stacy Beyond. The Journal is published quarterly, in January, April, July, and October. It is a forum for the exchange of ideas and information among those who are interested in the life and work of Stacy Beyond. The Journal is published by the Stacy Beyond Society, a non-profit organization dedicated to the study and promotion of the life and work of Stacy Beyond.

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The limitations of space preclude setting down here the full story of the E.R.A. in Cape May County from its birth in 1931, to its folding-up in July, 1936—a whole volume could be written on the subject—a volume replete with pathos, satisfaction, heart-burning; the manner in which relief ruined the morale of whole families and in other cases brought out the unsuspected nobility and integrity in unfortunates who, through no fault of their own, were compelled to ask for help. The book would expose the grasping crookedness of merchants who lost all sense of right and wrong in their greed to get a share of the relief funds; and the equally marked generosity of other merchants, who gave more than one hundred per cent value to the holders of food orders. It would also expose the liars (the office term was “chiselers”) who, with money hidden in bank, shed tears in the relief office in order to obtain orders; the automobiles which congested the roads nights and Sundays while their owners were “on relief”, the healthy, but lazy, loafers who resented the rule that unless they toiled they should not eat. A history of these years would disclose the criminating efforts of small-fry politicians to use the Relief Office for purely political purposes and how the determination of the Director and his investigators to keep relief out of politics brought down on their heads charges of favoritism, dishonesty, and moral turpitude. Hundreds of complaints were written to the President and even to Mrs. Roosevelt—not one of these complaints, when investigated, was proven to be justified by the facts.

During the eighteen months that New Jersey was able to take care of its relief load with its own funds, the job of administration was relatively easy—at least we were able to secure a fair amount of worthwhile labor in exchange for the money spent—but when the government entered the picture with its socialism and communistic theories the whole system changed—laziness became a virtue, strikes increased almost by the

The American Medical Association is a non-profit corporation organized for the purpose of promoting the interests of the medical profession and the public health. It was organized in 1847 and has since that time been the leading organization of the medical profession in the United States. The Association is composed of more than 50,000 members, who are organized into local, state, and national societies. The Association's principal activities are the publication of the Journal of the American Medical Association, the holding of annual meetings, and the promotion of medical education and research. The Association also maintains a large library and a museum of medical history. The Association's efforts have been instrumental in the development of the medical profession in the United States and in the improvement of the public health.

Through the efforts of the Association, the medical profession has been able to maintain its high standards of practice and to keep abreast of the latest scientific discoveries. The Association's publications, particularly the Journal of the American Medical Association, are widely read and highly respected throughout the world. The Association's annual meetings are the largest and most important gatherings of the medical profession in the United States. The Association's efforts have been instrumental in the development of the medical profession in the United States and in the improvement of the public health.

hour. The original plans had been formulated by State Director Barnard (who by his superlative ability as organizer and executive, had risen to the position of President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Co. and directed the activities of many thousand employees) and one of his ideas was that a man, or woman, who was capable of being County Director ought to be capable of using his or her own brains in judging of affairs in his district. He gave us all the liberty he could, compatible with common sense, but held his subordinates strictly responsible for results. Mr. Barnard resigned after eighteen months of ceaseless labor, for which he received not a penny of compensation (not even expenses), and John Colt, a banker and former member of the faculty of Princeton University, was appointed State Director. Three months later the State found itself unable to bear the burden unaided, and the Federal Government entered the picture with a monthly grant of \$1 for each \$3 spent by the State, and unfortunately for Mr. Colt, it devolved upon him to practically tear down his whole organization and rebuild it to fit the Federal requirements. From that time our task became more complex—and naturally much more expensive—everything had to be handled by socialistic methods on the one hand, and with useless Governmental red tape on the other. The number of persons on the pay roll had to be more than doubled and such nonsensical rules and regulations promulgated that both the State and County Directors were prevented from using their own heads—on every desk was a huge, loose-leaf volume of rules, most of them self-contradictory, which had to be consulted hourly, and even these were so often changed for new ones that it kept all hands wondering how to proceed.

(From November, 1931, to November, 1933, Edward L. Johnstone was Deputy Director; from that date to June 1, 1934, he was the Director and I was his Deputy; from June 1, 1934, I was again Director but had no deputy.)

Mr. Colt is a thorough gentleman, and possessor of ability, but becoming weary of the almost impossible task he recommended legislation which transferred relief to a State Council. The new Act took effect on January 31, 1934, and the Council appointed Lewis Compton, Executive State Director. He was an active politician and had long been a recognized Democratic leader in Middlesex county, but he was a very high type of citizen and his administration up to its close in April, 1935, was marked by an absolute absence of partisanship; politics and relief were not to be mentioned in the same breath in "Lew" Compton's presence. During Compton's term County Directors were ordered to submit to the State Council the names of seven outstanding citizens to serve as a County Advisory Committee, those for this county being Thomas J. Durell, Jesse D. Ludlam and Mrs. H. H. Tomlin, Democrats; Irving Fitch, Dr. G. F. Dandois, Mrs. J. Reeves Hildreth and Edward L. Johnstone, Republicans; and for a year or more the committee, possessing large powers, even to the removal of the County Director or any of his subordinates, sat around the table and conducted the affairs, without pay, and with an eye single to the public welfare. While there were occasional differences the division was never in one instance along party lines. The Director was a Republican but no man ever had more loyal or insistent support than was given him by Mrs. Tomlin, Mr. Durell and Mr. Ludlam. When Compton retired there seemed to be no available man big enough for the job and Mr. Barnard consented, very reluctantly, to fill the breach until a suitable Director could be found. Finally, in October, 1935, the Council elected Albert H. Hedden Executive State Director. His administration was noteworthy for its splendid business methods, clear headed thinking and most agreeable harmony among the workers all over the state. In the early part of 1936 the Legislature decreed that the E.R.A. must go into liquidation in a few

weeks, and it was then that Mr. Hedden demonstrated his marvelous—nothing less—business ability. In ten weeks over 88,000 outstanding bills aggregating \$4,941,300 were paid, thousands of case records, correspondence and vouchers were sorted and filed for permanent storage, and 3,074 employees “let out” without a ripple of discord or confusion. What had taken several years to build up had to be torn down in a few weeks.

In whatever success that may have attended the administration of relief in this county during my term, full credit must be given to the loyalty and ability of the high-grade staff that it was my good fortune to have assembled. Not two per cent of my workers proved undeserving of trust, and not one but earned more than the piteously meagre salary he or she received. Should I begin to name them I would not know where to stop, and with Mrs. Watson as office manager, each became a specialist in his or her line.

For nearly two years the Family Service Department was directed by Miss Caroline Boone, who with years of Red Cross service as a background, came here from Kentucky to train and direct the “family visitors”. A student of human nature, well educated, possessing a mental card index of forms, rules, names and peculiarities of clients, with charity for all, Miss Boone was “a rod and a staff” to her office associates.

Among the thousands of employees of the State Headquarters, I had personal contacts with probably seventy-five men and women, and friendships were formed that will ever survive as pleasant memories. Outstanding among these is Col. Joseph D. Sears, who served as State Deputy under Directors Barnard, Colt and Compton, and resigned to become a confidential associate of Mr. Barnard in the Bell Telephone Co. “Col. Joe” counts among his friends more prominent men in New Jersey and New York City than anybody I ever knew, and “to know him is to love him”. He

couples rigid military exactness with a genial, happy affability, and is the sort of a man rarely met with in the workaday world. Another attache of the Newark headquarters who was beloved by every County Director in the State was Mrs. Edna T. Kerr, Manager of the Personnel Department. Not a salary could be fixed, raised or lowered, no one could be hired or fired in any one of the twenty-one counties without the "O.K." of Mrs. Kerr, and her personal knowledge of the employment situation in all the offices was to me marvelous. I think I may be pardoned if I make some extracts from a letter I recently received from her. She said: "I think so often of the good comradeship of the E. R. A.—of the good and sincere friends, of our common troubles and successes, and to me it stands out as one of the really vital experiences of my life * * * It was always a joy to work with you and the nice (too nice) things you said about me were really true of you. Your tolerance, your breadth of vision, your friendliness and sincerity were always bulwarks to count upon".

The amount of relief distributed through my office was, in 1931, \$3,301; in 1932, \$37,588; in 1933, \$70,464; in 1934, \$202,884; in 1935, \$251,625; and in 1936 (to April) \$71,235. The total was \$637,098, all properly audited and approved by State officers.

Mr. Barnard's letter of November 6, 1931, and the following letter from Director Hedden are the Alpha and Omega of my fifty-six months in the E.R.A.:

July 7th, 1936.

My dear Mr. Cooper:

As your official connection with the E.R.A. terminates this evening, I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the manner in which you have conducted a most difficult job in Cape May county.

No one who has not been actively connected with this task can ever appreciate the amount of fortitude and energy which has been displayed by the members

of this organization in carrying forward to the best of our ability the relief of human distress for the last five years.

I wish to thank you personally and assure you it has been a pleasure to have had you as a member of my staff, and to compliment you on your steadfast and efficient administration.

I hope that the friendship that has been created during this work will be lasting and that I may have the pleasure of seeing you many times in the future.

With every good wish for the future, I am

Sincerely yours,

A. H. HEDDEN,
State Director.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

WORLD PROGRESS—1859–1938

It is safe to say that the three-quarters of a century that has passed since I was born has never been equaled in a like period in the world's history—equaled in mechanical, scientific, political, educational progress—in the mechanics, if not the morals of business; in the comforts and luxuries which were denied our progenitors, but which the man and woman of today, no matter in what station of life they may be, look upon as actual necessities. It is entirely within my memory when tuberculosis was beyond the power of man to prevent, much less cure; when every year thousands died from supposed cramp-colic or indigestion, when the real cause was appendicitis; when smallpox periodically killed off hundreds of people; when scarlet fever and diphtheria could not be forestalled by serums; when yellow fever depopulated whole cities.

When Edward Bellamy's book "Looking Backward" was published in the early eighties, it was a "best seller"; but like Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea", few people considered it other than in the light of a fantastic dream, but today the submarine has turned Verne's "Nautilus" from a visionary fantasy to a well established fact, and practically all of Bellamy's predictions have been realized.

To have lived in this period is to be blest, and I am minded of a dialogue which took place about 1882, in a country store at Gravelly Run—now known as Burleigh. Two elderly citizens were swapping opinions behind the stove, and one of them remarked that he

wished he could live twenty years, just to see what would happen in the world. The other replied that it would be no use, because everything had already happened, nothing new could be invented. Since that time Genius has given us the telephone, typewriter, adding machine, electric light, trolley-car, explosive engine, automobile, electric and gas refrigeration, voting machines, flying machines, silent movies, talking movies, oil burners, air conditioning and most wonderful of all, the radio; with television just around the corner. It is but 34 years last December since Orville Wright, the first man to fly, made his 12-second hop over the sand dunes of North Carolina.

ARRESTED FOR PROMISING TELEPHONE SERVICE

An Eastern newspaper, in 1865, just 72 years ago, when I was seven years of age, printed the following paragraph: "A man about 46 years of age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested in New York, for attempting to extract funds from ignorant people by exhibiting a device which he says will convey the human voice any distance over metallic wires so that it will be heard by a listener at the other end. He calls the instrument a telephone which is obviously intended to imitate the word 'telegraph' and thus win the confidence of ignorant people. Well informed persons know that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over wires; and that if it were possible to do so it would be of no practical value. The authorities who apprehended this criminal are to be congratulated, and it is to be hoped that his punishment will be prompt and fitting, that it may serve as an example to other conscienceless schemers who enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow creatures."

When it is remembered that as late as 1880 there were were but 300 telephones in New York City, all listed on one card, the present day figures seem almost unbelievable—New York today has 1,500,000 telephones; over 8,000,000 calls are made every day in the

week in New York City alone. The Bell Telephone Company records 31,000,000,000 complete telephone conversations each year. It is stated that the average length of a call is two and one-half minutes, and somebody has figured out that on this basis the talking now done by New Yorkers in a single day would take one voice thirty-eight years to accomplish, talking day and night and Sunday. In 1880 a Gothamite could talk as far as New Brunswick, New Jersey, and can now put a 23,000 mile girdle of talk clear around the earth, New York to New York. The sound of his voice girdles the earth in less than a minute. On April 15, 1937, the Bell Telephone Company had more than 14,800,000 telephones in service in the United States. The first serious attempt at a long distance radio broadcast in the United States was when the election returns were sent out on the air from Pittsburgh, in 1920, announcing the election of Warren G. Harding as President.

CHAPTER XXXIX

"MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS"

As I look back over an active but uneventful life—uneventful so far as any influence I have personally had on the public welfare—my mind reverts to the number of outstanding people I have been privileged to know; "many men of many minds"—many virtues and many faults—and the predominating thought is a realization of the truth of the lines "there is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us". I have known both men and women whose standing in the community was "the worst", whose lives seemed to be all that was disreputable, who were spurned by the better class, but who in the time of misfortune, contagion and suffering proved themselves to be veritable angels of mercy—going hungry to feed the starving, risking their lives to nurse neighbors quarantined with smallpox or scarlet fever, taking into their humble homes whole families of fire-stricken unfortunates—all this the Samaritans did while the Levites passed by on the other side—closed their purses and fled from the pestilence they feared.

I knew a well-to-do woman who flatly refused to sell her next-door neighbor a pint of milk for her critically sick baby *because it was Sunday*. This good woman's pastor was one of those many sons of God who not only preached the gospel, but coupled it with an everyday practical common sense religion, and when he heard of the incident he visited his ultra-Sabbatarian parishioner and asked her to read aloud

the twelfth chapter of Matthew. He then said, "My dear sister X, if your conscience prevents you from selling milk on the Sabbath, does it occur to you that you might *give* your neighbor the needed milk for her sick baby?"

The admonition of the Saviour, "Judge not that ye be not judged" is one of the greatest passages in Holy Writ, but it must be confessed that in the thirty years following the milk incident I never saw the lady that I did not think of the sick baby. No doubt it was a matter of conscience with her. But just what is "conscience"? Webster defines it as the "moral sense which determines right and wrong".

A man who for several years was one of my closest associates, an exemplary citizen, a Christian seven days a week, and intelligent to a degree, insisted that conscience was 95% a matter of education—early environment and training. He said that many of the things the silent monitor forbade him doing could be done by other equally good men without a qualm; and vice versa. I told him of a prominent physician I knew in my boyhood who was reared in a family of blue-stock-ing religionists. This man drank a good deal of what Irvin Cobb calls "hard likker" played poker for heavy stakes and was generally credited with other obliquity, but not for anything would he permit his wife or daughter to write letters, go driving or make social calls on the Sabbath.

From childhood mother was a God-fearing communicant of the Episcopal faith, the tenets of which do not interdict card-playing, dancing, theatre going, etc., leaving these things to the individual conscience. On one occasion a highly respected young lady came to her for advice in the matter of uniting with the Episcopal church. Said mother, "Just why, Martha, do you select this church? Your family are all Methodists, as were their parents before them. Why break the family tradition?" "Well," the girl replied, "I would rather

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go to the Methodist church than any other, but they will not let me dance or play cards or go to the theatre." Mother's response was, "While we would be glad to have you join us, if you are basing your becoming a Christian upon the worldly privilege of card-playing, the stage and dancing, I feel that you are not in the proper spirit for consecrating yourself to God's service". And be it understood that mother never objected to either of the social diversions that her visitor had named; but she felt they were not all there was to be had out of life. At an early age I had been taken to good plays, given dancing lessons and taught to play cards in the home with my young friends.

I am wandering far afield from the subject of "Men I Have Met," but in view of the fact that these pages are not likely to be read outside the family circle, my digressions are not vital—no more so than is my ignoring of a careful chronology in the events I have noted.

WALT WHITMAN—THE GOOD GRAY POET

Among the ever living memories that have place in my thoughts is that of a score or more of contacts which I had with Walt Whitman, the Good Gray Poet. During the late eighties I usually went to Philadelphia twice a week, and on the train-boat I frequently saw seated on the foreward deck, in front of the women's cabin, a tall, long-haired old man with a white beard that reminded one of the Bible pictures of the Jewish patriarchs. He wore a felt sombrero, a la Mexican cowboy, his shirt open at the neck and his loose clothing of marked cheapness. After seeing him several times (his appearance was so noticeable that once seen he would never be forgotten) I asked a deck-hand who the man was, and he replied, "Oh, that is the old gas bag, Walt Whitman; he rides back and forth across the river every day". Whitman was at that time merely a name to me; but I just had to talk to him, and as I had noticed he always conversed with the ferry hands, team-

sters and other "common" people, I made bold to start a conversation. Those piercing orbs looking out from beneath the shaggy eye-brows sized me up and my appearance evidently satisfied him that I was of the common class, for he always afterward responded to my salutation, although he neither knew nor cared who I was, or where I came from. These contacts continued for many months, but about 1890 I missed him from the boat, and in 1892 he died at his humble cottage on Mickle street—the house which has now become a national shrine. Whitman's admirer and biographer Horace Traubel, I had known well in the days of my amateur journalism.

Probably no other adopted sons of Cape May county are so widely known as are Garet Garrett, who lives at Tuckahoe; and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, whose home is one of the show places of Strathmere. Mr. Garrett is said to be the highest paid contributor to the columns of the Saturday Evening Post. He was born at Pana, Ill., February 19, 1878, his christened name being Edward Peter Garrett. Educated in the public schools of his native town, his adult activities have been: Financial writer New York Sun, 1903-05; New York Times, 1906-07; Wall Street Journal, 1907-08; Evening Post, 1909-12; editor New York Times Annalist, 1912-14; assistant editor New York Tribune, 1916-19. He is the author of "Where the Money Grows", 1911; "The Blue Wound", 1920; "The Driver", 1921; "The Cinder Buggy", 1922; "Satan's Bushel", 1923; "Ouroboros", 1925; "Harangue", 1927; "The American Omen", 1929; "The Bubble that Broke the World", 1932. He is an enthusiastic fisherman.

ABRAHAM WOLF ROSENBACH

Dr. Abraham S. Wolf Rosenbach, writer and bibliographer, known the world over, was born in Philadelphia in the centennial year. University of Pennsylvania has qualified him to write after his name "B.S.", "Ph.D." and "D.A.E." The list of clubs in which he

holds membership, and in all of which he is a leader, covers about all of the organizations that are worthwhile in the bibliographic world. He was one of the editors of "Dr. Johnson's Prologue" and compiler of "Books and Manuscripts of Robert Louis Stevenson" in the library of the late Harry Elkins Widener and the "Catalogue" of the Widener Memorial Library in Harvard College. He is the author of "The Unpublished Memoirs", 1917; "An American Jewish Bibliography", 1926; "Books and Bidders", 1927; "The All-Embracing Doctor Franklin", 1932; "Early American Children's Book", 1933.

With homes at 2006 Delancey St., Philadelphia, and 15 E. 51st St., New York City, it is at his surfside villa at Corson's Inlet and his palatial boat-house on the thoroughfare side of the beach that he enjoys a well earned rest and entertains his many distinguished guests on his commodious yacht. Dr. Rosenbach is a valued member of the Cape May County Historical Society and a generous friend of the county Free Library.

GENERAL SEWELL—U. S. SENATOR

Of General William Joyce Sewell, Sackett's "Modern Battles of Trenton" said:

"General Sewell had for years been a power in the State Senate. He held an admitted connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in its higher administrative departments, but his own personal qualities reinforced the influence which this connection could not but bring to him. He had never set himself up as an orator and never indulged in set speeches. He had a faculty of compressing the thought for columns of rhetoric in a few sententious remarks, and, expressing it admirably, often turned the drift of debate by the things he found it possible to say from his seat within the compass of five minutes' time—as when his ten word argument that the newspapers were a part of the educational system of the State defeated a threatened movement for the discontinuance of the publication of the session laws in the public prints. A certain hauteur of manner won him the reputation,

among the superficial, of being proud and self-satisfied and overbearing, but one soon came to learn that it was due wholly to his reserve, and among those whom he favored with a close acquaintance he was recognized as a hearty and genial companion, quite as ready to give as to receive, whose open-handed liberality to his friends had once almost wrecked his fortunes, and one in whom the sense of gratitude was not always measured by the expectation of favors to come. It was easy to see, as he marched to his seat, that he had been a soldier, and he had, indeed, won his title as the reward of an active participation in the thick of the fight in the days that tried men's souls."

In recalling the names of the many public men I have known, it would be difficult to name one who out-classed General Sewell in sturdy patriotism, deep intelligence or remarkable personal integrity. His worst political enemy never accused him of breaking his word. Often when he pledged his support to a political aspirant, or to a piece of proposed legislation, changed circumstances would have made it decidedly to his interest to hedge, or reverse himself, but all up and down the state his word was deemed as good as his bond.

All the king's horses and all the king's men could not break him away from a man who had earned his gratitude by unselfish loyalty, and he was a great leader—a statesman—the like of whom is sadly needed in New Jersey today.

CHAPTER XL

RAILROADS DOMINATED THE STATE

For fifty years the State of New Jersey was in a constant ferment over its railroads and the State House corridors were thronged with lobbyists seeking either to extend and strengthen the powers of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and its successor, the Pennsylvania Railroad, or on the other hand to curtail the privileges they already had obtained from previous legislatures. The atmosphere was tense and fist-fights were not uncommon. In the early days the people wanted railroads, and wanted them badly and public opinion was favorable to giving them everything they asked for—and that was plenty. But the privileges and exemptions made the railroads arrogant and aggressive and they practically controlled all the affairs of the State. Wm. E. Sackett, the Dean of newspaper correspondents in Trenton for forty years prior to 1895, says of the railroad monopoly in his "Modern Battles of Trenton": "It went into the contest, picked out its own nominees for places in the Senate and Assembly and secured their election to the seats for which they stood. The ambitious politician, hopeful for public honor, had first to make peace with this rapidly growing monopoly and to secure its favor and consent to his canvass. Such a thing as a candidate announcing his opposition to the railroad company and surviving the election was almost unheard of in State politics. Occasionally a man, permitted to reach a seat on the assumption that he would be favorable to its schemes, would later

show a disposition to curb its greedy reach for power. With its rich treasury it brought him into line with a majority of his fellows, and never failed to punish him for his temerity by defeating his re-election at the next poll. It selected the Governors, picked out the men who were going to Congress and named the United States senators. So absolute was its control of the State Government that the state itself came to be known derisively among the people of the other states as the "State of Camden and Amboy". Its enterprises reached out in a thousand different directions and there came a time when the State that had taken the corporations to its bosom as a child began to fear them as masters".

Elections in each of the twenty-one counties were controlled by the deluge of corporation money which was dumped into the political coffers on the Saturday preceding election day. Later when the legislative mill began to grind, another flood of cash was available for the purpose of buying senators and assemblymen. If the big shots failed to introduce bills, the launching of "striker bills" was resorted to by the little fellows for the purpose of bringing out the corporation funds. Railroad passes were nearly as common as postage stamps and could be obtained almost as easily.

But it must not be inferred that all men who sat in the Legislature were crooks. Of the Cape May senators and assemblymen in the past half century a decided majority were honest and never violated the confidence of their constituents. The few who participated in the scramble for unholy money were well known, and their crookedness was the subject of common talk—and ultimate defeat.

Prior to 1876 most of the laws that were put on the statute books were private bills aimed purely to benefit this, that or the other individual or corporation, and in 1873 Governor Joel Parker sent a special message to the law-makers, calling attention to the fact that in

the previous year "The general public laws passed in the last session are contained in about 100 pages of the printed volume, while the special and private laws occupy over 1250 pages of the same book." He demanded a change in the Constitution to put an end to this pernicious system of legislation, but it was not until 1875 that the people ratified the amendment which provided that thereafter all laws must be general in their nature.

CHAPTER XLI

POSTMASTER JAMES MCCARTNEY

I have already referred to Postmaster James McCartney, who was a Democrat appointed by President Buchanan in 1858, and held office for twenty-seven years, giving place on October 1, 1885, to Charles E. Nichols. When the Civil War broke out, he turned Republican and was re-appointed by all Presidents up to Grover Cleveland. He was a tailor by trade and the post-office occupied the front of his shop, in the two-story frame building adjoining Corson's drug store. He was thoroughly incompetent, and progress was a word he had never learned. There were no individual boxes in the post-office; when the mail came in the sack was dumped on the counter and he would proceed to "call it off". If you happened to be there when your name was called you got your mail all right, but if you waited until the letters had been dumped back on the table behind the counter in a pile the chances were largely against you; frequently people got mail which had been lying there for several weeks. The "Gazette" inaugurated an agitation for post-office boxes but McCartney always insisted that they were not needed. It was not until the office changed hands, years later, that a rack of boxes was installed. When the Government first issued postal cards, McCartney refused to stock them and Dr. Walter S. Leaming devised a scheme to worry the post-master into procuring the cards. He and his friends made up a little pool and sent several of the half-grown lads in the town to

buy a postal card, each being given two cents—one to pay for the card and the other for the boy. On some days these boys would call as many as twenty times and after awhile McCartney took one of the boys in the back room and made him tell who sent him. At that time we only had one mail a day from Philadelphia, while South Seaville and other stations along the line of the railroad got an evening mail. A petition was gotten up and numerously signed asking the Post-Office Department to give us a mail on the evening train. An inspector was sent here and McCartney told him there would be but two or three letters in an evening bag; but the Department agreed to test the matter out for a month and the postmaster was directed to make a count of the letters it contained. A half dozen of us had friends in Philadelphia send us dummy letters, posting them at an hour that would strike the afternoon mail. The result was that the count showed from fifteen to twenty-five pieces of mail each night, and the evening mail became a fixed fact.

JOHN GARDNER—"OLD BRAINS"

A unique character in the New Jersey Senate from 1878 to 1892 (14 years) and in Congress from 1893 to 1913 (20 years) was John J. Gardner, of Atlantic county. Uncouth, unshaven, never wearing a necktie, his clothes always ill-fitting; profane, a masterful debater, fearing not man nor beast, his knowledge of law was unique, his English perfect. He was an object of ridicule by his opponents who at the same time feared him as they did an untamed lion. His sobriquet was "Old Brains" and during his fourteen years in the State Legislature he probably had more to do with the framing and passing of laws than any other man in that body during a like period. Understood to be very friendly to the railroad interests, he did not hesitate to put the lobbyists in their place when he disapproved of proposed legislation. One night in Trenton a group

led by Senator Walter S. Leaming, of this county, chipped-in and purchased a handsome necktie which they literally forced Gardner to put on in anticipation of a large female lobby that was to appear before one of his committees. Bets had been made as to whether he would wear the tie, or not, and although he had it on five minutes before the Senate was called to order, when he took his seat the tie had disappeared, he having torn it off and thrown it into the waste-basket.

After he went to Congress he rapidly rose to leadership and with keen foresight into his opponents' weak points and his command of invective, he could stir his opponents to frenzy in five minutes. He was finally defeated by J. Thompson Baker, of Wildwood.

TWO IRISHMEN FRATERNIZE

Another Trenton incident in which Senator Walter Leaming figured was the bitter fight between Billy Thompson's race track interests and the moral people of the State. Money in large quantities was available for the purchase of votes to defeat anti-race track bills and Thompson haunted the State House corridors, cloak rooms, etc. The state leader for the Antis was Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon, of Pennington Seminary. Strange to say, Thompson and O'Hanlon had never met face to face, but one evening Dr. Leaming devised a scheme to lure Thompson into a cloak room and held him there in conversation while another senator got hold of O'Hanlon and led him into the same room. We all expected to see the fur fly when those two Irishmen got together, but they disappointed us. As soon as they were introduced Thompson said, "An', Dr. O'Hanlon, wheer in Ireland did ye come from?" The doctor named the place (the location of which I can not recall) and said, "An' wheer was you born, Mr. Thompson?" It turned out that both came from the same county and instead of fighting like the Killkenny cats they sat down on the divan together and had a veritable love feast discussing Ireland. In this fight the Republican caucus endorsed

the anti-race track bill and the Democratic caucus opposed it, but the Democrats attacked the validity of the election of the senator from Atlantic, agreeing to withdraw their contest if the Atlantic man would bolt the caucus and vote with the race track people which he did in order to save his seat. He never went back.

GENIAL BENJAMIN F. LEE

One of the outstanding names at Port Elizabeth was Lee. Two sons of Hon. Thomas Lee were Francis and Benjamin F. who lived there during mother's tenure. Never have I seen so marked an illustration of what it takes to make a good politician. These two brothers were equally intelligent, both strictly honest, likeable and patriotic; and both were strong, unwavering Democrats, equally liberal in their money contributions to their party budget. Ben was a natural-born vote getter, and where he led the people followed. His brother was poison to any candidate or scheme on the Democratic trestle-board—a political bungler three hundred sixty-five days a year. Many were the times that the party leaders, in the closing days of the campaign, would contrive to get Francis Lee out of the county, assigning him errands to Washington, Trenton or some other distant point—which errands were mere subterfuge. Nobody could exactly analyze this difference in the two men, but that Ben Lee “had what it takes”, and that Francis Lee did not have it, was a fixed fact.

Ben Lee married Anabelle Townsend, daughter of William S. Townsend, (sister of Ellen, Hannah, Myra, Maria, Alida and Richard), and she was acclaimed as one of the prettiest young women Cape May county ever produced. Mother used to say that she would have fitted well as the subject of Edgar Allen Poe's “Annabel Lee”.

In the early “seventies” there was no office in New Jersey more desirable than that of Clerk of the Supreme Court and Benjamin F. Lee very much desired

to land it. He therefore became a candidate for Governor in the convention of 1871, in which Joel Parker landed the prize. Lee's foresight was uncanny. He went into the Gubernatorial convention backed by a solid 118 South Jersey vote, which vote was kept in a solid bloc as the balance of power. At the opportune moment, Lee swung his delegation to Parker thus making the latter's nomination sure, and placing the Governor under obligations which could not be ignored. For the clerkship, Lee was opposed by J. Daggett Hunt, but his claims for recognition, and his personality won him the appointment. In every Gubernatorial campaign he repeated the same tactics and his South Jersey delegation was the balance of power which controlled the nomination. He held the office for twenty-six years having been re-appointed by Governors Beedle in 1877, Ludlow in 1882, Green in 1887, Abbett in 1892 and Werts in 1897. He died in February, 1906. The position he held was a "fee office" and the emolument of the clerk was variously estimated at from \$25,000 to \$30,000 per annum. But few men could match Lee as a spinner of delightful yarns. My last personal contact with him was when, a short time before his death, I wrote him requesting a check for his share of the taxes on some land in Maurice River township which we owned jointly. He replied to my letter as follows: "Dear Al: If you are financially embarrassed, why don't you issue bonds?" Lee was a great reader and borrowed books indiscriminately, and father told him once that he knew of no man so well qualified as a "bookkeeper". Father and "Ben" Lee were very intimate friends for over forty years and from my early boyhood until Lee's death, he was a good friend of mine. Personally I never believed that he had any desire to be governor. Lee was to have been one of the pall-bearers at father's funeral but was prevented from coming to Millville by the death of his

wife's sister, Ellen Townsend, who had been one of father's closest friends forty years before.

THE PERNICIOUS UNIT RULE

As the term of Chester A. Arthur (who had succeeded to the Presidency on the death of James A. Garfield) approached its end, the "Stalwarts" set up the machinery for his re-nomination, while the sentiment of the rank and file of the Republican party rapidly crystalized for the nomination of James G. Blaine. General Sewell, who was in the United States Senate, declared for Arthur, and when the New Jersey State convention met to elect delegates to the National convention, the General undertook to stem the Blaine tide by having the delegates sent unpledged. The Blaine leaders were unwilling to take any chances—they wanted the "Plumed Knight," and on the night before the Convention General Sewell, who was a candidate for delegate-at-large to the National convention, was confronted by bitter opposition to his candidacy and he was told that he could have a unanimous election if he would pledge himself to vote for Blaine first, last and all the time. Cape May county had been accorded fifteen delegates and former Senator Richard S. Leaming, of Dennisville, was chosen chairman of the delegation. A Blaine man had been elected a member of the Committee on Credentials and when, just before the convention assembled, it was found that an error had been made in the apportionment and that Cape May county was entitled to an additional vote, it became his duty to see that the Credential Committee allotted the extra vote. The fight was very close over the question of instructing the delegates, and the General succeeded in having a unit-rule adopted—as a majority of the county delegation voted, so was recorded the entire vote. When the Credential Committee assembled, the Cape May member failed to bring up the question of an extra delegate for Cape May, thus

depriving the Sewell force of an extra vote. Good ethics and good politics do not always run in the same channel.

CHAPTER XLII

MRS. COOPER'S LIFE AND DEATH

The following account of Mrs. Cooper's death is taken from the Cape May County Gazette of March 13, 1936:

Mrs. Fabelle Cooper, wife of Alfred Cooper, county director of the Emergency Relief Administration, died at her home on Romney place, Cape May Court House, Saturday afternoon. She had been in failing health for some time.

Daughter of the late Charles P. and Sarah Smith, Mrs. Cooper was born in Gloucester county and had always resided in South Jersey. She came to Court House when she was married to Mr. Cooper on September 15, 1891.

Mrs. Cooper was active in church and civic affairs. She was for many years a member of the choir of the Court House M. E. church and a teacher in the Sunday-school of that church. At the time of her death she was president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society and a member of the Official Board.

She was one of the founders of the Needlework Guild and was leader of it for several years. During the World War she was active in Red Cross work. Mrs. Cooper aided in the formation of the Cape May County Chapter of the Red Cross. For 25 years she was chairman of the production department in the county and for 20 years served as chairman of the Middle Township Branch.

Mrs. Cooper was a founder of the Court House

CHAPTER II

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Woman's Community Club and was active on many committees, most recently with the Garden Group. She had long been identified with the activities of the Cape May County Health League.

Survivors besides her husband are two daughters, Mrs. Edward L. Farr, of Wenonah, and Mrs. Arthur N. Ferris, of Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

Private funeral services for Mrs. Cooper were held at her late residence on Tuesday morning. Rev. William Ewen, of Millville, former pastor of the Court House M. E. church, conducted the service and was assisted by Rev. I. S. Whitaker, present pastor of the county-seat M. E. church. Interment was in the Mt. Pleasant cemetery, Millville.

In the same issue of the Gazette appeared the following tribute written by a friend of hers who is in no way connected with the family, but whom my wife both admired and loved:

Gentle, kindly and constant, Mrs. Cooper inspired everyone who had the privilege of meeting and knowing her. Her personal dignity, and complete serenity were a natural and fitting mantle for one who ever strove to be "large in thought, in word, in deed."

In her numerous public activities, with her closest friends, and with her family, her influence was strong and sure, yet she was not aggressive. Her ideas of right and wrong were positive, yet she was ever tolerant. Her judgment was keen, her understanding sympathy and gracious strength a magnet to all with whom she came in contact. Always charitable in heart, in mind, in means, she ever looked for virtues, was gladly blind to faults.

Mrs. Cooper's unusual self-effacement manifested itself as she performed what she considered her simple duties to herself and to the community in which she spent so many years. Her efforts were in many lines of civic welfare and all knew the touch of her helping hand.

She loved her home and was ever generous in opening it in charming hospitality. Her garden was an essential part of her, and she delighted in sharing its enchanting atmosphere.

Even during the several years past when her health had not permitted her active participation in many things, her interests remained altruistic; and the various causes to which she had formerly given so freely of her time and self—often to her own detriment in strength—were now sponsored and furthered by those who consciously, or unconsciously, followed her sincere and unassuming precepts.

Her creed found expression in faithful and cheerful service, and her many deeds well done are commemorative of her noble aspirations. "The quiet considerate dignity and charm of that unforgettable character" has written its sweet memorial in the hearts and memories of those whose lives have been broadened by her kindly influence.

"The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through."

CHAPTER XLIII

SOME FRAGMENTS FROM MEMORY'S PAGES

COUNTERFEITED REBEL MONEY

One of the most affable and efficient hotel-keepers, and at the same time one of the most fearless and shrewd political manipulators from the days of the Civil War until his death at Wenonah about 1905, was John J. Kromer who for many years kept the old Arlington Hotel and later the Cape House at Cape May Point. During the rebellion, Kromer was arrested on a charge of printing large quantities of Confederate money which he sold in the South. He appealed to President Lincoln who ordered him released from custody on the grounds that the more Confederate money there was afloat, the less it would be worth and the sooner the war would end. Kromer was a Democrat, a shrewd lobbyist in the interests of the Pennsylvania Railroad and his face was as familiar on the sidelines of Republican state conventions as it was in those of his own party.

In the Legislature of 1882, the House was Democratic, the Atlantic County member being Joseph H. Shinn who started to make trouble even before the House was organized. One of the first bills introduced was Senate No. 167. The bill was intended to quash a large number of suits against the Pennsylvania R. R. over its water front holdings and thus save the corporation hundreds of thousands of dollars. It was so innocently worded that nobody but its introducer understood what it was all about, and it slipped through the Senate with-

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THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

January 15, 1907.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE, APRIL 10, 1906.

ALBANY: J.B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PRINTERS, 1907.

IN THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1907.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE, APRIL 10, 1906.

ALBANY: J.B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PRINTERS, 1907.

out a contest, was passed by the House and sent to Governor Ludlow before the New York "Times" and the New York "Herald" discovered the African in the woodpile and Governor Ludlow vetoed the bill. When it came up for repassage, when Shinn's name was called he jumped up and wildly waved a paper which he held in his hand and said that while eating his dinner at the hotel the waiter slid a long envelope under his plate; it contained five crisp \$100 bank notes. He then said that a few days before he had been approached by a lobbyist and promised five hundred dollars as a bribe to vote for Bill No. 167 and that when he demurred the stranger raised the bid to \$1,000. He then held up the money as proof of his statement describing his tempter as a short, thick-set man with roving cold black eyes set in a round, swarthy face. The House was in an uproar; an investigating committee was appointed and had no trouble fitting the man's description on John Kromer. Says Sackett "Shinn was in high feather as long as the papers were parading his name all over the country and commending him for his manly incorruptibility and all that kind of thing! But when the excitement had subsided he repented his part in the exposure and made himself quite ridiculous by his subsequent attempts to recover possession of the five bank notes that he had so ostentatiously put in evidence for the entertainment of the galleries." The money later went into the State Treasury.

LAND TITLES BY MAPS—ICE IN JULY

In the early eighties father bought a large tract of timber land in the Catskills, near Shandaken. The timber was mostly birdseye maple, and the purchase included a chair factory. A man by the name of John Finch had for a long while been foreman in cutting wood, running the saw-mill on Lincoln avenue, Vine-land, and the manufacture of cedar siding, shingles and box boards for Whitall, Tatum & Co., at Millville. He was a super man in handling both men and materials,

and a general view of the country and the people. The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the country and the people. The second part is devoted to a description of the government and the laws. The third part is devoted to a description of the commerce and the industry. The fourth part is devoted to a description of the education and the religion. The fifth part is devoted to a description of the military and the naval forces. The sixth part is devoted to a description of the arts and the sciences. The seventh part is devoted to a description of the literature and the history. The eighth part is devoted to a description of the geography and the climate. The ninth part is devoted to a description of the population and the statistics. The tenth part is devoted to a description of the future and the prospects. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and it is well illustrated with maps and diagrams. It is a valuable work for anyone who is interested in the history of the United States.

TO THE VERY READER OF THIS BOOK, I WOULD SAY, THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE DEVIL, WHO IS ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. SECONDLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE FLESH, WHO IS ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. THIRDLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE WORLD, WHO IS ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. FOURTHLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE SATAN, WHO IS ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. FIFTHLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE ANGELS, WHO ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. SIXTHLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE SAINTS, WHO ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. SEVENTHLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE DEVILS, WHO ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. EIGHTHLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE ANGELS, WHO ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. NINTHLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE SAINTS, WHO ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH. TENTHLY, YOU SHOULD BEWARE OF THE TRICKS OF THE DEVILS, WHO ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO LEAD YOU AWAY FROM THE TRUTH.

and it was father's intention to send him up to the Catskills to develop the property, but soon after the deeds were given Finch died, and the property proved to be a white elephant. Timber and flag stone were stolen, and finally the land itself became a matter of theft. I was not known in the locality and father sent me up there, incognito, to try to locate the thieves. I landed at the Shandaken inn, and inquired of the landlord where I could buy some land. He directed me to a local surveyor named Black, and I employed him to drive me about the country prospecting. Our first stop was at an ice cave along the main highway, in the bounds of our tract, and he told me you could cut ice every month in the year in that cave. He also told me he had charge of the property, and could sell me any part of it. I asked who actually owned the land and he replied that it belonged to a man in New York City; as to title, he said he knew the man owned it BECAUSE HE HAD A MAP OF IT, which he had often seen and used in selling off timber lots. I suppose I looked incredulous, because Black added, "You know a man would not have a map of land unless he owned it". It was evident that an absent landowner had very little standing in that section, the whole community standing in with local freebooters. After father's death I sold the property to a New York speculator at a fraction of what it had cost, to say nothing of taxes and interest. Speaking of taxes, you never knew when you had them paid; road tax to one man, school tax to another, town tax (equivalent to our township), village tax to a fourth, county tax to another collector, and state tax to still another. My second visit was in the following July, and I actually verified the presence of ice in the cave. On my first trip, there were three bears and three deer hanging up in the porch of the inn. The mercury was 30 degrees below zero, and the jolly landlord prescribed "Plenty of three star brandy just before going to bed, and two feather-beds to sleep between." I actually slept cozily between the feather tickings.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ENTERTAINMENTS

Among the most uplifting experiences of my middle life were the annual visits of the Chautauqua troupes or aggregations of talent to Cape May county. In 1874 Bishop Vincent, of the Methodist church, established the Chautauqua System on the shores of the lake of that name in New York state, the object being the study of the Bible and the training of Sunday school teachers. From this beginning the association grew to an immense organization for the spread of music, literature, platform oratory of wit and wisdom in the rural districts of the land—to uplift those who did not have access to the lectures, concerts, and dramatics of the great cities. At one time there were about fifty groups of entertainers travelling from town to town—each with a superintendent who paid the bills, and presided at the “shows”. The itinerary was made out months in advance and all details of the visits perfected by advance agents. In order to secure one of these groups the community had to supply ten guarantors (or it had the privilege of doubling the number) who signed an agreement to be responsible for from \$100 to \$200, in case the ticket sales fell short of that sum. The first year Court House had a Chautauqua the local guarantors had to pay about two dollars each—which was money well invested. The next year rain interfered with the attendance from outlying towns, and the assessment was more than three dollars. The third year the guarantors broke even, and the fourth visit cost about one dollar each. The next and last annual affair was a flop so far as ticket sales added up and the (28) guarantors were assessed more than seven dollars each. But aside from the financial element, these entertainments were worth much more to the community than they cost. When Bishop Vincent died in 1920, at the age of 88 years, the Philadelphia Ledger stated that his Chautauqua troupes had visited more than 6000 towns, and that he “had done more for the

promotion of education than any other man who ever lived." To-day the movie, the radio and other features of modern life have practically killed the tent shows of the Chautauqua System, but nobody can estimate the good they did.

LOCOMOTIVES, BICYCLES AND AUTOMOBILES

Tucked away somewhere in the files of the "Cape May Ocean Wave" is an official account of the proceedings of the Cape Island Council at the time the projectors of the not yet built Cape May and Millville R. R. were seeking a right to enter the city by bridging Cape Island Creek. There was opposition to the grant, and one of the solons declared that it would be impossible to build a bridge that would bear the weight of a locomotive and loaded freight train. This contention now seems ridiculous; but no more so than an ordinance passed by the Middle Township Committee in November, 1895, governing the speed of bicycles, tricycles and velocipedes on highways and sidewalks of the township. The ordinance provided that it was illegal to ride either of the devices faster than five miles per hour earlier than forty minutes before sunrise or forty minutes after sunset. "And riders must not pass a pedestrian faster than five miles per hour, and must ring a bell at least fifty feet before overtaking such pedestrian." This ordinance is still in force; and the penalty for the first offense is \$5 fine; the second offense \$10 and the third violation \$20 and jail.

Speaking of ordinances, brings to mind a resolution by the Board of Freeholders (during the term of Capt. Charles P. Vanaman) adopted November 10, 1904, which reads as follows:

WHEREAS, the increased number of automobiles which use the County roads makes it imperative that this Board shall take some steps towards controlling the speed at which these vehicles shall run on our highways in order to protect the lives and limbs of the public.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Solicitor of this Board be instructed to prepare at the next meeting an ordinance which shall be in harmony with the State Law and prohibit the running of automobiles and other horseless vehicles on any of the County Roads in Cape May County at a greater speed than fifteen miles an hour.

DELAWARE RIVER BRIDGE

On December 17, 1930, Governor Larson appointed me a member of the Delaware River Joint Bridge Commission, a body consisting of eight New Jersey members (one from each of the eight southern counties) and eight Pennsylvania members. The New Jersey Commissioners are Hon. David Baird, Camden; Frank L. Suplee, Gloucester; Marvin S. Coombs, Salem; Barton F. Sharp, Cumberland; Dr. I. N. Griscom, Atlantic; A. Matlack Stackhouse, Burlington; and myself for Cape May county. The present Pennsylvania members are Governor George H. Earle, Mayor S. Davis Wilson, Warren H. Roberts, State Treasurer F. Clair Ross, John B. Kelly, James P. Clark, John A. McCarthy, and George Gordon Meade. The entire delegation from the Keystone State are Democrats, while all the Jerseymen are Republicans. Probably no member of the Commission is more popular than "Jack" Kelly, the hard-hitting, knock 'em down leader of Philadelphia's democracy, who won the international scull events in the world's Olympics in 1920 and 1924. The General Manager, Joseph K. Costello, a former newspaper reporter, is the most outstanding executive administrator with whom it has ever been my privilege to be associated. The Commission's legal advisors are Adrian Bonnelly, of Philadelphia, and T. Harry Rowland, of Camden, both outstanding lawyers who pilot the organization safely thru and around the suprisingly numerous rocks (many of them hidden beneath the surface) which block the channel. Captain Alfred Souder, formerly of Cape May, and onetime chief of

detectives of the city of Philadelphia, is in charge of the by no means unimportant police affairs of the Bridge. Unswervingly honest, kindly to a degree, he recognizes no friends or enemies in the performance of his duties.

LIVERIES, BLACKSMITHS AND SADDLERS

Up to the opening of the present century there were three necessities in every sizable community—a blacksmith, a harness-maker and a livery stable. Of the former there were in 1880 at least nine in this county; five or six saddlers and a dozen liveries—all doing a good business. Anthony Benezet operated the smithy in connection with his carriage factory—not a repair shop, but a two story factory which turned out work wagons, and stylish driving vehicles and omnibuses—all the departments being in charge of capable mechanics, painters and upholsterers. The Benezet brass plate on a vehicle was a guarantee of a reliable job. The saddler was also a maker of harness—not simply a repair man. The farrier at Dyers Creek was the only man I knew when I arrived here—when a lad he had been apprenticed to Somers Leaming Irvin in Millville, and my father had taught him book-keeping and later employed him evenings in his office. He took a fatherly interest in me, and our friendship continued until his death about 1924.

A few months before his death Smith sent for me to come to his home and draw his will, and when he had told me what he desired in the document, he called his good wife—and she was all of that—in from the kitchen and told her what we were doing, following with the suggestion that she also make a will. With a merry twinkle in her eye, but with a straight face, Mrs. Erricson replied: “I surely do want to make one, because I want to provide that Smith shall not marry again until he has fixed that plaguey pump out in the shed.” Knowing as I did Smith’s lifelong habits of procrastination, her remark was most witty.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES FOR COMPARISON

Those with a bent for statistics may be interested in the following figures:

The population of Cape May county in 1790 was 2571; 1800, 3066; 1810, 3632; 1820, 4265; 1830, 4936; 1840, 5324; 1850, 6433; 1860, 7130; 1870, 8529; 1880, 9768; 1890, 11268; 1900, 13201; 1905, 17390; 1910, 19745; 1915, 24407; 1920, 19460; 1930, 29486 (of whom 3103 were foreign born and 2782 negroes).

In 1875 there were in Cape May county 3769 native born white males and 3936 white females, native born; 161 colored females and 170 colored males. In the same year the foreign born white males numbered 81, white females 72 and colored females 1. At the same period there were, between 5 and 16 years of age, 1152 white males, 1068 white females, 44 colored males and 42 colored females.

In 1870 the county had 816 horses, 4 mules, 1545 cows, 13 oxen, 382 sheep and 1751 swine.

In 1870 the county raised 19,064 bushels of wheat, 171 bushels of rye, 86,218 bushels of corn, 157 bushels of buckwheat, 1095 pounds of wool, 22,360 bushels of potatoes, 21,193 bushels of sweet potatoes and produced 68,319 pounds of butter.

In 1876 the assessed valuation of the county was \$3,800,810. The county tax was \$11,529. There was no county debt. In 1936, 60 years later, the county valuation was \$50,746,450; county tax \$546,698 and the county debt \$2,319,646.

SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS

Not to be outdone by Irvin Cobb, my one experience in "Speaking of Operations" occurred on April 20th, 1923, at the Polyclinic Hospital in Philadelphia. A major operation of so serious a nature that the expectancy of survival was (at that time) barely fifty per centum. On the following Decoration Day I was at Moorestown, witnessing a hockey game with Vice

Chancellor Leaming. Several incidents of my stay in the Polyclinic made a lasting impression upon me—the most unpleasant, I think, was the enforced drinking during a period of four days of a full tumbler of tepid water every hour, night and day, 96 in all. The first time I got out of bed I collapsed, and the Doctor told the nurse in future to give me a table-spoon full of whiskey ten minutes before I was allowed to sit up. A relative the next day brought me a half-pint of pre-war liquor (tucked safely under her fur coat) and when the Doctor came he said he would have to test it ere I could have my dose. The nurse handed him a tumbler and the little bottle, and he had to try a second libation before to be sure it was safe for me to drink—and half the supply was gone. The next day he came in and asked if I had been up that day, to which the nurse replied: “No, he has not, but he has pestered me every ten minutes to let him get up.” Evidently fearing I would become a confirmed inebriate, he took two more drinks of my high priced stuff, and I do not think I got more than four tablespoons of the booze.

THE PRINTER'S TOWEL

A “feature” of all country printing offices from time immemorial (now obsolete only because girls are employed in most print shops) was the printer's towel. With the possible exception of a machine shop there is no other establishment where the hands of the employees pick up so much oil and ink, as in the press room—and no place where dirty hands are so much of a menace to white paper stock. With the necessity of hand washing ten times an hour and running water non-existent, plenty of strong soap and a dip in a basin of water that had been used all day, the crash towel caught the dirt. After a fortnight of use without being laundered the towel would actually “stand alone” and was beyond reclaim, and the printer's devil would be sent to the store to buy a new one. Some old printer recently wrote:

“When I think of the towel,
The old-fashioned towel
That hung on the printing-house door,
I think that nobody,
In these days of shoddy,
Can hammer out iron to wear as it wore.”

WOODBINE COLONY FOR FEEBLE MINDED MALES

Prior to 1928 the Woodbine Colony for Feeble Minded Males and the similar institution at New Lisbon were governed by a single board of managers, but in that year the State Department of Institutions and Agencies appointed a separate board for Woodbine. It organized September 19, 1928, with Dr. Fletcher Durell as chairman; Alfred Cooper, vice-chairman; Mrs. Henry H. Eldredge, secretary; Nathan L. Jones and Mrs. Charles D. White, of Atlantic City; and William Strandwitz, of Camden. John L. Tinsley, of Kentucky, was superintendent until he died in June, 1930. His successor was Edward L. Johnstone, then but twenty-eight years of age, and if any doubt existed at the time as to the wisdom of selecting so young a man for so important a position, that doubt has long since been dispelled. Both by inheritance and training, plus good judgment and executive ability, he stands well out in front among those who are giving their lives to the care of the nation's feeble minded wards. The personnel of the board remains as it was originally formed, except that Mr. Strandwitz is no longer a member.

CAPTAIN CORSON'S FOOL QUESTIONS

In the old days nobody had ever heard of the captain of a sailing vessel having to take examinations to procure a license to command a schooner, and there were scores of Cape May county captains who had been going to sea ever since they were lads—men who had no theoretical training in the handling of nautical instruments, but who could take their vessels safely to almost every port in the world. Finally the U. S.

Government concluded to require certificates of efficiency based on rigid examination. Among those from this locality who presented themselves in Philadelphia to take the examination was Edmund L. Ross (afterward Assemblyman and Senator from this county). He found herded in the outer office a dozen or more seafaring brethren, waiting their turn. The door of the inner sanctum opened and out walked Captain Corson, of Beesley's Point. Said Ross, "Well, Uncle Jim, did you learn anything in there?" "Yes, I did, Ed; I learned that one damn fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer"—he had just been turned down by the scientific examiners.

THE COVERED BRIDGES OF LONG AGO

A now obsolete class of structure in South Jersey is the covered bridge. When the Gazette was started there was one at Port Elizabeth and three in this county—Dennisville, Tuckahoe and Marshallville. When sleighing snows came it was necessary to cart snow and cover the floors of these bridges. It was always hard to understand the reason for spending large sums of money to erect expensive frame "houses" over all bridges, and I never was able to get a satisfactory explanation from old men I asked about it—most of them said they guessed it was to protect the planking of the bridge from rot. Now in the day of automobiles the covered bridge would be an ideal place for "hold-ups". I learn from Mr. Henry Daugherty, who lived at Dennisville for many years, that the covered bridge at that point was torn down in 1897, the structure having been sold to Brooks Blizzard for \$25 as it stood; and that he hired James and Joseph Erricson to wreck it for half the lumber.

DELAWARE BAY RAILROAD RECEIVERSHIP

In 1916 Vice Chancellor Leaming appointed me Receiver of the Delaware Bay and Cape May Railroad Company, which was financially worthless and physi-

cally little more than a junk heap. The outstanding bonds amounted to about \$200,000, unpaid wages to five or six thousand dollars, in addition to several unsatisfied claims for damages sustained by passengers. This road had been built in the old days of the steamer Republic, which landed several thousand excursionists at Cape May Point each day during the Summer. After the steamboat ceased to operate, the company stopped buying black ink, all its accounts being in the red. After eighteen months of tribulation I sold it at public sale for approximately \$100,000—ten times what it would have brought except for the war value of the steel rails, which were torn up and shipped to France. A wag asserted that the initials D. B. and C. M. R. R. stood for "Damn Bad and Cussed Mean Railroad".

A SIDEWALK FIGHT

Prior to 1907 the streets of Court House had neither curbs nor cement sidewalks, and at that time a few of us held a secret caucus and decided to start a movement looking to street betterment. Nothing was said publicly about the matter but J. Swing Willis was picked to run for township committee. He was elected, practically without opposition, and as soon as he was sworn-in he introduced an ordinance establishing grades and compelling all property owners to put down cement walks in front of their lots. Several of the largest owners fought the scheme to the bitter end; indignation meetings were held and every possible tactic was adopted to kill the ordinance. But the pros won out, the walks and curbs were put in and paid for by the property owners. The objectors never forgave Willis, and several years later an irate woman attacked him in the post office with these words: "John Wanamaker never sold a suit of clothes that would make a gentleman of you!"

TRADED SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR FOOD

At the time the Gazette was launched on the journal-

istic sea, the country editor made a good many of his collections in "trade"—a bushel of oysters, a basket of potatoes or turnips, big watermelons, a toothsome sheepshead fish, a basket of tomatoes or other equally useful products of the soil or sea, came to the sanctum to liquidate subscriptions. A local wag used to say that darned editors never paid cash for anything—clothing, food or railroad fare. It is true that railroad passes were easy to get, but expensive to hold—the free advertising space and loss of political independence that were the price of the pass were worth five times as much as the free rides that were received. As for the passes, the railroads finally (during the administration of Governor Stokes) rebelled and forced thru a law making it illegal to issue a railroad pass; to anybody but a State officer.

WAR SONGS AND POPULAR JINGLES

In the days following the Rebellion many war songs were rife; those that now seem most outstanding in my memory were: "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground", "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground", "Do They Miss Me at Home", "Marching Through Georgia", and "Just Before the Battle, Mother". Among other one time popular songs that still thrust their words and lilt upon reminiscent memory are Winner's "What is Home Without a Mother?" "Listen to the Mocking Bird" (of which it is said that over twenty million copies were sold; and of which Lincoln said "It is as sweet and sincere as the laughter of a little girl at play"); "The Dutchman's Dog" (Oh Where is Mine Little Dog Gone); his brother's "Little Brown Jug; Don't I Love Thee?" Others that will long survive are "Twenty Years Ago", "Grandfather's Clock", "Pass Under the Rod", "Pat Malloy" and "Mulligan's Guards."

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The second was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The third was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1873. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1874. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1875. This also led to a great influx of people to the state, and the population grew rapidly.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

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MECHANICS AND LABORERS BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

For seventy years the Mechanics and Laborers Building and Loan Association has been one of the leading financial factors in Cape May county. It was organized on July sixth, 1868, with John B. Huffman as president; John Spalding, secretary; Daniel Hand, treasurer; Dr. John Wiley, David T. Smith and Enoch Edwards, directors. Its first series matured in eleven years and two months, and its twelfth annual report said, "We have had but one loss in the twelve years; a small one due to depreciation in the value of real estate." How happy directors of the most stable association in the land, wherever located, would be to make a report like that to-day. I have been a director in this Association for more than twenty years, and its president since 1928.

THREE MILES OF SUGAR CANE

How many of the present generation know that fifty years ago Cape May county had 2,000 acres of sugar cane waving in the breeze and a huge red-brick sugar mill, with six miles of narrow-gauge railroad to carry the cane from the plantation into the crushers at Rio Grande? The company bought practically all the farms on the Shore road from Rio down to Bennett station; a distance of three miles. German raw sugar was then selling at two cents per pound and the Rio Grande plant, after several years of earnest effort, defaulted its obligation and the manager absconded, leaving a majority of the Philadelphia banks to mourn him. This was in 1886, or 1887, the mill having been started in 1882, and the farms have long since been broken up and passed into other hands.

A SOLID FINANCIAL INSTITUTION

In October, 1905, the First National Bank of Cape May Court House was organized, with William H. Bright as president and by April, 1906, its deposits amounted

to \$40,673. By October, 1906, the deposits were \$104,812. On January 1, 1937, the deposits were \$1,424,889. I never owned a share in this bank but I consider its growth and stability during the thirty-two years of its existence as little short of a marvel. When, on a certain Friday in 1933 a bank in Ocean City crashed, all the institutions in the county were naturally nervous and the Court House bank made hasty preparations to withstand any "run" that might occur. Instead of a "run" the bank, within one week, added approximately \$100,000 to its deposits.

ORIGIN OF HIRES ROOT BEER

Among the friends of my boyhood in Millville was Charles E. Hires, a poor boy, who was a drug clerk in the store of John Wright, at the corner of High and Sassafras streets. Customers frequently came in to buy pulverized sassafras and other roots for making root-beer. This gave Charlie an idea, which resulted in the Charles E. Hires Root-Beer Corporation now known all over the United States. This was in 1869. Mrs. Hires died in December, last year, leaving an estate of more than \$100,000. And Mr. Hires died in July, 1937, at the age of 85 years, the Root Beer corporation being valued at \$5,000,000.

CAPE MAY COUNTY'S FIRST VOLUNTEER

When the United States finally entered the World War, an enthusiastic county mass meeting was held in the old court-house here on April 8, 1917—a drive for recruits—and after the speech-making, the first to walk up and give his name was Jesse Diverty Ludlam; his act brought forth deafening applause and about twenty-five other young men followed him to the platform. Ludlam has since become one of the best known and most valuable citizens of the county, as were his father, Leslie S. Ludlam, and his grandfather, Judge Jesse D. Ludlam.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE ROUTINE HAS CHANGED

While interviewing a prospective house maid at a Philadelphia Intelligence Bureau, and after learning from the Irish girl's responses to my questions about all that was needed to settle the question of hiring her or passing on to the next candidate, she said, "And do you do your own reaching?" I must have looked puzzled, because the girl next to her said in an undertone, "She means do you want her to wait on table." Of course that was many years ago; to-day the candidate for a job does the questioning while the would be employer meekly does the answering.

MUSTACHE CUP AND CUP PLATE

In the middle of the nineteenth century no table setting was complete without mustache cups for each of the bewhiskered males at the board, the top of the cup being partly covered, the coffee passing to the mouth thru an aperture. Next to homemade slippers the mustache cup was one of the most common Christmas gifts of the period. Prior to that it was fashionable to pour the beverage out in a saucer, from which you drank. All sets of dishes included a small dish or "cup-plate" in which to set the cup between pours. The prince and the pauper alike followed this custom.

STATE APPROPRIATIONS

An interesting set of figures showing "the increased cost of living" disclosed that in the year 1900 the New Jersey Legislature appropriated for all purposes \$2,783,350. In 1910, the appropriation amounted to \$5,944,383. In 1920, the expenditures reached \$16,061,244. In 1930, the appropriation bill footed up \$33,224,366. The next year, 1931, the bill was \$36,715,748. In 1935, the appropriations amounted to \$34,893,546 and in 1936 they "went over the top" with \$46,507,041.

GARDEN OF EDEN—AFTER THE FALL

Coming down from Philadelphia one night, as the

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train slowed up for the Court House stop, I said to Conductor Mulliner, "Well, we have arrived at the Garden of Eden; here's where I leave you." A gentleman in the next seat leaned over and asked, "What did you say?" I repeated the remark and, like a flash, he said, "Well, brother, it must have been after the fall." On the platform I learned from Mulliner that the man was Presiding Elder of the M. E. church.

CHURCH MOVED FROM CUMBERLAND COUNTY

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic church at Goshen was originally built at Port Elizabeth, and a part of it moved down to this county in the latter part of the last century. The old Temperance Hall at Dennisville was demolished and the lumber also used in the Goshen structure.

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